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THE WEAVER'S SON

BY

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THE loom filled more than half the one room of the cottage, and through its intricacy the weaver was seen as in a frame. An oil-lamp on the wall behind him served to light his task, but through the window and the open door the level sunset cast a rude glow on his face. He did not pause when his son entered, but merely bent a brow on him, while the heavy shuttle clashed to and fro between his hands, deft with thirty years of use.

Evan halted nervously as he came in, with a kind of appeal to the thin, pitiless man at his work. He was a big lad of some seventeen years, loosely knit and long in the limb, whose gross work on the land had not yet bound his strength to clumsiness. There was an openness in his face that bespoke the recaptive faculty, a fine nostril, a running curve of eyebrow, the hall-marks of the idealist. He stood shuffling, looking under the beam of the loom to the thin and inflexible ascetic whom he knew as father.

"You've no time to lose," said the weaver, over the clack of the uneasy shuttle. His voice was good and sonorous; his face, with its wisp of grizzled beard, was a mask moulded to serenity by convictions long since rooted and experience never amended by disaster.

"Ay," said Evan dully, and went to eat his food and clothe himself for the evening's ordeal.

He moved at his affairs not without adroitness, eating while he washed and dressed, and passing to and fro between the bed and the loom with a quick handiness. From the carved mantel a faded portrait of a woman in hideous Sunday clothes watched him; the shawl and bonnet did not quite eliminate a certain slenderness and potentiality of grace in figure and poise. It was his mother, the dead wife of the weaver, who had never quite achieved her husband's standard of seemly living and thinking, and had lasted just long enough to leave her limber quickness and the brown of her eyes to Evan.

Clack! went the shuttle and thud! went the beam. The weaver knew no rest. His hands worked automatically and his feet on the pedal trod without thought from him. He watched the lad, his son, and his face gave no index to his thoughts. Five days a week, from soon after dawn till long after dark, his station was at the loom, reeling forth, inch by inch, the harsh grey flannel cloth. On the sixth he carried his product to Llanelly to sell, walking there and back, forty good miles of hard road; and on the seventh he gave himself to chapel and the relaxation of the forms of worship. For thirty years his life had revolved in no wider cycle than this; and his wisdom was the iron wisdom of a man who has thought alone for long hours and backed his conclusions unaided from the great quarry of universal truth.

"I'm ready," said Evan, at last. He stood up with his cap in his hand and faced his father again.

The weaver nodded, and a gleam came into his pale and secret eye. His hands never halted to pass the shuttle.

"'Not the righteous, but sinners, to repentance,'" he quoted, giving it out in strong,

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throaty Welsh. "Harden not your heart, Evan. Seek your salvation, and you'll be a good man yet."

The boy stood with hanging head and gave no answer.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" demanded the weaver.

"I don't want to go," said Evan, sullen with nervousness. "It isn't as if I'd been drunk or swearing, like there was some that was."

"You was dancing," said the weaver, deliberately.

The sun was down now, and the flying shuttle threw up gleams as it raced to and fro under the lamp.

"Dancing, in a wicked place, with music and woman."

"I know I was," answered Evan, with a desperate fling of the head. "I wasn't denying it. When you asked me, I didn't deny it. But to go to the Band of Hope and stand up to confess in front of everybody in the light—"A hot flush rose to his face as he visualised it.

"What have they got to do with it?" he demanded. "You're my father; I've answered to you. What do I want to go answering to Morgan Rhosegadder for—and Jones Pentowy, and all that?"

"You'll be late if you're not quick," said the weaver.

Evan started and put on his cap. "I've got to go, then?" he asked, pausing as he stepped to the door.

"And home straight," said the weaver, imperturbably.

Evan stared at him for a pair of moments, as much in wonder as in any protest or rebellion. There he sat at the loom, so still as to the drooping head, of so grave and unfired a countenance, that the fluttering hands and laborious feet seemed scarcely to be parts of him. The lad felt that he might as well appeal to the law of right and wrong. He passed out with a sigh, and closed the door of the cottage behind. The clack of the shuttle was in his ears as he went down the road.

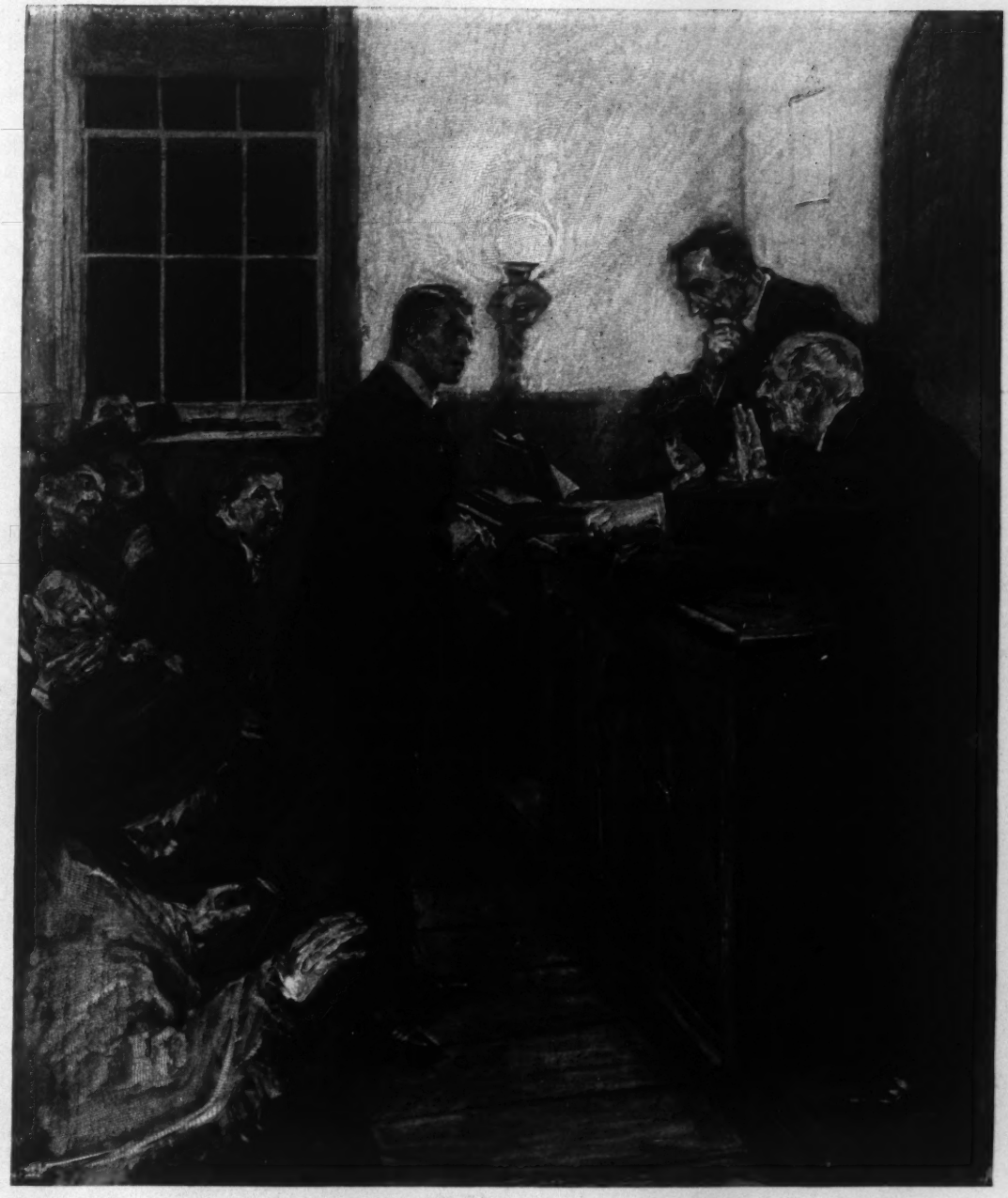
The way to Pentre Morlais and his sacrifice of expiation ran down through the flat marshes, where the river Morlais debouched into Carmarthen Bay between flats of mud and low banks of reedy sand. In that country, the salt breath of the sea is always in one's nostrils; its sky-line binds every landscape on the south; and the very soil is coarse and arid with brine. In ten minutes Evan walked in the heart of a mute solitude, a far-reaching melancholy of empty land and low clouds, and the slow breeze came up to bear him comfortable company. For him, with the inarticulate artist's soul, the mighty openness was ever an address in his pulses; even now, for all his trouble, he threw up his head to take the wind full in his face and breathe in its salty exhilaration.

Where the road snaked through the burrows by the sea, he stopped a minute or two to mark the lights of a ship off the mouth or river. He could see nothing of her save the red and green lamps, but he noticed then that she seemed to be very close in for that deadly coast. He would gladly have stayed to watch, for the sea and its ships were the daily spice of his thoughts, but he knew he must hurry on to the scourging that was due to him. He thought for a moment that the landward breeze brought up voices to him; but there was no time to make sure.

There was a full meeting of the Band of Hope that evening. The affair of Evan Evans was every one's affair. As the boy came up to the little hall, the group about its door made way for him with a sudden cessation of talk, and he went to his seat under a burden of curious and hostile eyes. It was a small place, that hall, the house of indomitable activities in the way of religion, by the rigours of which the sanguine Welsh are wont to temper the fever of their impulses. A huddle of chairs and benches, a desk for the official Bible, and a harmonium were all its furniture; farmers, labourers, weavers, and shopkeepers were its population: but its authority was the Almighty, its air was the air of the Upper Room.

By the desk sat Morgan of Rhosegadder, known as Morgan Rhosegadder, an elderly farmer in whose cheerful face lived no sign of the severities to which he could rise. His eye caught Evan's as the boy jostled in his seat, and his pleasant face took on a cast of gravity. Morgan Rhosegadder lived under the law and dealt the law, fearing it reverently, and fearing it too much to lighten it for himself or for others. Under his glasses Evan shrank as though from a whip, and was glad to sink into his seat and avail himself of its partial obscurity. To this hour he had looked forward with dread throughout the week; now that it was upon him, the dread played on his taut nerves as on tuned strings; he sat, tingling from head to foot, with his face set for the imminent horror of public humiliation.

Morgan Rhosegadder rose at the desk and prescribed a hymn, reading it out in all its length. The harmonium gave the lead, and the congregation sang, spinning out the plaintive Welsh melody sensuously. Evan sang with them mechanically, and then cowered in his place while Jones Pentowy prayed aloud. It was commonly his wont to watch Jones when



"'Go out! I do believe you are damned. We will not judge you'"

he prayed. The tall cobbler had a gift of rapt eloquence for which he was famous; he would lose himself in an ecstasy of superbly phrased fervour. But to-night the boy was glad to hide his face in his hands. "Amen," droned Jones Pentowy at last, and the audience rustled and coughed itself back to its attitude of attention.

It had come; this was the appointed moment. Through the storm of the racing blood in his ears Evan heard Morgan opening the court. He wrought with himself to master his fears and carry an outward calm.

"My friends," the farmer was saying, rolling his r's like rocks on a hillside, "there is a sad duty before us. A young man here is backslid from the strait an' narrow way, and is been seen in the devil's service, dancin' in a dancin'-place in Carmarthen, with fiddles — an' there was women there."

"'IT'S HARD TO BE TAKEN FOR A THIEF. BUT THE GOD'S TRUTH IS, THIS IS A STOLEN SHIP'"

He paused, and his eyes travelled through the audience and picked Evan out.

"Evan Evans," he bade, hoarse with emotion, but never weakening, "stand forth."

In a horror of light, his eyes blurred and his heart a-flutter, Evan came to the front. He barely heard himself answer when Morgan asked if he had denied the charge.

"Then is there anything you want to say, now?" asked Morgan.

Evan lifted his burning face to the grave face of the farmer, but his voice was not at command.

"Plenty of time," said Morgan. He was conscious of an impulse to pity the lad, and throttled it as wrong. "If you've got anything to say, we will hear it, an' glad to."

His was the office of the priest, with none of its aptitude; conscience was unaided in Morgan by any inclination.

No answer from Evan. With a sign, Morgan yielded place to Jones Pentowy.

Jones stood up sharply, eager to interrogate, to confound, to convict. With one hand on the desk, he leaned forward, attacking keenly like a weasel.

"Evan Evans," he said, his voice ringing like a shrill bell, "what put it in your mind to dance to fiddles?" He waited for the answer that did not come, and spoke again to tear this fruitless silence asunder:

"How many times was you in that place before this time?" he demanded.

"Never," answered Evan, stung to coherence. "Never, indeed, indeed!"

Jones Pentowy shook his head. "Then how did you know where it was, now?"

Evan sighed hopelessly. "I was walkin' past, an' stopped to hear the fiddles, an' a girl came up to me," he explained. He shook his head as he realised the uselessness of his own plea — that the specious woman of the town had taken him by storm, that he had entered the dance-hall and danced, and seen no evil there. "She asked me in, an' I went in," he concluded despondently.

"What else did you do?" demanded Jones Pentowy.

"I danced."

"And where did you learn how to dance?"

"I never learnt," replied Evan. "You haven't got to learn; when the music is playin' it's easy. You just dance, that's all, indeed."

From the audience about and behind him rose a rustle of whispering.

Jones Pentowy scowled. "You just dance!" he repeated in withering scorn.

Evan pulled himself together for an effort; the artist within him was not wholly unconscious, else he had not been a Welshman.

"There's music," he urged, "an music is a thing you can't count on. Fiddles, now — they has a voice, like, same as a man or a woman, an'— an' "— he smiled slowly to himself as he recalled the crazy claim of those fiddles on his youth and his blood — "it's a hand they put out to you."

"A hand!" echoed Jones Pentowy. "A hand!" Morgan Rhosegadder turned his face aside.

"Yes." Evan was his own man now. The ring was back in his voice, and some sense that he stood for an apostle, a redeemer, animated him. With head well up and a fire of faith in his woman's eyes, he gave the cobbler of Pentowy his answer:

"Yes; it puts hands on you. When you go up to town once a year, 'tis not to look at the shops you want. No, man; lights, and the people movin', and to think you're doing something besides wait on the cattle and the crops — that's what you go up to town for. I was stopping, harkin' to the fiddles, and the woman came up, and she says, 'You're young to be looking on,' she says, and she laughed at me. Then the fiddles cried out again, and her face was before me, laughin', an'— an'— I put my arm to her waist and went in without a word."

He stopped, flushed and thrilled, and the young men and girls stared at him, half fascinated.

Morgan Rhosegadder slipped to his knees, his face clenched, his lips moving in prayer. Jones Pentowy was aghast, upright and wordless.

"There was no harm," said Evan, lowering his voice. "No harm at all, indeed." He looked round him severely. "I tell you," he said deliberately, "I never felt so full of religion as then, when I was dancing with the woman to the fiddles."

"Stop!"

Morgan Rhosegadder leaped to his feet and thrust forth a rigid finger. His comfortable, stumpy figure, his honest, rosy face, were stripped of their homeliness. He stood there against the wall in the attitude of command, instinct and inspired with vital authority, a very Pope of his creed. "Stop!" he said, and his voice bound all there to an instant stillness. He stood wordless for a long minute, rooting Evan to his place.

"Go out," he said at last, panting as he spoke. "Go out! I do believe you are damned. We will not judge you, but neither will we have you of us. Go out from this place!"

Evan stared for a moment, thought to answer him, but changed his mind. He took his hat and went slowly down the little aisle, and

"'SAY YOU'LL FORGIVE NOW, EVAN; THAT'S WHAT I'M WANTING'"

those who were by the door drew aside and made a passage for him. At the door he looked back. Morgan Rhosegadder was still pointing. Then he went out.

He was excommunicated; it amounted to that. There was a dead-line drawn about him, which none would pass. He was marked now for what he was as plainly as though he had been branded.

It had no very poignant sting for him. The chief part of his life was not in the consideration of his fellows, but in his dreams, in what he saw and valued when he lifted his face to the salt wind and to seaward. As he went up the road now, between the dark houses of the village, he shrugged once or twice, as a dog shakes water from his coat. As he faced the longshore road that should take him home, he tried to put the whole matter from his mind. It was not quite easy, however; though it did not pierce the armour of his preoccupations,— now fear, now embarrassment,— there dogged yet the picture of Morgan springing from his prayers to champion his faith. The farmer's strong face, dignified and chastened by the force of his purpose, would not leave his memory.

He would have been cast down in the end by this persistence of his recollections, but there came a material relief. At the bend of the road under the burrows, where it left the shore to follow the banks of the Morlais, he came suddenly through the sand-hills to the sight of a ship in the mouth of the river. Her riding-light drew his eyes first, and then the faint loom of her spars, only a little darker than the night, and he saw she was a square-rigged vessel. She lay, it seemed, in a channel between flats of mud; from one of them a dull gleam answered her lantern.

Evan left the road and scrambled through ditches and bullrushes to come nearer to her. Schooners and hatches come this way rarely, larger craft never. It was imperative he should see what was to be seen. He stumbled on at his best pace, hardly dodging the occasional forlorn briars in his way, while the pensive night sky watched him broodingly. Into one of them he blundered bodily, with a crash of dry twigs, and forthwith from the lee of it rose a man who reached an arm across the bush and gripped him by the shoulder.

"You're powerful hurried, by all seemin'," said the man, while Evan winced in his grip. "What's amiss, mate?"

"I was comin' to see the ship," panted Evan.

"Ah, you was, eh?" The man loosed his shoulder, but seemed to be staring through the dark at his face. "And what might you be wantin' of the ship?"

"Only to see her," replied Evan. "Ships like that — big ships — don't come here. Is she aground? Do you belong to her?"

"Ah!" The seaman, for such he seemed plainly to be, took his time to answer. "You're a smart boy, ain't you? Well, sonny, she ain't aground, but she's goin' to be. And who might you be?"

Evan gave an account of himself. The seaman heard him anxiously.

"Well, now," he said, "I'll tell you what to do. You go home and turn in, and then if you come down to-morrow you'll have a good look at the ship. An' if you was to keep your mouth shut maybe you'd get something worth while. Mind, I said maybe. It ain't every ship that puts into a mud-flat to heave down that wants to be the talk of the place. Savvy that?"

"Yes," said Evan.

"An' here!" pursued the sailor confidentially, tapping the boy on his breast. "There wouldn't be any one hereabouts with a likely pig to sell, would there? For sailormen sets a lot of store by pigs."

"There's Morris of the Little House," answered Evan. "He's got pigs. A mile up the road his house is."

"Ah, that's fine," said the sailor. "Plenty of pigs, eh? and maybe a rooster or two? Well, good night to you, my lad. A mile up the road, you said?"

"Yes," said Evan. "Good night."

In the morning he had to face his father, who heard without surprise that he had been expelled from the Band of Hope. Evan gave his story briefly, in the barest form, while his father sat at the loom. The boy did not see how the weaver's face flushed and then whitened at the recital.

"Ah, well," said the weaver, when it was told. "It was Morgan Rhosegadder put you out?"

"Yes," said Evan.

"Ah, well," said the weaver, and stopped the shuttle to tie a broken yarn, while Evan went out.

The vessel, a small wooden barque of perhaps four hundred tons, lay some fifty yards from the bank, with her side to a mud-flat. She seemed to be in ballast, and three or four hands were aloft, unbending sail. Two more leaned on the rail aft and gave ear to an angry man ashore who bellowed at them across the muddy water. Evan recognised him as Morris of the Little House.

"I'll learn you to come thievin' pigs, da-amn you!" he was shouting. "Some of you'll swell the inside of a gaol, whatever, or I'm a liar."

He turned and saw Evan. "It's you," he said. "There's company for you. There's nice

people, whatever! Thieves and robbers, all of them. They've stole my black pig, and the marks of their feet is in my sty. Go an' dance with them. They'll fiddle you."

He made his way up the bank and into the sand-hills, turning at the top to shake both fists at the ship.

"Gaol!" he yelled. "I'll learn you to go stealin' pigs!"

The grave company at the rail of the barque saw him go, and then one of them lifted up his voice and sent a hail across to Evan.

"Is it you?" he cried lucidly.

"Yes," shouted Evan, in reply.

The man who had called promptly stepped into the mizzen-chains and seemed to let himself drop overside. There was a dinghy in the water, though, out of sight behind the mud, and presently he came pulling across to Evan. He was a thick-set man of the middle stature, with a hard, brown, hairless face and small blue eyes.

"Morning, mate," he said, as he headed the dinghy handily. "This here's a fort'nit meetin'. Did you hear that there farmer bellowin'? He's got his suspicions, he has! I wouldn't have a suspicious nature like him for a pub an' a street of houses. He'll lose customers, that man will. There's others keeps pigs as well as him."

He nodded seriously to Evan.

"You come aboard, matey," he said. "You come aboard and see the big ship. She's been to India, that big ship has, an' to Morocco and Madagascar. She ain't no fool of a ship, and you can take your oath of that."

Evan stepped into the boat and sat down.

"Did you steal the pig?" he asked, as the sailor shoved her off.

The other took his seat and leisurely pulled into the stream.

"No," he answered. "It were another of 'em that stole the pig. A master hand with pigs he is, too. But if that ravin' bog-trotter had counted his roosters, he'd know what I stole."

He nodded to Evan and winked with great pleasantry.

He laid the boat alongside the worn flank of the barque, and Evan went aboard and found himself on a ship's deck at last. The planks made his feet welcome; overhead the cordage wove a web of fascination; and the simple gear about him — the capstan, the pumps, the rails thronged with belaying-pins and festooned with coiled ropes — addressed him intimately. His companion led him up the ladder to the little poop, and brought him to a tall old man, who looked at him venerably.

"Here's the lad, sir," he said. "Boy, take off your hat to the captain."

There was a vague and mild quality of courtesy about the captain, something gentle and gallant, which easily touched Evan. He was over the common height, with a good and noticeable carriage and a fine reverend head. His white forked beard hung to his chest; his face was clear red; and as he spoke he had the air of condescending, of doing the graceful thing to an inferior.

He welcomed Evan with a nod which passed for a bow.

"I am glad to see you on my poop," he said. "My mate tells me you live hereabouts and can give me the information I require."

"That's me," said the man who had brought Evan aboard. "I'm his mate."

"I'll do my best," said the boy.

Another bow from the captain.

"Be seated," he said, waving him to the ledge of the skylight.

He leaned on the wheel himself, looking down at his visitor, while the mate stood with legs apart, looking on. Then, in good, gracious speech, the captain commenced his interrogation. He was anxious to know where the nearest railway-station was, and learned with pleasure that it was twenty-five miles away. Coast-guards were unheard of here; that, too, gratified him. As for police, there was a constable at Pentowy, but he was old and infirm and infrequently sober.

"I thank you," said the captain, when all his questions had been answered. He looked on Evan with trouble in his face. "It is natural," he went on, "that you should wish to know why all this is important to us. It looks, of course, as if we had some crime to conceal."

Evan rose. "I don't care," he said stoutly; "it isn't my business. The people doesn't know what is crimes and what isn't, indeed. They think dancing is a crime."

"And pig-stealing," added the mate, indignantly.

The captain smiled faintly. "There will be no more of that," he said. "There is a small repair to be made to the bottom, and for that purpose we have put in to careen. We wish to be private for good sound reasons, and that is all."

He had a way, while speaking, of letting his eyes wander to the shore, not as though seeing things, but as if his thoughts travelled easily from the subject. For some reason he could not define, Evan found himself pitying this tall old man.

"If there's anything I can do —" he said.

"Thank you; I thank you," answered the captain, and he was dismissed.

His work at the farm at which he was employed did not occur to him at all. He had not intended to go there, anyhow. He spent the morning on the deck of the ship, busy and delighted, making himself familiar with the gear, and weaving his fancies interminably over the boats on their blocks and all the stuff of dreams of which a ship is compact. When the men came down to dinner, he was called to join them. Roast pork was their food. He sat on the hatch with them, his eyes and ears open to their strangeness, between a magnificent Greek with gold rings in his ears and a little wizened nonation veteran whose right eyelid was flat and motionless over an empty socket. There were five of them altogether, besides the captain and mate, all sound men, harsh and wise with use of the sea and its customs, and they talked to him as only sailors can talk to a boy. He was avid for incidents of colour and action, and they glutted him with tales which were only half lies.

"Ay, that was a son-of-a-gun of a v'y'ge," said the veteran, concluding a yarn. "A bit like this v'y'ge it was."

"Where are you bound for, then?" demanded Evan.

The Greek flashed a dazzling smile at him.

"You don' know?" he said. "Ah, well, we don' know a no more as you."

An English sailor opposite looked up from his plate with a growl.

"Stow it," he said. "Mind what you're sayin'." And the Greek shrugged and was silent.

The old man heard him, and looked away over his head.

"I know nothing against it," he made answer. "But you have parents, surely? Have you asked them?"

Evan reddened. "There's only my father," he said, "an' him an' me's not much friends."

The captain shook his fine head and mumbled into his beard.

"You'd ship on anything. Perhaps it would be better on any craft but this; who is to say?"

"Why, what's the matter with the ship?" asked Evan, in surprise.

"Matter with the ship!" The old captain woke to a sort of liveliness. "Nothing is the matter with her — nothing her own crew can't put right. I've commanded on this quarter-deck since before you were born, boy, and who but I should know?"

He bent a formidable and gloomy brow on Evan.

"God forbid I should slander the ship," he said, with formal solemnity. "I was at the building of her. To her you might trust yourself. Yes, you'd be safe with my old barque. But — but —" His voice trailed off into uncertainty, and his pale eyes wandered again.

"Please, sir, I'd like to ship with you," said Evan, after waiting for him to go on.

The captain seemed to hear him as a sleeper hears a sound at his window, with no understanding of its import.

"She's nobody's if she isn't mine," he said absently.

Evan felt a hand on his arm, and turned to face the mate.

"Where's your manners?" demanded that officer. "Don't you know better than to plague the skipper? Has he shipped you?"

Evan shook his head. "He wants me to ask my father first."

"That's funny," said the mate, leading the boy for'ard. "Where does he think sailors come from? But don't you worry, sonny: I'll fix it. You're shipped, you are." He slapped the lad disconcertingly on the back. "Ship's boy an' cook's mate — that's you, barrin' act of God an' the Queen's enemies. Get along down to the fo'c'sle; you're shipped."

Evan went through the scuttle and down the ladder to the darksome little fo'c'sle up in the eyes of the barque, and the men received him with grins.

"What did the old man say?" they inquired.

"I'm shipped," said Evan, with pride.

The one-eyed veteran looked up sharply. "Shipped, eh!" he observed. "Well, then, you go and lay hands on a broom and sweep this yer deck up, boy, and when it's dark you'll go with the landin'-party to trade with the natives."

"Pigs?" queried Evan, taking up the broom.

"Anything," answered the sailor carelessly.

Of the raid that night there is no need to tell. They bereaved three farmers of many eatables. In the morning they set to discharging the gravel ballast, weary and dirty work. Evan had expected to see his father in search of him, but the weaver put in no appearance that day. It was the next day at noon that he saw the well-known and bowed figure at the water's edge, looking over towards the barque. The mate, after considering the matter for a minute, bade him take the dinghy and go ashore to the old man.

He was awkward with the oars, and beached the boat clumsily. His father came without a word and helped haul her bow seavily on the sand. Then they stood facing each other, the big flushed boy and the meagre, serious man.

"Well, Evan," said the weaver at last, "you've left me, then."

Evan nodded without speaking.

"Well, well," said the weaver. "It's done, then. You've gone, that's all. So we can sit

down a spell an' talk, can't we—father and son, like us?"

"Yes, we can talk," answered Evan; and the pair crossed the narrow beach to the rough fringe of the burrows. The weaver lowered himself to a knoll with a sigh, and Evan squatted on his heels a few feet away.

"I was hearing from Jones Pentowy what you was tellin' them in the Band of Hope," said the weaver. His tone was weighted with no function of blame; he seemed to speak conversationally. "But I don't agree with you."

"You never did," retorted Evan, resentfully.

"How d'you know that?" said the weaver. "An', even then, a man's got a right to his opinions. You've got yours an' I've got mine. An' Jones is got his, for what it's worth. If we was to think the same, all three, we'd be all weavers or cobblers or sailors, indeed, now."

He pushed back his hat and wiped his forehead.

"Don't you see?" he asked.

Evan nodded. "I couldn't be a weaver or a cobbler," he answered.

"No," agreed the weaver. "It's a disappointment to me, Evan. I was wantin' you to be a good man. There's only one way I know to be a good man, but you wouldn't have it. So you must have your own way, and perhaps God'll take it into account. So you're going to sea, now?"

"Yes," answered Evan. "The captain wants me to get your permission."

"Well, you've got it. Shall I come over and tell it to him?"

"I'll be thankful," returned Evan, and they went down to the boat.

Evan saw with some surprise that his father and the captain seemed immediately to recognise equals in one another. To the stately courtesy of the captain the weaver apposed a quiet purposefulness, a gravity and dignity, which were no less effectual. The little poop became a stage for a fine drama of manners.

"My boy Evan is tellin' me he's wanting to work for you," began the weaver. "So I'm here to tell you I'm willing."

"Thank you," replied the captain, bending his splendid head. "Thank you." He looked the weaver up and down and sighed. "But there is something I ought to tell you before I take your boy."

"I'll listen," was the weaver's answer.

The captain walked a pace or two, and came back. The fresh red of his face deepened a little.

"I hope you'll understand," he said. "It's hard to be taken for a thief. But the God's truth is, this is a stolen ship.'

Evan saw his face clench on the word.

"I was at the building of her," he went on, while the weaver leaned against the rail and listened to him gravely. "I drove an adze on her timbers, and went to sea with her when she was launched. I've been with her ever since,—boy, man, officer, and master,—while the pair of us grew ripe and grew old. I've sailed her and tinkered her and worked her till I just couldn't quit. She's more to me than a marriage-bed. When she was sold I went with her; she went into colliering and such-like dirt, but I stuck. She passed from a Scotch Jew to a nigger in Bombay, and from him to Swede, and from him to a Holland Dutchman; but they all took me along with her. And then, when we were trying for a timber charter from Portland, the Dutchman died, bankrupt, and I got my orders to bring her across to be broken up."

He paused. "There's cruel," said the weaver gently.

"What sense is there in it?" cried the captain. "I brought her across, and one of my men made a plan for me. I was past planning. I just couldn't make my mind fast to the notion of hacking the bowels out of my old barque. We was to put about for Chile ports, and cadge stores as we could by the way. And then we'd sell her. They'll buy ships, those Chile dagoes; and they're keen enough on having them commanded by Englishmen. We'd have made enough that way to pay the price of her as truck to the Dutchman's folk, and there'd ha' been a bit of something over for the hands. It might turn out honest in the end. But she wanted a bit of patching; so, as we were off the Channel when I made up my mind, I put her up for this coast to careen."

He eyed the weaver timidly as he paused; that small, hard man was leaning against the rail listening frowningly like a judge.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Well," he said, "it's thieving, whatever. There's no good can come of blinding your eyes to the truth. Thieving is thieving. An' is my boy to go along with you?"

"He may come," answered the captain.

"An' you'll pay him out o' the money you get for the ship?"

"Of course," said the captain.

"Ay, but whose money?" The weaver turned to Evan. "You see," he said. "Evan *fach*, come back with me. We'll forget everything; we'll begin again. Come back with me, now, *anwyl*."

"No," said Evan. The outstretched hand of the weaver sank to his side at the tone of the word. "No, I won't come back. Where's the use of shamming good, when all of me is hungry

to be away and see the cities and know men an' women? I won't come back."

"Well, now," said the weaver, and sighed. "Morgan Rhosegadder is made a mistake," he went on, "and he'd better have the millstone tied about his neck and be cast into the middle of the sea."

He turned to the captain. "And what is the name called of this stolen ship?" he demanded.

"Sir," said the captain, "this is the 'New Hope,' of Rotterdam."

The weaver nodded, and presently Evan set him ashore again and watched him go up the sandy slope into the sunset. He shook hands with him ere he went, smothering resolutely some thrill of emotion that stirred him with the sense of a final parting.

Those were crowded days for him. He bore a willing hand at the task of heaving the little barque down; helped to carry out her anchors abreast of her, to reeve the tackles between them and the mastheads, and heard for the first time the strain of a sea-shanty when the capstan was manned and the vessel laid over on her flank.

A few people of the country-side would come down to watch from time to time, but most were afraid of the sailors. She was on an even keel again and sail was being bent before he had speech with his own folk once more. His father hailed from the beach, and with him was the stumpy figure of Morgan Rhosegadder.

Evan shook hands with his father and glared at Morgan. The farmer's face grew scarlet.

"Now, now, Evan," remonstrated the weaver, "no use to look at Morgan like that, indeed now. 'Tisn't for quarrelling he's come. No, no; let him speak."

"He better be careful," said Evan defiantly. "If I was to do what I'd like to do, I'd throw him in the water. It was him turned me out of the Band of Hope in front of everybody."

The farmer turned to him. "Evan, anybody can make a mistake," he urged. There was some strong earnestness in his manner that made the boy wonder and listen. He seemed to be holding in check some matter of passion.

"Well?" said Evan.

Morgan waved his hand to the tumbled sand-hills. "Come and sit down," he said, "and then we can talk,— just us three, Evan,— and let's try to make it all right. It's more natural-like to talk sitting down."

"Ay, come and sit down, Evan," urged the weaver, and the boy yielded. They found a little hollow where the rushes grew rank, and nought but the sky was over them, with its great feathery clouds.

"I paid for the pigs as was stole," said the weaver abruptly, when they were seated. "Pigs is expensive. Well!"

Morgan took off his hat and wiped his brow.

"Then," continued the weaver, "there was the ship. Rhys Carmarthen, the lawyer, he found out who she belonged to, by telegraphing. One telegram cost one pound five. So we bought the ship."

Evan gaped at him. He was talking away in his dry, even voice, with his hard, serious face, as though upon matters of every-day traffic.

"Bought the ship!" exclaimed the boy.

"Ay," said the weaver, nodding. "Didn't we, Morgan?"

The farmer took off his hat and wiped his face.

"Ay, we bought her, indeed," he said. "Evan, boy, we bought her, whatever. It was your father; he come to me and told me all the story, and I see then what I have done, indeed. Evan, try an' forgive. That time, in the Band of Hope, the devil was at my elbow, an' he was saying all the time, 'If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off,' an' he kept saying it. So I didn't chance to think upon 'Whoso shall offend against one of these little ones.' Your father he came an' put me in mind of it. Ay, indeed."

"Well," said Evan, impatiently, "but what about the ship?"

"The ship? Ay, now, that was easy. But you to be driven to thievery on the seas, and me to send you there — swinging day by day through sin to hell! Evan, my heart was torn in my body! So I says to your father, I says, 'An' can I buy my word back?' An' he says, 'Between us, we'll bid for it.' So we bid, to send you out to the life you've chose, upright and fit to look chapel folk in the face. Neither haggling nor bargaining was there; it wasn't for me to cheapen my spoken word and my own soul. I sold the top field and the long pasture and the plough-land, and your father sold his cottage and paid the money down handsome on the table to lighten the millstone from about my neck. Say you'll forgive, now, Evan; that's what I'm wanting."

His eyes were half closed in an agony of supplication; he spared himself no rowel of all his conscience.

"Take him by the hand, Evan," bade the weaver. "He's a poor man to-day."

Evan grasped the hand that groped for his.

"God bless you!" said the farmer. "Surely you'll be a fine sea-captain yet. And I'm a free man. I'll come down to see you sail, Evan."

"Come on board now," said Evan. "Come and tell the captain, for we'll be sailing day after to-morrow."

And they went on board together, the owners and the boy.

POISON FOODS

BY

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NATURAL law is only an observed succession of sequences between phenomena; but nothing is more difficult than to induce the average man to believe this. To him the term "law" has so long and ineradicably been endowed with all the majesty and authority of the State or of the Church, that it is impossible for him to disassociate it from a sense of something absolutely necessary and positive, to be obeyed under penalties. This is the source of some of our most troublesome confusions in the realm of popular scientific thinking.

Since the insistent demand and unwavering design of the average individual is to find some rule of conduct, dietetic, hygienic, or what not, which is always and everywhere to be followed, or, as he would express it, "inherently right," he is loath to believe that the rules of conduct in any department of hygiene, for instance, cannot be reduced to a few simple fundamental axioms which are always and everywhere right and guides to safe conduct. Worse than this, he demands that in each separate domain of hygiene these simple principles shall, if possible, be reduced to a single one which shall dominate all other considerations under all circumstances. Nowhere is this tendency more painfully evident and distressing than in the realm of dietetics. How many scores of times is a physician asked in perfect good faith and childlike confidence, "Doctor, what is really the best food?" and looked upon with pained surprise when he endeavors to explain that there is no such thing — if, indeed, his well-meant explanations are not regarded as merely shufflings and evasions designed to keep his patients from arriving too quickly at the true secret of health.

No One "Best Food"

Not only is there no "best food," but, in the very nature of things, there cannot be. No single food yet discovered will alone sustain human beings in perfect health and vigor for any considerable period. On the other hand, no food ever yet invented by the wit of man or resorted to under the bitterest necessity but what has certain, it may be very modest, virtues and uses of its own. The utmost that can be said in the way of generalization is that certain great food-staples have proved themselves within the age-long experience of humanity to possess a larger amount of nutritive value, digestibility, and other beneficial qualities, and a smaller proportion of undesirable properties, than any others. These, through an exceedingly slow and gradual process of the survival of the fittest, have come to form the staples of food in common use by the human race all over the world. It is really astonishing how comparatively few of them there are, when we come to consider them broadly: the flesh and the milk of three or four domesticated animals; the flesh of three or four, and the eggs of one species of domesticated birds; three great grains — wheat, rice, and maize — and a half-dozen smaller and much less frequent ones; one hundred or so species of fishes and shell-fish; two sugars; a dozen or so starch-containing roots and tubers, only two of which — the potato and the manioc — are of real international importance; twenty or thirty fruits; forty or fifty vegetables — these make up two thirds of the food-supply of the inhabitants of the world.

Instead of wondering at the variety and profuseness of the human food-supply, the biologist is rather inclined to ejaculate with the London footman immortalized by John Leech, who, when told by the cook that there would be mutton-chops for dinner and roast beef for supper, exclaimed, "Nothink but beef, mutton, and pork — pork, mutton, and beef! Hin my opinion, hit's 'igh time some new hanimal was inwented!"

The Staples, the Auxiliaries, and the Luxuries

On looking into the matter further, one finds these various standard comestibles arranged in a sort of rough order of comparative importance which is singularly uniform all over the world. First come the staples, which group includes

the mammalian meats, maize, wheat, or rice, butter or oil, sugar, and salt. It is safe to say that two thirds of the money expended for food by every civilized race and most barbaric ones goes to purchase some combination of these great staples. Science has, of course, long ago vindicated the good sense of humanity's selection by showing that they contain the highest degree of fuel-value, digestibility, and freedom from injurious results that is to be had for the price — in most cases, indeed, at any price.

Next comes a large group of accessory foods whose function it is to fill the gaps between the great staples, or to supply defects which may be present in the latter, or to break the monotony of a diet consisting too exclusively of these. Such are the green vegetables, the fruits and salads of every sort, the rarer and less nourishing kinds of meat, such as fowl, game, shell-fish, etc., cheese, milk, butter, and certain spices and condiments.

Lastly, another rough group of largely ornamental foods, luxuries, relishes, stimulants to the appetite, or sources of pure enjoyment to the sense of taste or smell, such as flavorings and aromatics, tea, coffee, tobacco, alcohol, sweetmeats, sweet herbs, cordials, and rare delicacies generally.

Why Many Subsidiary Foods are Not Standard

The subsidiary and accessory flavoring foods in the second class — while a thousand times more numerous than the solid staples, and often commanding large prices and becoming important articles of commerce — are yet almost never relied upon as an important part of the dietary, except in periods of necessity or famine, in the absence of more substantial viands. For the most part, the reason is obvious. The vast majority of these subsidiary and accessory foods do not contain a sufficient amount of energy (calories) in proportion to their bulk to make them seriously valuable as fuel for the body engine. Others, again, are so expensive, or so restricted in their seasonal occurrence, or so difficult to procure in sufficient quantities, that they are practically excluded from the daily dietary.

But these limitations by no means apply to all the members of this great class. There still remain a large number of accessory foods which are exceedingly rich in nutritive content, and no more expensive than the staples — in some cases even less so; and it has been one of the chief objects of enthusiasm with the modern food reformer, both scientific and pseudo-scientific, to discover one of these nutritive and inexpensive accessory foods and proceed to break it forcibly into the ranks of the staple foods. Hitherto we have been a little at a loss to account for their curious failure to widen the range of substantial foods embraced within the first class. This, however, has been largely due to the fact that naturally our earliest scientific studies have been chiefly confined to the positive side of a food's qualities, namely, its nutritive value and its digestibility. Does such and such a food contain so many calories per ounce? Is it digestible in the human stomach? asks the laboratory scientist. If so, it is a good food. Upon this basis the most determined efforts have been made by well-meaning food reformers to introduce among the staple articles of diet a considerable number of subsidiary foods which have high nutritive value at relatively small cost, particularly such as peas, beans, pulses, chestnuts, peanuts, and other so-called nuts, brown bread, bananas, cheese, milk, olive-oil, and a score of other things which rise in the memory. Of late, however, studies made from another point of view in the laboratories are beginning to throw a flood of light on the reason for the failure of these foods promptly to meet with favor on the part of the public, revealing the surprising fact that many articles of food contain, combined with their high percentage of nutritive value, substances which are irritating to the stomach, disturb digestion, or may even behave as active poisons.

Three Great Classes of Poison Foods

These so-called poison foods fall roughly into three main groups: first, those which contain such a large amount of poisonous or irritating matter that they are entirely unfit for ordinary human use, unless subjected to some special treatment, or unless the race has become habituated to them by generations of stern necessity; second, a large and important class of foods possessing high nutritive value, but containing at the same time a small amount of poisonous or irritating element, so that, while they can be taken in moderate amounts without injury by the majority of mankind, they can be taken *only* in such moderate amounts; and, third, a great group of so-called "ornamental" foods of low fuel-value, which possess the odd and bizarre quality of acting as acute poison to a certain number of susceptible individuals, usually not exceeding from five to ten per cent of the race, though perfectly harmless, in ordinary amounts, to the remaining ninety to ninety-five per cent. Nearly all of this group, however, easily become poisonous to the great majority of individuals if taken in excess.

The interesting facts about this classification are, first, that not a single staple food of civilized man is to be found in any one of these three categories; and, second, that nearly every secondary food which, on account of its high nutritive value and low expense, the reformers have attempted to list in the ranks of the staples, lies in the second class of poison foods.

Foods that Require Special Treatment

The first and comparatively small group of "poison foods"—those which combine valuable nutritive qualities and a virulent poison in one and the same substance—is strikingly exemplified by the manioc or cassava-root. This forms the staple food of hundreds of thousands of human beings in the tropics, yet its juice is so intensely poisonous that every particle has to be driven out by crushing off with great pressure and by heat before the remaining starchy part is safe for human food. Some of the most distressing tragedies connected with tropical explorations have been due to ignorance of this fact and the attempt to live upon either uncrushed or imperfectly crushed manioc-roots. Another example comes still nearer home. The stems, leaves, and berries of the potato, that harmless and beneficent tuber, are highly poisonous, the so-called root being the only portion which is safe for human food—and even this under certain circumstances may become poisonous.

The Case Against the Bean

The second great class of poison foods, containing those accessory articles of diet which agree with the majority of mankind when taken in moderate amounts, but, owing to their small percentage of poisonous element, *only* when taken in moderate amounts, is of the utmost interest and practical importance; for it is this class which furnishes the great majority of secondary foods from which the reformers have unavailingly attempted to recruit new staples of diet. Take, for instance, the case of the bean. We regard it as an affront to our intelligence to be told that we "don't know beans," but there are several kinks in the physiology of these innocent-looking legumes which we are only just beginning to unravel. One of these is that, coiled amid its rich store of proteid and fat, like guardian dragons, lie an aromatic oil and a bitter alkaloid, both poisonous to the susceptible stomach in small amounts, and to the average one in larger. These explain the well-known unpopularity of beans as a staple on the boarding-house table, in the lumber-camp, on the march. Nothing will goad a grading gang or company mess to mutiny quicker than an excess of beans. They will take bread, bacon, "salt-horse," apple-sauce, potatoes, oatmeal, rice three times a day for weeks at a stretch without a murmur; but let beans be served as the principal dish at a meal more than two or three times a week, and hear the "roar." Every boarding-house knows that beans are the cheapest and most "filling" food to be had in the market, equal to the classic "brimstone and treacle" of Dotheboys Hall; but is also keenly and regretfully aware that the boarders "won't stand for them" more than once or twice a week. Even the sacred bean of Boston is only consumed by the elect on Saturdays or Sundays.

This toxic principle is really little short of a dietetic calamity, for beans, peas, and lentils contain an abundance of the cheapest proteid or nitrogenous food to be had. All our text-books inform us that one shilling will purchase twice as much proteid in the form of dried peas or beans as in the form of cheese, five times as much as in beef, and eight times as much as in eggs. Therefore, all diet reformers, and especially vegetarians, have urged the use of the "poor man's beefsteaks" as a substitute for meat. But the crass, obstinate man in the street simply shrugs his shoulders. And, as usual, the man in the street is right. He doesn't know much, but he does know beans and his own stomach. Like most "highly recommended" foods, they show up beautifully in the analysis, but you can't live on them. Careful experiments have shown that whenever beans or peas are taken as the sole source of proteid in the diet, or in excess of about one fifth of the proteid requirements of the body, they promptly produce burning of the stomach, flatulence, loss of appetite, and, if persisted in, failure of nutrition. Stock-raisers have found the same thing true of horses and cattle. Other members of the bean-pea family (*Leguminosae*) have this bitter toxic principle so highly developed that they produce a chronic poisoning in range-cattle, known as lathyrism (from *lathyrus*, a vetch), while the much-dreaded "loco-weed" of our Western plains is another member of the group.

It is possible that a certain degree of tolerance of this poison might be acquired in time, as several low-grade races and classes, like the Pueblo Indians, the Mexican cholos, and the Trappist monks, make beans (frijoles), or pulses, a staple article of diet; but that any live, intelligent white race will eat beans as a staple while it has the energy to get meat is highly improbable. As an occasional element of the diet beans have their uses, but as a constant source of proteid they're a failure. "Cheap, but nasty,"

describes them precisely, if to nasty you add "and poisonous."

Cheese

Another much-vaunted source of "vegetable" proteid is cheese, and it does seem strange at first thought that this should so rarely have succeeded in getting itself adopted by the race among the great group of staples. As a proteid food it is decidedly cheap and gives more than twice as much proteid for a shilling as beef and nearly four times as much as eggs. It is also pleasant to the taste and, in moderate amounts, fairly digestible. And yet the average man persists in taking it, in the country, chiefly as a means of coaxing down huge hunks of bread, or, in the city, as a relish at the end or beginning of a meal. A little study of the effects of cheese on the human stomach quickly shows the reason for this — that the ferments (*zymases*) and flavoring extracts which develop in cheese in the process of ripening irritate the stomach, upset the digestion, and constipate the bowels, whenever it is taken in excess of very moderate amounts. Even in the mildest and greenest of cheeses these substances are present in sufficient quantity to interfere with their use as a serious article of diet, while the highly ripened and odorous cheeses, like Stilton, Roquefort, Brie, Camembert, and Limburger, are still more acutely irritating and can only be taken in still smaller quantities, as flavoring extracts. Practically, indeed, the chief nutritive value of cheese resides in the bread or crackers which can be relished with it.

The Poison in Nuts

Next as the darlings of the would-be food reformer come nuts of all sorts. These are urged upon us with special fervor and enthusiasm by those who regard all foods of animal origin as "tainted money," besmirched by the foul crime of murder. Here, we are told, are food-stuffs — walnuts, hickory-nuts, Brazil nuts, pecans, peanuts — of a high degree of toothsomeness and attractiveness, not excessive in expense, and containing a large percentage of both proteid and fat. Analyses made in the laboratory absolutely confirm the truth of the statement: fats and proteids are both present in large amounts and in readily digestible form; and yet practically no "unemancipated" specimen of the human race — except the Shawnee Indian in hickory-nut time — will attempt to make a meal on nuts. They are still commonly regarded simply as a *bonne bouche*, to be taken after the serious business of the meal is over, merely as a dessert. The tacit phrase of "the walnuts and the wine" expresses precisely where they are in the scale of the normal diet list.

Now we are just beginning to find out why we have all had more or less violent attacks of colic or headache after a gorgeous spree on nuts and candy in our boyhood days — attacks which we were usually content to put down to the sheer piggishness of the young human animal. An irritating principle has been found present in all nuts, partly in the kernel itself and partly in the skin which surrounds the kernel, which, even in cases of very moderate amounts, is a decided irritant to the digestive canal. Peanuts — which, of course, are not nuts at all, but the seeds of a species of pea which is artificially caused to develop underground — are particularly strong in these poisonous extracts. Physicians now regard them as exceedingly undesirable articles of diet for children, on the ground that they frequently produce attacks of colic, diarrhea, and even, it is asserted, of appendicitis. All attempts to use nuts in considerable amounts as a staple article of diet for any length of time, except by a few enthusiasts who are committed in advance to a belief in their superiority, have proved unsatisfactory.

When Bananas are Dangerous

A somewhat similar situation confronts us with regard to the banana, that great food-fruit of the tropics. While rich in both sugar and starch and capable of being ingested in sufficient amounts to be a real food, it is excluded by three serious drawbacks from admission to the rank of a staple: first, that the starch is swallowed raw, and thence is difficult of digestion; second, if a little underripe it is as indigestible as salt-cucumbers, and if overripe is exceedingly apt to set up fermentations in the stomach — and the golden mean is very difficult to secure in our far-shipped Northern fruit; third, even when in perfect condition, its delicate flavoring essences act as an irritant to a fair percentage of stomachs. I find that many people, especially rheumatics or asthmatics, have found by repeated experiences that bananas "don't agree" with them. If the banana stood alone in this respect, we might perhaps dismiss the complaint with a shrug of the shoulders and a pitying allusion to personal fancies or individual whim or even mere coincidence. But, on the contrary, it stands in this aspect as a fair sample of the third and most interesting class of poison foods.

The Third Class of Poison Foods — the Casual Criminals

Comestibles of this class, which, though harmless to the multitude, are acutely toxic to an unfortunate few, might be called the eccentric

poison foods, or the casual criminals of our court of dietetics. What they lack in consistent viciousness they make up in numbers, and, until one has had occasion to pay some continued attention to them, it is difficult to realize, or even believe, how numerous they are. I have been studying these foods for some seven years past, and am already inclined to the conclusion that a large majority of human beings have one or more of these pet antipathies.

The peculiar characteristic of this class of poison foods is that while readily capable of producing fermentative or toxic symptoms in the majority of individuals if taken in excess of rather moderate amounts, they are as a rule comparatively harmless and useful to, say, ninety-five per cent of the species, but are acute and irritating poisons to the remaining luckless five per cent. Depending as they do upon individual peculiarities or idiosyncrasies for the production of their poisonous effects, they are naturally very numerous. But, world-widely various as they are, they all have one feature in common — that it is practically impossible to use them in amounts and with sufficient frequency to obtain any considerable quantities of nutrition from them, on account of the ease with which they lend themselves to, or set up, fermentative or toxic processes in the alimentary canal. They never can become much more than luxuries, flavoring elements, ornaments of the menu, breakers of monotony of diet. This, it can easily be seen at a glance, is precisely the rôle which is assigned to them on the average dinner-table. Numerous as they are, only a mere glimpse of their fascinating rogues' gallery can be given.

Strawberries Often Injurious

One of the most widely known members of the group, and one which will serve excellently as a typical illustration, is the strawberry. That delicious fruit has the extraordinary vagary of acting as an irritant poison to probably somewhere in the neighborhood of one out of twenty of the human species. So common, in fact, is this action, that probably every one has known of from one to a dozen instances in his own experience. The singularity of the effect lies in the fact — and this is typical of all this group of the poison foods — that it is entirely independent both of the general condition of health or vigor of digestion of the individual affected, and of the ripeness, freshness, and soundness of the berries.

Mental suggestion and anticipation may also be excluded, for the victims will be affected by even the smallest trace of strawberries in preserves, puddings, etc., when they are entirely unaware of the presence of the fruit. Not only will the digestion be disturbed, but, in the more susceptible sufferers, rashes and eruptions upon the skin, pain in the joints, swelling of the lips and tongue, will also be produced. Nor can this result be attributed, as Metchnikoff has recently suggested, to contamination of the berries with fertilizers in the soil, or to the presence of insect parasites or of molds or bacteria which may have developed upon the berries during shipment or exposure in the shops.

It will occur with equal prominence and certainty in susceptible persons from the eating of jams and preserves in which the berries have been thoroughly sterilized by prolonged boiling, from eating berries which have been carefully washed and cleansed, or even taken from vines known to be free from contamination, or plucked wild in the meadows. The fault is not in the berry, but in the make-up of the unfortunate individual eating it — and once strawberry-marked, always strawberry-marked, as a rule.

With this for a type or sample, a roll-call of our remaining casual criminals can rapidly be made. More of them lie in the fruit class than in any other. Cherries appear to come next in frequency, though at a considerable interval. Then come raspberries, prunes, bananas, melons, grape-fruit, oranges, apricots, peaches, plums, and, last and least frequent, apples.

All of these we have personally known to produce more or less severe and definite poisonings, entirely independent of the amount taken or of the condition and ripeness of the fruit. Oddly enough, that "fruit," the tomato, which has the worst popular reputation in this regard, seems comparatively free from actual offense.

Oranges Rarely Poisonous

Poisonings by oranges show one marked peculiarity, and that is that they seem to occur only — or at least generally — where the fruit is picked directly from the trees. In southern California they are comparatively common; in other parts of the United States I have been able to find few instances.

The next longest list of these eccentrics is found among the vegetables, and includes asparagus, spinach, string-beans, potatoes, cucumbers, cabbage, sage, parsley, onions, radishes, and turnips. Most of these, of course, contain considerable amounts of cellulose and woody fiber, and quickly and readily undergo poisonous changes in the process of spoiling, lending themselves readily to the furthering of any fermentative process that may be present in

the alimentary canal; but, apart from all these possibilities, they also have comparatively definite specific poisonous effects upon certain individuals, entirely independent of the amount taken, the state of digestion at the time, or the condition of the vegetables.

Animal Products Scarcely Ever Harmful

The list of animal products which are, in sound condition, poisonous, even to "freakish" individuals, is very short, covering only crabs, lobsters, clams, oysters, salmon, cheese, and very, very rarely eggs and milk: The latter two are the rarest gems of our poison-food collection, but perfectly clear-cut. I have known personally six persons upon whom eggs acted as a poison. Four were only affected when one or more eggs had been eaten, but the other two could touch no food containing the smallest trace of egg, such as custard, cake, or pudding, without promptly paying the penalty. The susceptibility is well recognized in medical literature, though only as a curious anomaly. The symptoms are those of a violent poison like arsenic, and are absolutely independent of the freshness or condition of the egg eaten.

This is, however, not quite so incredible as it might appear at first sight, for the yolk of an egg is an exceedingly complex body, capable of "exploding" into a great variety of waste poisons — witness how exceedingly offensive it becomes when even slightly decayed.

Moreover, while the eggs of birds are rarely poisonous, those of fishes are not infrequently so. Fish-roe is proverbially risky as a food, and the closed season observed for many fishes even by savages is probably largely due to their unsafeness as food during the spawning season.

Sea-Foods

The other sea-foods mentioned — crabs, lobsters, clams, and cockles — are already blacklisted in popular report as "very indigestible." Much of this bad reputation is undeserved, and due to the remarkable rapidity with which they undergo putrefactive changes; but part of it rests upon the fact that, to a certain number of people, they are distinctly and essentially poisonous.

Cockles and mussels are so frequently followed by burning in the stomach, griping, and nettle-rash, that only the less intelligent classes of our population, chiefly foreigners and Indians, will eat them at all. Any old fisherman will tell you that if you eat the "beard" (*byssus*) of a mussel, it will "pizen" or even kill you; if you avoid this, you're safe. This is about as reliable as the similar myth regarding the cherry in a cocktail.*

A few luckless babies are poisoned by cows' milk in any dilution or modification, and can only be kept alive by albumin-water or a wet-nurse, while a fair sprinkling of adults find that raw milk does not agree with them even in small amounts.

The Stimulants — the Last of the Eccentric Poison Foods

Last of all among the third group of poison foods come the so-called stimulants, tea, coffee, tobacco, and alcohol. They are typical members of the group; poisons even in small amounts to a small percentage; in large amounts to the majority of the race. We are only just beginning adequately to appreciate the large part that individual susceptibility plays in their injurious effects. Probably eighty per cent of men can use them in moderation without injury and without any serious temptation to go to excess.

Tea and coffee depend for their comforting effects partly upon the hot water in which they are infused; partly upon their agreeable odor and taste, due to an aromatic oil; and partly upon an alkaloid, caffein, or theine, now more accurately known as trimethyl-xanthin. These three factors are nearly equal in influence. Caffein is a mild stimulant to the circulation, the brain-cells, and the kidneys. To about five per cent of individuals it is poisonous; to the remainder absolutely harmless in the amounts usually drunk. Few discoveries of the wit of man have added more to the comfort and happiness of life and less to its miseries than tea and coffee. Like soups, broths, and cheeses, though not foods themselves, they enable the majority of people, and especially women, to eat with a relish considerable amounts of bread, butter, crackers, meat, cake, etc., for which otherwise they would have little appetite. In other words, they are a splendid "introduction committee." Instead of diminishing the amount of food consumed, they increase it. Moreover, they are usually taken with sugar and cream or milk, and a cup of tea or coffee with plenty of these "trimmings" is the nutritive equivalent of a small saucer of breakfast-food.

* A few unfortunate individuals cannot eat salmon without suffering from urticaria, and a very few are unpleasantly affected by fish of any sort.

The meats proper and the starches are the two classes of foodstuffs freest from any of those occasional toxic effects. One meat, mutton, like its cousin venison, occasionally produces vomiting and purging in a few susceptible persons. A few others are susceptible to veal, and I have known one rheumatic patient who declared that a single helping of beefsteak would bring on a fresh attack of pain.

One or two calamitously "freaky" individuals are on record as being acutely poisoned by even man's best friend — wheat flour. It can be imagined what difficulties they had when away from home getting in things that were safe for them to eat.

Outside of the luckless five per cent, their injurious effects are chiefly due to the excess of tannin present when they are unintelligently made. The average boarding-house or farm-house cup of tea resembles most a weak decoction of oak-bark, on account of its excess of tannin, due to boiling or stewing on the back of the stove. It is the astringency of this element, which may reach seven per cent, and not the caffein, that deranges digestion.

To take either tea or coffee as a substitute for food is, of course, absurd and can end only in disaster. Most of the "tea-poisoning" symptoms of the poor seamstress or working-woman are signs of starvation, not due to the tea which she *can* get, but to the lack of food which she *can't* afford. If you take either late at night, they'll be likely to keep you awake; that's what they were introduced for originally — one by the bonzes of Thibet, and the other by the monks of Arabia. The "dyspepsias" attributed to them are due nine times out of ten to the food taken with them. No disease known to the medical profession is attributable to them.

Poison Foods and the Diet Reformers

Even this hasty review of poison foods suggests reflections of considerable importance and interest. We find, in the first place, that the staple foods of the civilized world — the meats, the flours or meals, the butters or oils, fish, eggs, milk, and sugars — have won their position purely upon their own merits: first, by possessing adequate fuel-value in digestible form at a moderate cost; second, by being almost entirely free from poisonous effects, even in large amounts and after prolonged use.

Next in importance upon the list comes a much larger group of secondary, or occasional, or temporary poison foods, which, though also possessed of high nutritive value at nearly as little expense as the staples,— and in some cases even less expense,— never reach anything like the figure of the staples in the total of crop reports or price-lists. Such are beans, peas, nuts, cheese, corn-meal, oat-meal, and graham-meal.

These are nearly all found to be disqualified from heavy and continuous use by the possession of poisonous elements or coarse and irritating particles or fibers which upset the average digestion, and are poisonous or irritating even in small amounts to a moderate percentage of individuals. A certain degree of immunity to these principles or particles may be acquired under the pressure of stern necessity, as among soldiers and frontiersmen. But they are never willingly used as more than occasional and supplementary elements in the dietary where other food materials are accessible.

Finally comes a great group of food-stuffs which are used chiefly as flavors, sauces, salads, fillers of gaps between the solid staples, relievers of monotony. Their function, though from a fuel point of view they are of little importance, is practically of enormous value, and yet they intrinsically belong just about where the market reports class them and the menus place them, namely, among the luxuries and the decorations: first, because they are usually deficient in actual fuel-value in proportion to their bulk; second, when taken in sufficient amounts to act as a genuine food and to supply an appreciable share of nutrition, they are apt to set up fermentative changes in the alimentary canal; and third, because nearly every one of them is more or less inherently toxic to a small percentage of individuals.

The bearing of these considerations upon reform or exclusive dietaries is of interest. The economist and the vegetarian who, for utilitarian or humane or moral reasons, urge the substitution for meat of beans, peas, cheese, corn-meal, oatmeal, nuts, fruits, etc., are promptly baffled by the fact that these cheap and highly nutritious substances all contain elements which are poisonous or irritating to the average stomach when taken in excess of about one third of the actual needs of the body, and, in the case of the fruits and vegetables, are markedly deficient in fuel-value in the amounts which can be sufficiently ingested or digested.

The school of dietetic reformers who hold that food should be eaten raw also find themselves confronted by obstacles of this same character, in that they usually, either from obvious reasons or upon moral grounds, avoid the use of meat, and are thrown back upon the same great sources of vegetable proteid as the vegetarians — beans, nuts, cheese, etc.; moreover, they expose themselves to an ambuscade of other dangers, through the possibility of bacteriological contamination of their food. Indeed, the great bacteriologist, Metchnikoff, goes so far as to raise the banner of bacteriology against the use of any uncooked fruits, vegetables, or grains which cannot show a spotless and unsullied pedigree from stem to mouth.

To sum up, poison foods, while intensely individual in their action and at first sight little better than curiosities of dietetics, have exercised a profound influence on the menus of civilized races. Moreover, the sanction which the latest discoveries of the laboratory have given to their age-long exclusion from the list of staple foods is a fact to be reckoned with by that huge and well-disciplined army of food reformers who, actuated by the highest motives, are desirous of reconstructing the dietary of mankind.

THE BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PORTRAITS

AT last, on the 25th day of September, 1863, the Eleventh Corps was cut loose from the Army of the Potomac and despatched, together with the Twelfth, both under the command of General Hooker, to the Western field of operations. General Rosecrans had manoeuvered the rebel General Bragg out of Chattanooga, but suffered a grievous defeat on September 19th and 20th at Chickamauga, where the Army of the Cumberland was saved from total destruction only by the heroic firmness of General Thomas. It may be remarked here, by the way, that the rout of our right wing in that battle was far more disastrous and discreditable than the defeat of the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville had been, but that nobody ever thought of branding that part of the Army of the Cumberland with cowardice on that account.

Our defeated hosts found refuge in Chattanooga, where they intrenched themselves. The Confederate General Bragg did not feel himself strong enough to carry their works by assault, but he besieged them closely enough to threaten seriously their lines of communication with the Union forces in the West, as well as their bases of supplies. In fact, the Army of the Cumberland at Chattanooga was reduced to very short rations, and there was such a scarcity of forage that there were not nearly enough sound horses to equip the artillery. Under these circumstances the Eleventh and the Twelfth corps were detached from the Army of the Potomac and hurried westward to succor the Army of the Cumberland in its precarious situation, and in the first place to open the "cracker-line," as the soldiers humorously called the line of supplies.

Extraordinary Ignorance of the Natives

On the 1st and 2d of October my command arrived at Bridgeport, Alabama, on the Tennessee River. One of my first duties was to acquaint myself with the country in my front and on my flanks. Many of the scouting-parties I led myself, and it was on these occasions that I first came into personal contact with the population of that hill region of northern Alabama, northern Georgia, and southwestern Tennessee. I had met Southern country people in Virginia and Maryland, and had been astonished at the ignorance of many of them as to what among the rural population of the North were matters of common knowledge. But my experiences in my present surroundings were far more astonishing. Not far from my encampment I came upon a farm-house inhabited by an elderly man, his wife, and a flock of children. He was by no means a poor man, for, as he told me, he owned several hundred acres of land. But he lived in a log-house, the central part of which was open on the front, with one inclosed room on the right and one on the left, with mud chimneys, and with chinks between the logs so imperfectly filled that the wind could pass through freely. There was hardly anything inside worthy of the name of furniture. The art of reading and writing was unknown in the family, except, perhaps, from hearsay. The children were dirty, ragged, and, of course, barefooted, sharing the freedom of the house with dogs and other domestic animals.

The farmer seemed to be a good-natured person, but my conversations with him disclosed an almost incredible depth of ignorance. Of the country in which he lived he had only a vague and nebulous conception. He asked me where all "these people," meaning my soldiers, came from. When I told him they came from New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and Wisconsin, he was very much puzzled. Of New York he had heard as a "monstrous big town" so far away that it would take several weeks' travel to get there. He asked me how many people might live there, but when I answered about seven hundred thousand, he understood me to say seven thousand, and threw up his hands in amazement and exclaimed: "Lord, seven thousand people living in one place! That

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place must be bigger than Chattanooga!" He had heard somebody say that the earth traveled around the sun; but he could not believe it. Did he not see the sun rising every morning on one side of him and travel to the other side, where it set in the evening? He cherished some religious notions, centering in a somewhat indefinite imagining of heaven and hell and salvation, which he had received from his parents and from itinerant exhorters. He had also heard something about the Atlantic Ocean, beyond which there were large countries with lots of strange people in them, and he was struck dumb with wonder and amazement, looking me over with a sort of puzzled curiosity, when I told him that I and many of my soldiers had been born in one of those countries on the other side of the great water.

A Pathetic Instance

But I had another experience if possible still more astonishing. On one of my rides I found a lonely log-cabin, in the door of which I saw a woman surrounded by a lively flock of flaxen-haired children, some six or seven of them, of various ages. Being thirsty, I rode up to ask her for a drink of water, which she brought to me in a gourd from the well-bucket, presenting it with a kindly smile and a few words in the local dialect which I did not understand. Although poorly clad and barefooted, she looked rather clean and neat; and so did the children, who had evidently been washed that day. She appeared to be about thirty-five years old, and the expression of her face was pleasant, frank, and modest. I asked her whether these were her children. She answered, "Yes," looking around at them with an expression of obvious pride and pleasure. How many children had she? — Thirteen. Some were in the field, the older ones.— Where was her husband? In the army?— Husband? She had no husband.— Was he dead, leaving her alone with so many children? Without the slightest embarrassment she answered that she never had had any husband; and in response to my further question whether she really had never been married, she simply shook her head with an expression, not of vexation, but rather of surprise, as if she did not quite understand what I might mean. I left her, greatly puzzled. When I met my friend the old farmer again, I asked him about her. He replied that she was a very decent and industrious woman, who took good care of her children, and that there were several such cases around there.

I do not mean to say that those cases portrayed the general state of civilization in a large tract of country. In some of the valleys, or "coves," I found people quite illiterate, indeed, but intellectually far more advanced and more conversant with the moralities of civilized society. But, even among them, instances such as I have described appeared sporadically, while in some more secluded districts they represented the rule. What surprised me most was that such people were mostly of pure Anglo-Saxon stock, here and there interspersed with Scotch-Irish, very clearly demonstrating that the element of race is by no means the only one determining the progressive capacities or tendencies of a population, but that even the most vigorous races may succumb in their development to the disfavor of surrounding circumstances. These people in their seclusion were simply left behind by the progressive movements going on at a distance.

First Meeting with Grant

About the 20th of October we learned, first by rumor, and then by official announcement, that General Grant had taken command of the "Military Division of the Mississippi," including the field of operations of the Army of the Cumberland; that General Rosecrans had been removed from the command of that army, to be superseded by General Thomas; and that General Sherman was hurrying on from the West with large reinforcements. On the 27th we broke camp and started on our march from Bridgeport to Chattanooga. The road was in a dreadful condition. There were so many carcasses of mules and horses lying on and beside it that I thought if they were laid lengthwise they would easily cover the whole distance.

In the afternoon of the 28th we came to Lookout Valley, near Brown's Ferry, about three miles from Chattanooga.

In the course of the next morning I saw General Grant for the first time. Unexpectedly he had come over with General Thomas to inspect our lines. As his coming had not been announced, his appearance among us was a surprise, and there was no demonstration, no cheering, among the soldiers, because they did not know that this modest-looking gentleman was the victorious hero of many battles. There was absolutely nothing of the fuss-and-feather style, nothing of the stage or picture general, about him. His head was covered with the regulation black felt hat. He wore a major-general's coat, but it was unbuttoned and unbelted. He carried no sword. On his hands he had a pair of brilliant white cotton gloves, and on his feet low shoes which permitted a pair of white socks to be seen, all the more as his trousers had perceptibly slipped up. He smoked a large black cigar with great energy,

and looked about him in a businesslike way with an impassible face. I had no opportunity for coming into personal contact with him at that time, as the cavalcade passed by at a brisk gait.

While General Grant pushed on his preparations for the discomfiture of Bragg's army, which occupied very strong positions on Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, the Eleventh Corps remained encamped until November 22d in Lookout Valley, extending and strengthening its intrenchments. We were within range of the rebel battery on Lookout Mountain, which every day dropped a number of shells into our camps without doing any damage. The noise made by the shells in flight and in explosion at first caused a little nervousness among some of the men, which, however, soon disappeared. Once, indeed, a shell falling into my mess-tent, while I was sitting at dinner with the officers of my staff, caused a momentary sensation and a rapid scattering of the diners. But as the missile did not explode, confidence was soon restored. It gradually became a favorite amusement of the troops to watch the puffs of smoke ejected by the rebel guns on Lookout Mountain, to listen to the whirring noise made by the coming missiles, and to make bets as to where they would strike the ground.

Another amusement consisted in the talks with deserters from the rebel army, who came over to us in great numbers. They were mostly from some Alabama regiments which were camped opposite to us on the other side of Lookout Creek. They would, during the night, crawl over a big tree which had fallen across the creek and then surrender to our pickets. There were so many of them that sometimes, when I rose in the early morning, I found the space between my headquarters tents filled with a dense crowd. They were a sorry lot, ragged, dirty, and emaciated. They insisted on "taking the oath" without delay. There had, no doubt, been much current talk about their having to "take the oath of allegiance" if they surrendered. But very many of them seemed to think that "taking the oath" meant getting something to eat — so eager were they in their demand for it. They were apparently disappointed when they were only asked to hold up their hands and swear. That disappointment was relieved by the subsequent distribution of rations among them, and the avidity and relish with which those rations were devoured spoke volumes of the lean days when they had had nothing to live upon but roasted ears of corn.

Among those with whom I talked I found some who were not without a certain kind of rustic mother-wit; but the ignorance of most of them was beyond belief. We saw the "Southern poor white" in his typical complexion. The horizon of those whom we met as deserters had been widened somewhat by their experiences of campaign life, but not very much. They had but a very dim conception, if any conception at all, of what all this fighting and bloodshed was about. They had been induced or forced to join the army by those to whom they had been accustomed to look up to as their superiors. They had only an indistinct feeling that the war had not been undertaken and was not carried on by the South for their benefit. There was a "winged word" current among the poor people of the South which strikingly portrayed the situation, as they conceived it to be, in a single sentence: "It is the rich man's war and the poor man's fight." This was so true that the poor whites of the South could hardly be expected to be sentimentally loyal to the "Southern cause." Many of them saw, therefore, nothing dishonorable or criminal in desertion or voluntary surrender, and resorted to it without any qualms of conscience when they got tired of sacrificing themselves for the benefit of interests which they did not understand. But while they remained in the ranks they proved in many respects excellent soldiers. They suffered hunger and all sorts of privation with heroic endurance. They executed marches of almost incredible length and difficulty and bore all kinds of fatigue without much complaint. And they were good, steady fighters, too, and many of them good marksmen, having been "handy" with the rifle or shot-gun from their childhood up. Those who had surrendered to us and "taken the oath" we put to work in improving the roads and similar tasks, and found them to be, if not very good, at least tolerably useful laborers.

A Strange Premonition

At last General Grant was ready to strike. Bragg had foolishly detached Longstreet's corps to overwhelm Burnside at Knoxville, and thus had dangerously weakened himself. Sherman had arrived with several divisions of his army, and on November 22d the Eleventh Corps received orders to leave Lookout Valley and to march to Chattanooga, where we joined the Army of the Cumberland. I shall not attempt a description of the battle of Missionary Ridge, with all its dramatic and picturesque incidents, but shall confine myself to my own personal experiences, one of which is of some psychological interest.

When, after a quiet sleep, I woke up about daybreak on November 23d, my first thought was that on that day I should be killed. It

was as if a voice within me told me so with solemn distinctness. I tried to shake off the impression and to laugh at my weakness in listening to that voice a single moment. But, while I met my companions and went about the performance of my duties in the accustomed way, the voice would always come back: "This day I shall be killed." Once I actually came very near sitting down to write a "last letter" to my wife and children; but a feeling of shame at my superstitious emotion came over me, and I desisted. Still the voice would not be silent. I busied myself with walking about among my troops to see that they were in proper fighting trim for the battle, which we expected to open at any moment, but the voice followed me without cessation. I made a strong effort to appear as cheerful as usual, so that my officers might not notice the state of my mind, and I think I succeeded. But what I could not conceal was a restless impatience that the impending action should begin. Still, the whole forenoon passed without any serious engagement — only a cannon-shot now and then, and here and there a little crackle of picket-firing. The breastworks and batteries of the enemy on the steep crest of Missionary Ridge on our left and opposite our center, and on Lookout Mountain on our right, frowned down upon us, apparently impregnable.

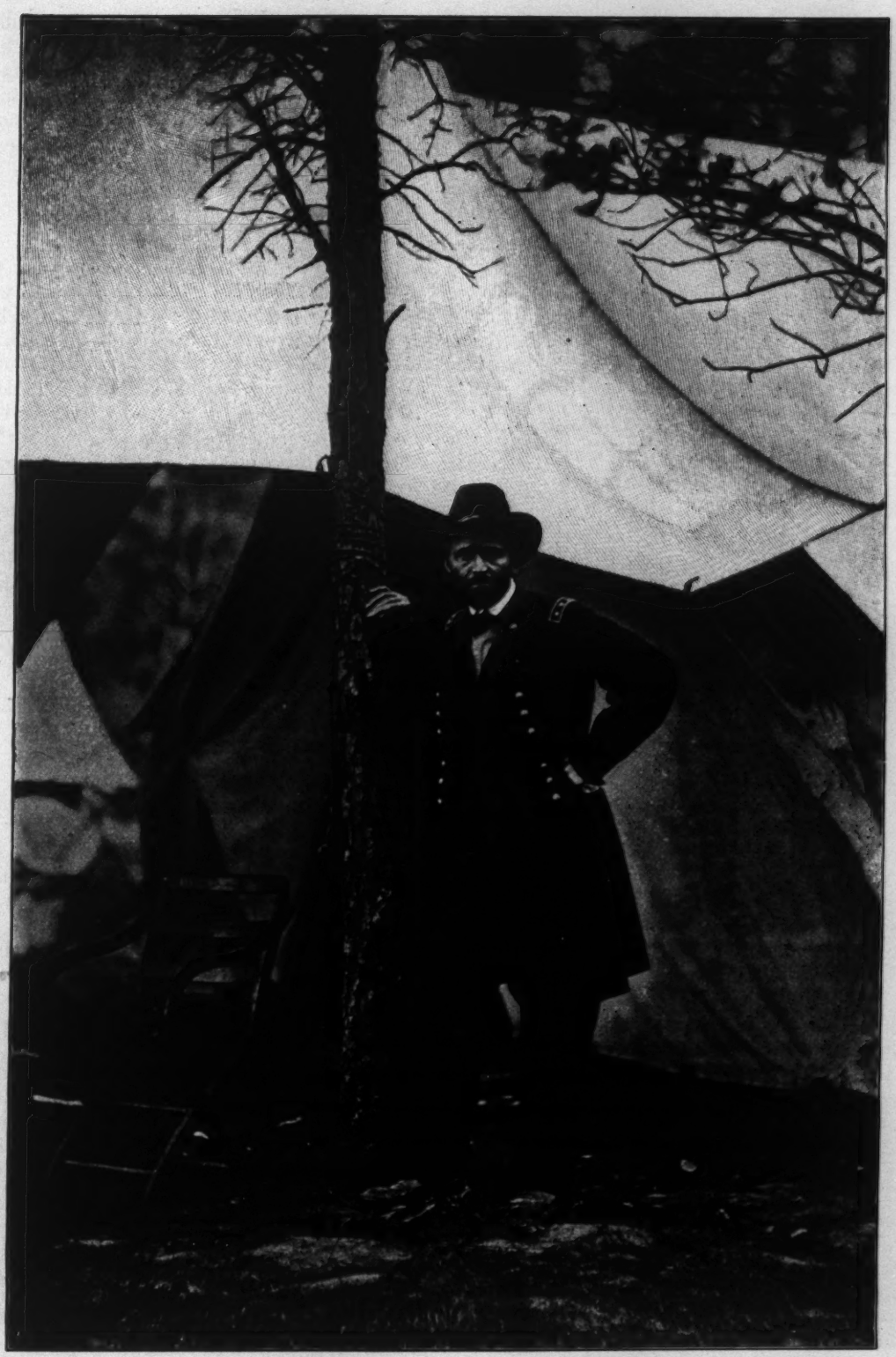
At last, about noon, two divisions of the Army of the Cumberland in our left center were ordered to advance, and in a short space of time they took the first line of the enemy's rifle-pits at the foot of the mountain. Although the voice within me still spoke, I felt a little relief when I heard the real thunder of battle immediately in front. But my command stood there two hours more with grounded arms, waiting for orders. At last, at two o'clock, a staff-officer galloped up with the instruction that I should take position in the woods on the left of those divisions, between Orchard Knob and the Tennessee River, connecting on my right with General Wood, and on my left with the Second Division of our corps. "Now is the time," said the voice within.

In deploying my command and making the prescribed connection I had no difficulty,— only a slight skirmish-fire,— the enemy readily yielding when I pushed my skirmishers as far ahead as Citico Creek. But there was a rebel battery of artillery placed on the slope of Missionary Ridge opposite Orchard Knob, invisible to us on account of the woods, which threw shells at us and apparently had a correct range. Shells would come over to us from it in slow order, probably about two a minute. A practised ear could gage their course in coming rather accurately by their whirring noise. Having made my alinement with the neighboring divisions on the right and left, I was halting on horseback with my staff, between my skirmishers and my line of battle, in momentary expectation of further orders, when I heard a shell coming, as I judged, straight toward me. "This is the one," I said to myself. The few moments I heard it coming seemed very long. It struck the ground under my horse, causing the animal to give a jump, broke the fore legs of the horse of one of my orderlies immediately behind me, struck an embankment about twenty yards in the rear of me, and then exploded, without hurting any one. The effect was electric. The voice within me said: "This was the one, but it did not kill me after all." Instantly the premonition of death vanished and my usual spirits returned. I never had such an experience again.

A Spectacular Battle

The share of my division in the actual fighting in the battle of Missionary Ridge was rather slight. It would have been our fortune to take part in the conquest of Lookout Mountain, the so-called "Battle above the Clouds," had not an unexpected mixing of General Hooker's troops with other commands transferred us from Lookout Valley to Chattanooga. But as it was we could only watch it from afar, as during the afternoon the little puffs of smoke enlivened the brush on the rugged mountain-slope, and after dark the musketry flickered through it like swarms of fireflies. The steady advance of our fire-line in this spectacular fashion greatly cheered the whole army. Late the same afternoon I received an order from General Grant to support the forces on my right and left in case of an attack, but, unless I myself were attacked, to do nothing that might bring on a general engagement. As there was nothing but slight skirmishing in my front and that of my neighbors, this order was easily executed. The night passed quietly. At sunrise the next day, the 25th of November, I was ordered to drive the enemy out of his rifle-pits in my front, which was done with ease. But it was by no means intended that our corps should remain without serious work in the battle. On the contrary, an important part had been assigned to us in what was to be the decisive movement. But again accident doomed us to comparative inactivity.

It was General Grant's plan that Sherman should assault the extreme right of Bragg's army, placed on the northern end of Missionary Ridge at Tunnel Hill, and then drive the enemy from the flank out of his position on the crest. Sherman did succeed in crossing the Tennessee



GENERAL U. S. GRANT

From a war-time photograph

"There was absolutely nothing of the fuss-and-feather style, nothing of the stage or picture general about him"

River at the appointed place on the right of the enemy, and in dislodging the rebel forces from the heights immediately before him; but, advancing, he discovered to his chagrin that the heights he had carried were separated from the enemy's strong position on Tunnel Hill by a deep and precipitous ravine which was a very serious obstacle to his progress. In the course of the morning I received orders to join General Sherman, the Second Division of our corps having preceded me. About two in the afternoon I took position on Sherman's left. I then met the General personally for the first time. I found him sitting on a stone fence overlooking the great ravine separating him from the enemy's fortifications on Tunnel Hill, which bristled with cannon and bayonets.

A Picture of Sherman

General Sherman was anxiously watching the progress of Ewing's division of the Fifteenth Corps, reinforced by two or three regiments of Buschbeck's brigade of the Eleventh, as it struggled up the slope toward the rebel intrenchments above, under very heavy fire from the enemy. They were evidently laboring hard. General Sherman received me very cordially and asked me to sit by him. At once we were engaged in lively conversation, as if we had been old acquaintances. The General was in an unhappy frame of mind, his hope of promptly overwhelming the enemy's right flank and thus striking the decisive blow of the battle having been dashed by the discovery of the big ravine in his way. It was a stinging disappointment. He gave vent to his feelings in language of astonishing vivacity — at least, it astonished me, as I had never seen or heard him before. I expected every moment that he would order me to "go in" with my whole division in support of Ewing's charge. But he preferred that my command should remain in reserve on his left, to provide for the emergency of a rebel attack from that quarter.

The result as to my command was that it stood there inactive, only now and then attracting a shell from the rebel position across the ravine as my troops showed themselves. So the afternoon wore on. After a short stay on the stone fence Sherman restlessly walked away, and I did not see him again that day. Ewing's attack advanced more and more slowly, but came near reaching the rebel intrenchments on the crest, when toward dusk it seemed to be arrested by the increasing intensity of the rebel fire, and dropped back down the hill. From the direction of Chattanooga, the center of the position of our army, we heard a tremendous roar and saw thick clouds of white smoke rising into the air, but we did not know what it signified. It might have meant an unsuccessful attack on Missionary Ridge, like Ewing's, but on a grander scale and perhaps with more disastrous results. Thus we on the extreme left were in rather a depressed state of mind when the shadows of evening fell and the battle-field grew more and more silent.

The News of Victory

The great victory of Missionary Ridge was announced to us in an almost casual way. There was immediately behind my line of battle a little dilapidated negro cabin in which our headquarters orderlies had constructed, out of planks found lying around, something like a table with a bench on each side. There I sat down with my staff-officers to "supper" — coffee, hardtack, and perhaps a slice of bacon. We had hardly begun our repast, when my division surgeon dismounted outside, came in, and joined the revelers. He was a somewhat monosyllabic gentleman and gave us only a "good evening." After a while I asked him: "Where do you come from, Doctor?"

"Just from Chattanooga, sir."

"Looked for medical stores, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"There was a tremendous noise around there. What was it?"

"Fighting, sir."

"Fighting — where?"

"On the hillside, sir. Boys went up nicely."

"What hillside?"

"They call it Missionary Ridge, I think, sir."

"What? Our boys went up Missionary Ridge? Did they get to the top? Now be a little more lively, Doctor!"

"Yes, sir; we could see them climb up there, and there was much waving of hats and cheering."

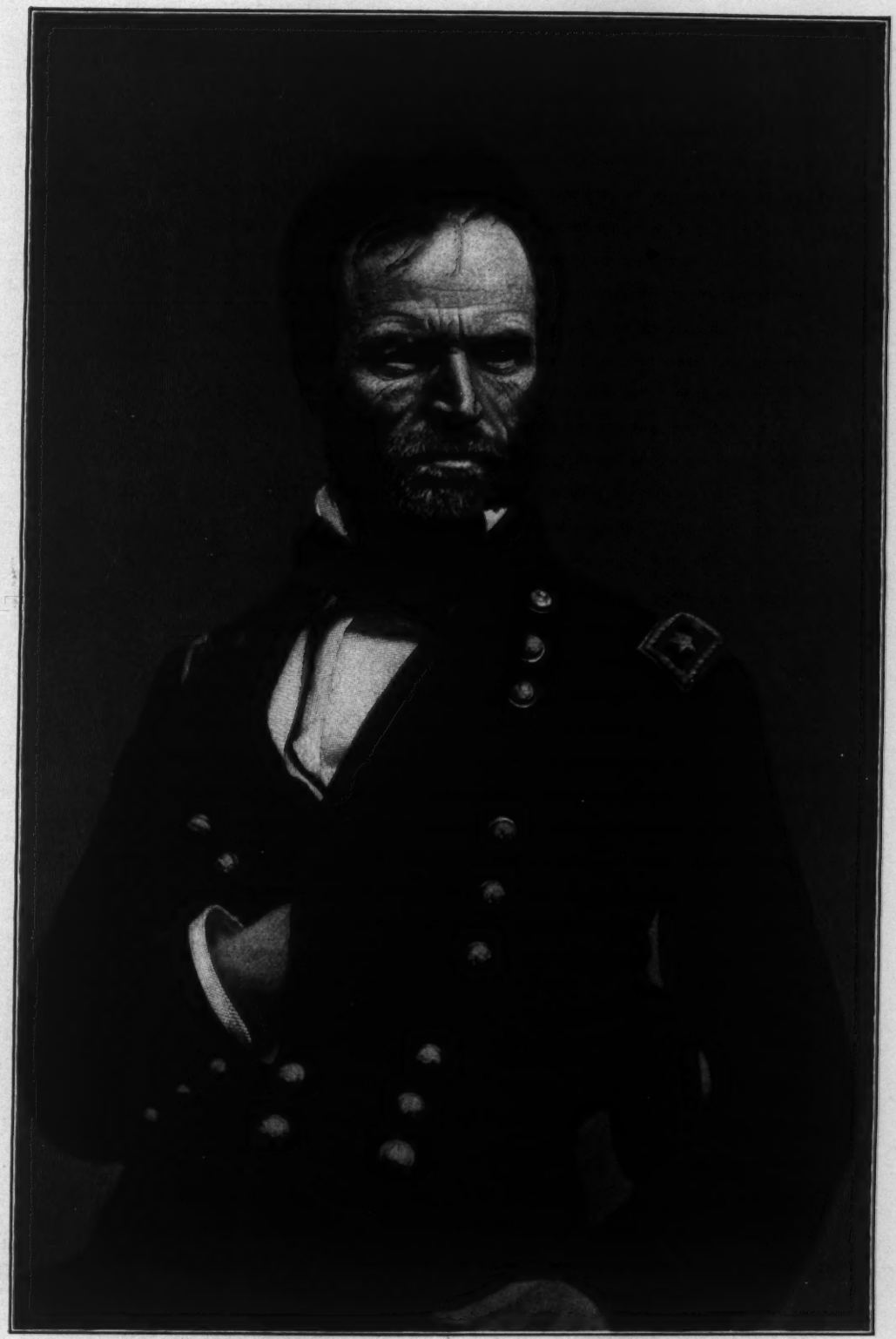
"What? Got to the top? And the rebels ran away?"

"I heard the officers say so at headquarters."

"By Jove, then we have won the battle!"

"I guess so, sir," said the Doctor quietly.

The rest of us jumped up without finishing our supper and hurriedly ran out for more news. Then we heard from afar a swelling wave of cheers rolling along our lines toward us, and in a few minutes we had the whole glorious story. It was an amazing tale. Sherman's attack on the enemy's right having come to a standstill, several divisions of the Army of the Cumberland in our center were ordered to advance. At first it was not intended to attempt the actual storming of Missionary Ridge, — a fortified position which seemed well-nigh impregnable by a front attack, — but rather to make a threatening



GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN

From a Brady negative in the possession of F. H. Meserve

General Schurz first served under General Sherman in an attempted assault of the enemy's right at the battle of Missionary Ridge

Grant

GENERAL GRANT AT MISSIONARY RIDGE

From a war-time photograph

demonstration calculated to induce Bragg to withdraw forces from his right to his center, and thus to facilitate Sherman's task. But the brave men of our Army of the Cumberland, once launched, could not be held back. With irresistible impetuosity, without orders,—it may almost be said against orders,— they rushed forward, hurled the enemy's advanced lines out of their defenses on the slope, scaled the steep acclivity like wildcats, and suddenly appeared on the crest of the ridge, where the rebel host, amazed at this wholly unlooked-for audacity, fled in wild confusion, leaving their intrenched artillery and thousands of prisoners behind them. It was a soldiers' triumph, one of the most brilliant in history.

The next two days we took part in the pursuit of the discomfited enemy, which resulted in the capture of more guns,— bringing up the total to forty-two pieces,— of more prisoners, amounting to six thousand in all, and of large numbers of vehicles and stores, and in vast destruction of property. And then we set out under General Sherman's command on an expedition to Knoxville, East Tennessee, for the relief of General Burnside, who was hard pressed by General Longstreet's corps.

According to alarming reports Burnside was in sore need of speedy help. It seemed to be a matter of days how long he would be able to hold out. The distance to be covered in a hurry was one hundred and twenty miles. We marched in the lightest kind of order — no tents, no wagon-trains, the men carrying only their blankets and knapsacks, if they had any, with something to eat in their haversacks and plenty of ammunition in their cartridge-boxes. But they were in fine spirits after the great victory and bore the fatigues of the forced march with excellent cheer. We usually started about daybreak and went into camp about dark, having in the meantime crossed rivers and creeks with or without bridges, and mountain passes, sometimes over roads hardly worthy of the name. We saw no enemy in our front except some cavalry detachments sent out, not to fight, but to observe. Whenever they came within range, a shell or two from our guns made them scamper off.

Sherman's Sense of Humor

On this march I witnessed a little scene which was characteristic of the "fun" which we higher officers occasionally indulged in. One frosty morning I noticed a rather decent-looking house by the roadside, from the chimney of which a blue cloud of smoke curled up. In the front yard two orderlies were holding saddled horses. I concluded that there must be general officers inside and, possibly, something to eat. Seduced by this thought, I dismounted, and found within, toasting their feet by a crackling wood fire, General Sherman and General Jefferson C. Davis, who commanded a division in the Fourteenth Corps attached to Sherman's command — the same General Jefferson C. Davis who at the beginning of the war had attracted much attention by the killing of General Nelson in the Galt House at Louisville.

General Sherman kindly invited me to sit with them, and I did so. A few minutes later General Howard entered. I have already mentioned that General Howard enjoyed the reputation of great piety and went by the name of "the Christian soldier." General Sherman greeted him in his brusque way, exclaiming: "Glad to see you, Howard! Sit down by the fire! Damned cold this morning!" Howard, who especially abhorred the use of "swear-words," answered demurely: "Yes, General, it is *quite* cold this morning." Sherman may have noticed a slight touch of reproof in this answer. At any rate, I observed a wink he gave General Davis with his left eye, while a sarcastic smile flitted across his features. It became at once clear what it meant, for Davis instantly, while talking about some indifferent subject, began to intersperse his speech with such a profusion of "damns" and the like, when there was not the slightest occasion for it, that one might have supposed him to be laboring under the intensest excitement, while really he was in perfectly cold blood. In fact, as I afterwards learned, General Davis was noted for having mastered the vocabulary of the "Army in Flanders" more completely than any man of his rank.

Howard made several vain attempts to give a turn to the conversation. Encouraged by repeated winks and a few sympathetic remarks from Sherman, Davis continued the lurid flow of his infernalisms, until finally Howard, with distress painted all over his face, got up and left; whereupon Sherman and Davis broke out in a peal of laughter. And when I ventured upon a remark about Howard's sufferings, Sherman said: "Well, that Christian soldier business is all right in its place; but he needn't put on airs when we are among ourselves."

A few weeks later, when the Knoxville campaign was over, Sherman addressed a letter to Howard thanking him, most deservedly, for the excellent services rendered by him on that expedition, and praising him as "one who mingled so gracefully and perfectly the polished Christian gentleman and the prompt, zealous, and gallant soldier." When I read this, I remembered the scene I have just described, and imagined I saw a little twinkle in Sherman's eye.

Hard Work and Scanty Returns

On December 5th, not many miles from Knoxville, we were informed that Longstreet had not waited for the arrival of our forces of relief, but effected his retreat toward Virginia. Thus our expedition had accomplished its purpose. It was a victory achieved by the soldiers' legs. We were allowed a day's rest, and then started on our way back, the same hundred and twenty miles and a little more, to our old camp in Lookout Valley. We could march more leisurely, but the return seemed harder than the advance had been. There was not the same spirit in it. Our regular food-supplies were entirely exhausted. We had to "live upon the country." We impressed what live stock we could, which was by no means always sufficient. The surrounding population, Union people, were friendly, but poor. Roasted wheat and corn had to serve for coffee; molasses, found on the farms, for sugar. But, far worse than this, the clothing of the men was in tatters, the shoes worn and full of holes. Perhaps one fourth of the men had none at all. They protected their feet by winding rags around them.

Their miseries were increased by occurrences like this: One day our march was unusually difficult. We passed through a hilly country. The roads were in many places like dry, washed-out beds of mountain torrents, full of boulders, large and small. The artillery-horses could not possibly pull their pieces and caissons over these obstacles. They had to be unhitched, and infantry detachments were called upon to help the artillerymen lift their guns and appurtenances over the rocks. This operation had to be repeated several times during the day. Thus the marching column was stopped, time and again, without affording the soldiers any real rest. On the contrary, such irregular stoppages for an uncertain length of time are apt to annoy and fatigue the marching men all the more. At last, toward dusk of the evening, I found on our route a large meadow-ground, through which a clear stream of water flowed. There was plenty of wood for fires near by. The spot seemed to be made for camping. My orders as to how far I was to march were not quite definite. I was to receive further instructions on the way. My troops, having been on their feet from early morning and having marched under the difficulties described, were tired beyond measure. They just dragged themselves painfully along. I resolved to rest them on this favored spot, if permitted, and despatched a staff-officer to corps-headquarters, two or three miles ahead, to obtain that permission. Meanwhile, waiting for an answer I did not doubt would be favorable, I assigned camping-places to the different brigades.

Unnecessary Hardships

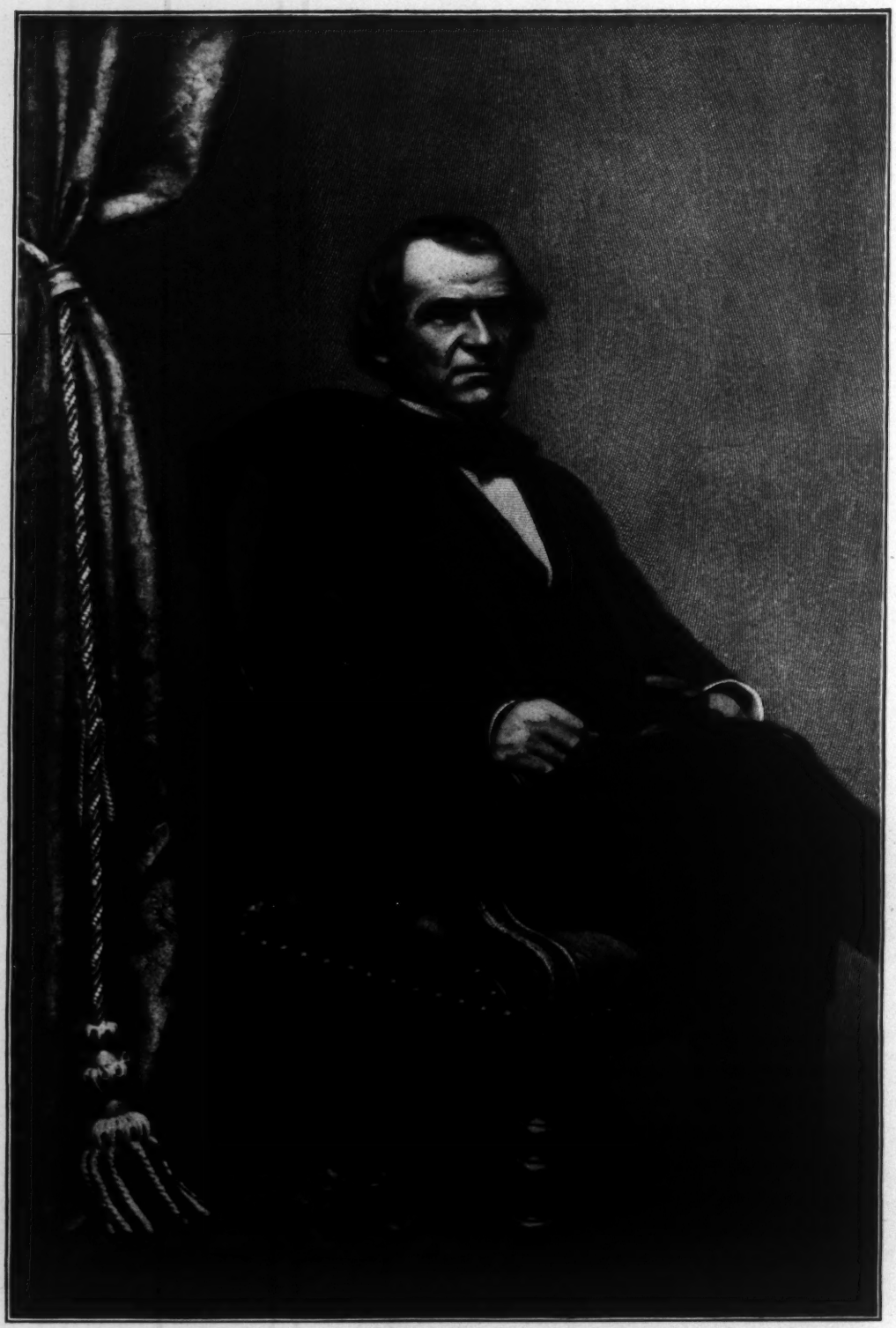
After the lapse of about an hour, when a large part of my command had come in and were beginning to build fires and to prepare such food as they had, my officer returned from corps-headquarters with the positive order that I must — without loss of time — continue my march and proceed about three miles farther, where a camping-place would be assigned to me. I thought there must be some mistake, as, according to reports, there was no enemy within many miles, and I despatched a second staff-officer to represent to corps-headquarters that to start my men again would be downright cruelty to them, and I begged that they be allowed to stay for the night where they were, unless there was real necessity for their marching on. In due time the answer came that there was such necessity. There was now nothing to be done but to obey instantly. My division bugler sounded the signal. There arose something like a sullen groan from the bivouac, but the men emptied upon the ground the water which was just beginning to boil in their kettles, and promptly fell into line.

We had hardly been on the way half an hour when a fearful thunder-storm broke upon us. The rain came down in sheets like a cloud-burst, driving right into our faces. In a few minutes we were all drenched to the skin. I wore a stout cavalry overcoat with a cape, well lined with flannel, over my uniform. In an incredibly short time I felt the cold water trickle down my body. My riding-boots were soon full to overflowing. One may imagine the sorry plight of the poor fellows in rags. They had to suffer, too, not only from the water coming down from above, but also from water coming from below. We were again passing through a hilly district. The road ran along the bottom of a deep valley with high ridges on both sides. From these the rain-water rushed down in streams, transforming the road into a swelling torrent, the water reaching up to the knees of the men and higher. Meanwhile the thunder was rolling, the lightning flashing, and the poor sufferers stumbling over unseen boulders under the water and venting their choler in wild imprecations.

At last, after having struggled on in this way for about two hours, we emerged from the wooded hills into a more open country; at least, I judged so, as the absolute darkness seemed to be a little relieved. The storm had ceased. Riding at the head of my column, I ran against a horseman standing in the middl

MAJOR-GENERAL CARL SCHURZ

From a war-time photograph



ANDREW JOHNSON

From a Brady negative in the possession of F. H. Meserve

"I could not rid myself of the impression that beneath this staid and sober exterior there were still some wild fires burning which might burst through the surface"

of the road. "What troops are these?" he asked.—"Third Division, Eleventh Corps." He made himself known in the darkness as an officer of the corps staff. My advance patrol had somehow missed him and gone astray. He brought me an order to put my command into camp "right here on both sides of the road." I asked him what it was that made my march in this dreadful night necessary, but he did not know. It was so dark that I could not distinguish anything beyond half a dozen feet. I did discover, however, that on "both sides of the road" there were plowed fields. There was water from the rain standing in the furrows, and the ridges were softened into a thick mire. And there my men were to camp! My staff-officers scattered themselves to find a more convenient or less dismal location for the men, but they soon returned, having in the gloom run into camps occupied by other troops. Nothing remained but to stay where we were. The regiments were distributed as well as possible in the darkness. The men could not stretch themselves out on the ground, because the ground was covered or soaked with water. They had to sit down on their knapsacks, if they had any, or on their heels, and try to catch some sleep in that position. About midnight the wind shifted suddenly and blew bitterly cold from the north, so bitterly, indeed, that after a while our outer garments began to freeze stiff on our bodies. I thought I could hear the men's teeth chatter. I am sure mine did. There we sat, now and then dropping into a troubled doze, waiting for day.

An Exasperating Situation

As soon as the first gray of the morning streaked the horizon, there was a general stir. The men rose, and tossed and swung their limbs to get their blood into circulation. The feet of not a few were frozen fast in the soil, and when they pulled them up, they left the soles of such shoes as they had sticking in the hardened mud. The pools of water left by the rain were covered with solid crusts of ice, and the cold north wind was still blowing. I started my command as soon as possible, in order to get the men into motion, intending to have them prepare their breakfast farther on in some more congenial spot. The ranks were considerably thinned, a large number of the men having strayed away from the column and trudged on in the darkness of the night. As we proceeded, we saw them crawl out from houses or barns or sheds or heaps of corn straw or whatever protection from the weather they had been able to find. The hard-frozen and stony road was marked with streaks of blood from the feet of the poor fellows who limped painfully along.

And finally it turned out that all this had been for nothing. Headquarters had been disturbed by a rumor that the enemy was attempting a cavalry raid in our direction, which might have made a drawing together of our forces necessary. But the rumor proved quite unfounded. I have told the story of that dismal night so elaborately to show my reader that even in an ordinary campaign, not to be compared with the retreat of Napoleon's army from the Russian snow-fields, soldiers are sometimes exposed to hardships, not always necessary, which in their effects are now and then no less destructive than powder and lead.

But on the whole the expedition to Knoxville for the relief of Burnside had been a decided success. The forced marches were well planned, and executed with exemplary precision and spirit. Congratulatory orders and complimentary letters were flying about in great profusion. General Sherman wrote one to General Howard, in which with justice he commended his conduct very highly and charged him "to convey to General Schurz and Colonel Buschbeck and to all your officers the assurance of my official and personal respect." General Howard in his turn was quite eloquent in praise of the Eleventh Corps and lauded its "division and brigade commanders for the energy and constancy they manifested during the campaign." In the course of his report he spoke with especial commendation of Colonel Hecker, who commanded my Third Brigade, and who had performed the most arduous duties with his characteristic spirit and efficiency. On the 17th of December we reoccupied our old encampments in Lookout Valley and looked forward to a comparatively quiet and comfortable winter.

My New Command

At last I was advised that in the work of reorganization the Eleventh and Twelfth corps had been consolidated under the name of the Twentieth Corps, that the Twentieth Corps was to be commanded by General Hooker, and that I was assigned to the command of a so-called Corps of Instruction near Nashville, in which a number of newly levied regiments were to be made fit for active duty and then, presumptively, to form part of the Army of the Cumberland under General Thomas. Thus I was separated from General Hooker, but in a manner not at all according with my wishes and expectations. I had hoped to march with Sherman southward, but the position to which I was now assigned promised little active service, for nobody could then foresee the battle of Nashville. Still, I obeyed orders without protest or murmur. My camp was speedily established

at Edgefield on the northern side of the river, opposite Nashville, and several newly organized regiments from Western States, especially from Indiana, came in to fill it.

Impressions of Andrew Johnson

It was then that I made the acquaintance of Andrew Johnson, whom President Lincoln had appointed "Military Governor" of Tennessee. Of our meeting I shall have more to say hereafter. I called upon him at the State-house in Nashville, and he received me not only with polite kindness, but with some evidence of a desire to cultivate intercourse with me. I was not quite clear in my own mind about the impression he made upon me. He had worked himself up from poverty and a low social position to political prominence by the energy of his character and a degree of ability which, if not brilliant, was at least higher than that of his political neighbors in East Tennessee. By a bold and vigorous fight against all secession tendencies and against the arrogant pretensions of the slaveholding aristocracy, he became the most conspicuous representative and the leader of the loyal Union element of the South.

His appearance was not prepossessing, at least not to me. His countenance was of a distinctly plebeian cast, without force and vivacity. There was no genial sunlight in it; rather, something sullen, something betokening a strong will inspired by bitter feelings. I could well imagine him leading with vindictive energy an uprising of a lower order of society against an aristocracy from whose lordly self-assertion he had suffered and whose pride he was bent upon humiliating. Nor did he, as a "child of the soil," possess anything of that ingenuous, naïve, and lovable naturalness which never ceased to form one of the greatest charms of Lincoln's character. Johnson was by no means a man of culture. His education had been of the scantiest. Judging from his conversation, his mind moved in a narrow circle of ideas as well as of phrases. But his contact with the world had taught him certain things as to decent and correct appearance. As often as I saw him, I found him clothed in the customary broadcloth of the higher politician in Washington, with immaculate linen; and I noticed also in his deportment, as far as I could observe it, an air, whether assumed or genuine, of quiet dignity. Yet I could not rid myself of the impression that beneath this staid and sober exterior there were still wild fires burning which might burst through the surface.

This impression was strengthened by a singular experience. It happened twice or three times that when I called upon him I was told by the attendant that the Governor was sick and could not see anybody. Then, after the lapse of four or five days, he would send for me, and I would find him uncommonly natty in his attire and generally "groomed" with especial care. He would also wave off any inquiry about his health. When I mentioned this circumstance to one of the most prominent Union men of Nashville, he smiled and said that the Governor had "his infirmities," but was "all right" on the whole.

Johnson's Vindictive Views

My conversation with him always turned upon political subjects. He was a demonstratively fierce Union man — not upon antislavery grounds, but from constitutional reasons and from hatred of the slaveholding aristocracy, the oppressors and misleaders of the common people, who had resolved to destroy the Republic if they were not permitted to rule it. The constant burden of his speech was that this rebellion against the Government of the Union was treason, and that treason was a crime that must be made odious by visiting condign punishment upon the traitors. To hear him expatiate upon this his favorite theme, one would have thought that if this man ever came into power, the face of the country would soon bristle with gibbets, and foreign lands swarm with fugitives from the avenging sword of the Republic. And such sentiments he uttered, not in a tone betraying the slightest excitement, but with the calmness of long-standing and unquestionable conviction.

When in the course of our conversations I suggested, as I sometimes did, that there were, in the reconstruction of the Union, other objects to be accomplished fully as important as the punishment of the traitors, he would treat such suggestions with polite indulgence, at the same time insisting, with undisturbed sternness, that the Union could not endure unless, by a severe punishment of the traitors, treason were forever branded as the unpardonable crime. Indeed, this seemed to constitute the principal part of his political program for the future. No doubt there were gentler and more amiable currents of feeling in Mr. Johnson's composition, known to his family, friends, and neighbors; but in our political talks at that time they did not manifest themselves. When, a short time after my first meeting with Mr. Johnson, the Republican National Convention nominated him as its candidate for the Vice-Presidency, I was, I must confess, one of those who received the news with a certain uneasiness of feeling.

BY

KENNETH BROWN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

"GOOD-BY! Drop me a line if you get anything that can jump," Kerstaw, M. F. H. of the Medchester Hunt, shouted from the end of the train, as it pulled out of Eastover Junction.

There was a sting in the words. Kerstaw was a good fellow, and both he and his host, St. Claire, had enjoyed his two weeks' visit to Redfields this pleasant Virginia spring weather. But in one respect the New Yorker had irritated not only St. Claire but all the other Virginians with whom he had been brought into contact during his stay, and that was in his attitude toward the horses of Eastover County. He had come down, on St. Claire's invitation, with an eye out for possible high-class hunters; and while his manners toward all the timber-toppers had been perfectly polite, he had dismissed as impossible the thought of any one that could not jump six feet.

Now, the fox-hunters of Eastover flattered themselves that they could hold their own with any men that sat in pigskin. On more than one occasion they had received riders coming down from the North with deceitful humbleness, and then had shown them the heels of their mounts over the rough country and through the tangled underbrush of Eastover. This had happened often enough to cause what little natural modesty they possessed to exude from them, and to make them think themselves invincible. In addition, they had sent some of their horses to the Virginia shows, and had done well there, although they themselves were no horse-show riders, as they averred with pride.

But Kerstaw had taken them at an unfair advantage. He had come among them in the spring, when they could not ride across the country on account of the crops, and in a perfectly gentlemanly but very exasperating way had refused to consider anything as first-class that could not clear a six-foot bar in perfectly cold blood.

This was to men not accustomed to riding with a yard-stick. When they took an unusual jump in the hunting-field, a flying estimate of height or width sufficed them, and served adequately for subsequent conversational purposes. Probably in the excitement of good hunting

they could have shown performances — considering the indifferent take-offs and landings common in Eastover — that would have compared favorably with the riding Kerstaw could have done, even mounted on his famous Peachblow, three times winner at Madison Square Garden. It is not always the long-striding thoroughbred that is best over rough going. And, dissembling their wrath at his requirements in horse-flesh, they had been hearty and urgent in their invitations to him to return

"St. Claire calmed them down with voice and rein until they were back in their former jog"

again in November, either with his own horses or to be mounted on the best of theirs. But Kerstaw had refused all these deep-laid invitations, saying that his duties as master of the Medchester hounds would keep him fully occupied in the fall. Yet, at parting, he sped the rankling shaft: "If you get hold of anything that can jump."

"Must think we are a lot of rotten road-riders," St. Claire muttered under his breath, the while he was waving his slouch-hat in amicable farewell.

It was not that either St. Claire or any of the others wished unduly to sell hunters to Kerstaw. Of course, each of them had one or more that he would not have minded disposing of,— what horse-raising farmer had not? — but it was the Northerner's tacit assumption that their horses were not up to the standard in his part of the country that made them hot under the collar.

II

St. Claire drove home thoughtfully, after seeing his friend off. He had in front of him two hunters, earning their summer keep in harness, that he considered good enough to stay in front with any company. The County of Eastover was accustomed to think that its best in girls and horse-flesh could not be surpassed anywhere, and hardly equaled.

St. Claire, as has been said, was not anxious to sell his hunters. Had there not been running unbroken in his pasture a promising four-year-old, one of whose great-grandmothers had given him the only strain of cold blood in his veins, the Virginian would have felt considerable reluctance to parting with either of his hunters; but that another man, horse-hunting, should have no desire to own them was almost an insult. Yet, undeniably, neither of them could jump six feet in cold blood.

"Nobody but a fool would want to," St. Claire growled. "You never in this world come

across a fence as high as that in a fox-hunt, and why in thunder do you want a horse to do in a paddock what he would never be called on to do after a fox? Might as well want him to climb a tree." (These reflections were made by a man who had won for himself the reputation of the most daredevil rider in the county.) "'If you get anything that can jump!'" he repeated, after several minutes of rumination, and swished his whip over the ears of his spirited horses in a way that made them almost break their traces.

St. Claire calmed them down with voice and rein until they were back in their former jog, and continued his meditations, for safety putting his whip into its socket, so that the remembrance of Kerstaw's words should not tempt him afresh to gesticulate with it.

III

It was a long, tiring drive back from Eastover Junction to Redfields, St. Claire's place; yet, as soon as he got back he went out into the big pasture, where the work stock were spending the Sunday in restful grazing. They looked up at him distrustfully as he came among them, as if their pseudo-freedom of the day required eternal vigilance. He paid no attention to any particular one of them until he came to a tremendous big buckskin mule, who wore clumsily a heavy wooden yoke, intended to keep him in the field where he was put.

St. Claire approached the mule with the cooing whistle used for the enticement of horses; and the mule, perhaps chastened by his yoke, let his master put his hands on his roached mane.

St. Claire patted him for reward, then led him across the wide pasture into the barn-yard. There he took off the heavy yoke and turned the mule loose. The big buckskin gave a playful wag or two to his head, to make sure he was free, and a whisk of his tufted tail, and went galloping around the barn-yard. Then he stopped and, with an eye cocked toward his master, began looking for stray bunches of grass and weeds in the fence-corners.

St. Claire went up and chinned the fence. It was made of stout rails, laid between posts on one side, sunk two and a half feet in the ground, and stakes on the other, driven in several inches. Posts and stakes were wired together at the top, and on the wiring one more heavy rail was laid to finish it off well. As St. Claire measured himself against the fence, he looked through the gap between the top rail and the next one below the wiring—and St. Claire stood five feet ten inches. The top rail was several inches over his head in most places.

He turned back to the mule: "Well, dog-gone you, Doctor, why don't you jump?"

The big buckskin mule browsed innocently around, whisking his little ridiculous cow-tail at a fly, now and then, as if perfectly contented in the barn-lot, although a luscious field of winter oats grew on the other side of the fence.

"You fool mule, just because I want you to jump, you won't. I don't believe you *can* jump this fence," he taunted him, seeking to impart some of the rankle of Kerstaw's words to the bosom of the mule.

St. Claire caught the mule's eye, as he was speaking, and it seemed to have a self-conscious, expectant look; not the casual expression that a mule would ordinarily wear before his master, rather the watchful air with which a suspected pickpocket might observe a policeman. The Virginian put his hands in his pockets and began to whistle, as he walked around the corner of the barn. Still whistling he went into the building, and then silently peered out through a dusty, cobwebbed window, keeping far enough from it not to be visible from outside.

The mule grazed on nibblingly for a short time, as if the actions of his master were nothing to him. Then he raised his head, gazed around him with mulish finesse, and, giving another quirk to his tail, walked close up to the seemingly insurmountable fence, reared straight up into the air, and bucked over it into the oatfield beyond, without so much as tipping the top rail with his hind toes.

"I thought as much," St. Claire, in ambush, exclaimed to himself, and went to call up half a dozen farm-hands and boys from the negro quarters for the purpose of corralling the enfranchised Doctor, who, without his yoke, was nearly as difficult of capture as a giraffe.

The next morning a new life began for Doctor. Sam, the driver, the pride of whose life the Doctor was, was told to get another mule for himself, and to bring the Doctor to the stables reserved for the carriage- and riding-horses.

"Gwine drive him yo'se'f?" he asked, with a grin that hid his disappointment at losing the prize member of his team. "Don't you want me to fix his mane and tail up good? They's done growed out right smaht," and he reached his hand for the sharp sheep-shears with which this rite was performed.

"Not on your life, Sam. That ain't no mule—that's a h-a-w-s-s," St. Claire replied, drawling out the vernacular, into which he easily fell in talking to his darkies.

"Yas'r. Tha' so!" Sam answered, with the instinctive acquiescence that always preceded even a difference of opinion. "He suhtainly do

Corralling the enfranchised Doctor, who, without his yoke, was nearly as difficult of capture as a giraffe"

favor a mule, though. Haw! haw!" and Sam gave a guffaw at this badinage so common between Southerners and their negroes.

IV

A day later the vet from Eastover Court-House stood before the big buckskin mule and eyed him for signs of trouble.

"What's wrong with him, Saint?" he asked. "I don't have much practice with mules, except when they happen to get mixed up with a barb-wire fence."

St. Claire took the cigarette from his mouth.

"His ears are too long," he said laconically.

"Ears too long?" the vet repeated, suspecting a joke in the words, but unable to discern it.

"And I want him docked."

"Docked! Dock a mule? Goin' to make a hunter of him?"

"Exactly!"

The vet stared at St. Claire's immobile face, doubting his sanity; then, as his eyes caught the place on the mule's neck worn bare by the yoke, a grin came over his face which spread and spread to the confines permitted by nature.

"Saint, what devilment are you up to now?" he cried. "Make a hunter of a mule! I've seen a many one ridden, but it was as a mule. Dock him! D'you say trim his ears? Oh Lordy!"

"You remember Kerstaw, who was staying with me last week? Well, he didn't seem to think much of the horses in our county: said if we ever got anything that could jump to let him know. The Doctor, here, can jump better than he can pull a plow — and that's pretty good. He's only six, and soople as a snake. Do you remember those old pictures of Miss Bessie's great-grandfather in England, with his horses?"

"The horses with the cropped ears?"

"Yes, the ones in the dining-room. They used to trim horses' ears in England a hundred years ago, same as they do a bull-terrier's now. Now, what's the matter with paring these down

horse-fashion?" and St. Claire stroked the long ears of the mule.

"Why don't you leave his tail as it is until the hair grows out?" the vet suggested.

"No; his tail will look a little funny at first, but I want the Doctor to acquire all the feelings that go with being a horse as soon as possible. He's been accustomed to thinking himself a mule for so long that I expect it will take him some time to get used to being a horse. He's going to be docked, and be fed on oats 'stead of corn, and have a sheet in the stable, and his name is going to be — let me see — Alexander Hamilton. That ought to make him feel like a human being, oughtn't it?"

Without delay the vet set to work on the transmogrification of the Doctor into Alexander Hamilton. There were many chances of damaging a good mule and having no horse to show for it; but the vet was skilful and lucky, and presently Alexander Hamilton stood where only the Doctor had stood before.

"What a weight-carrier he will make!" the vet exclaimed, standing off and eying his handiwork from a new point of view. "Say! what was that mule worth"— he spoke of him as if he indeed had passed away — "two hundred dollars?"

"Easily."

"Alexander Hamilton's a thousand-dollar hunter now, when he's schooled. I ought to charge you something pretty for that job."

"You might if you'd amputated his bray along with his tail."

The vet laughed as he washed his hands. "You're getting a little beyond me now, Saint. I reckon you'll have to go to a voice specialist for that."

V

The next day St. Claire began riding Alexander Hamilton a little, and as soon as he thought his soul had recovered from the shock of his transformation of body, he began jumping him. Alexander held his head high and thought his lines had fallen into uncommonly pleasant places. He ate with the appetite of the finest plow-mule on the plantation, and as yet he had only done dainty riding-horse work; and the matter of his ears really bothered him much less than sentimental people, who know nothing about horses, would be inclined to think.

As soon as the idea penetrated the brain of Alexander Hamilton — and there were a number of brain convolutions beneath those raw-edged ears — that jumping was desired of him, he lost the fine edge of his enthusiasm for it. Besides, jumping had hitherto led to delicious stolen bites, even if they were followed by hard words and blows: now it led only to more jumping. However, when finally he realized that henceforth jumping was to be his vocation instead of pulling a plow, he went at it in the same steady fashion that had characterized him in his former work.

But his jump was not the delight to sit that it was to look at. It was of the kind called locally "swap-end." He went at his fence slowly, reared straight up on his hind feet, and, with a mighty impulse from his hind legs, was over, diving down almost vertically on the other side. St. Claire, the first time he tried a five-foot fence, found himself just behind Alexander's neat ears, and then on the ground, before he had time more than to realize that they were over the fence together. And for the only time in his life St. Claire grabbed the pommel of his saddle with one hand, and the cantle with the other, when next he put Alexander Hamilton at the five-foot fence. Even thus fixed in his saddle, Alexander snapped him like a cracker to a whip, the motion going up his spine, through his neck, and out of the top of his head, sending his cap fifteen feet into the air.

"Lucky I had a cap on," St. Claire commented, "or my head would have gone — the snap had to come out somewhere."

From then on it was schooling and schooling for the mule. He was sent over ditches, and took to them kindly; then over a fence again, with a pile of scattered rails both on the take-off and the landing side, to make him jump wide. Alexander Hamilton did not fancy this; but a black-snake whip in the hands of Sam, behind, overcame his objections; and in time he learned to jump in his stride, as a thoroughbred does.

That was a busy summer for St. Claire. He had never put so much pains on a hunter before. Usually he trained them by riding them fox-hunting, where they learned with hardly any conscious effort on his part. But his pride had been touched by Kerstaw, and, like many men of rather lazy, self-indulgent natures, he could work very hard for something he wanted. He used Alexander continually in overseeing his plantation: when there was a gate he jumped over it, and when there was none he hunted for the stiffest panel of the fence.

Alexander justified his selection for a higher sphere. He could jump anything that he could get his nose over; he could gallop fast; and that to his endurance, St. Claire did not pretend as he could ride far enough to find the end of it.

VI

"I've got a jumping trick; I don't know that he will suit you, but he certainly can jump," St. Claire wrote to Kerstaw in the fall, a few

weeks after the hunting season opened, when he had found that Alexander Hamilton was as good and level-headed after the hounds as he was over a hurdle. Alexander might not be able to keep up with a thoroughbred over smooth country; but in rough going his little feet picked their way so smoothly and safely that his rider might have ridden him blindfolded.

Kerstaw ran down for a day, with pleasure, to see St. Claire, and, skeptically, to see his hunter. "So you tell me you've got a 'sure-enough' horse?" he said on his arrival.

"I said nothing of the kind," the Virginian replied. "I said I had a jumping trick — and I have."

They went out to look at the paragon.

"He's big enough, anyway," Kerstaw said approvingly. "A little leggy, though, isn't he?"

"He'll never fall down because his legs give out — he'll carry two hundred pounds all day."

"H'm! odd shape. Rather low in the withers, isn't he? And his feet are pretty small," Kerstaw commented, so pleased that he was hard pushed to find faults, as becomes a horse-buyer. "He looks almost like a mule, if it weren't for his mane and tail."

"He may be for all I know," St. Claire replied nonchalantly, inwardly chuckling to find that Kerstaw did not know that a mule's hair by nature grew like a horse's. Alexander now sported a beautiful little dock, and the indications of the plow-harness were entirely gone from his satiny sides.

"Let's see him jump."

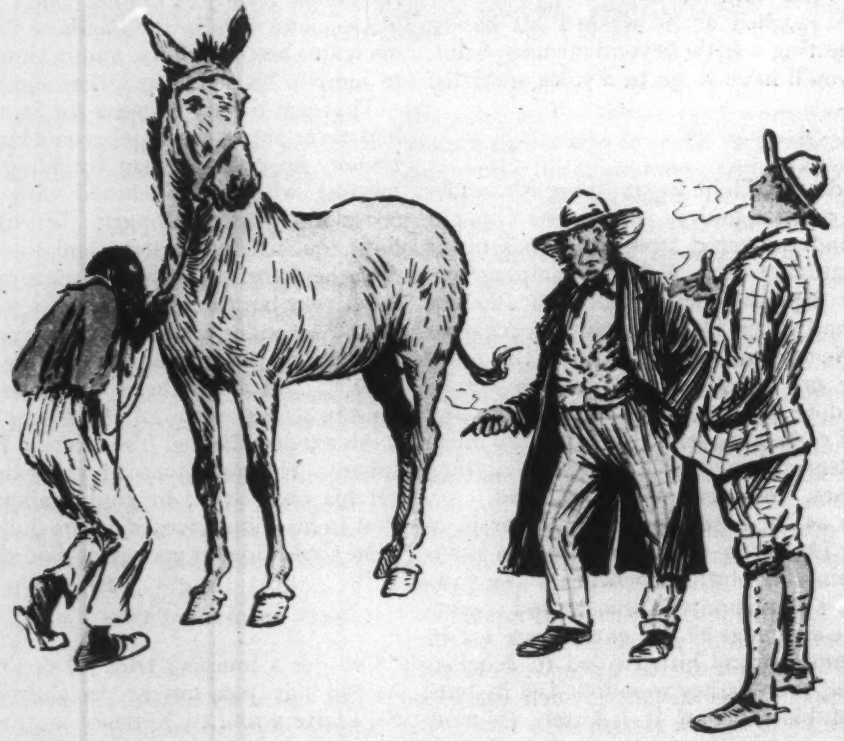
"Sam, saddle the Doc — Alexander Hamilton." The old name he had been sedulously avoiding all summer nearly slipped from St. Claire's lips.

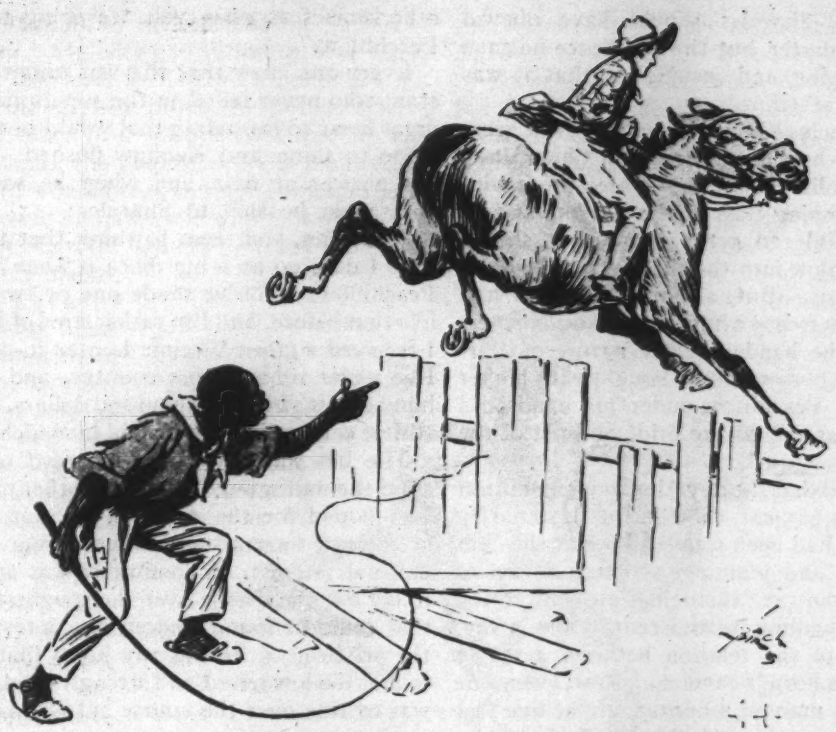
"Yas'r!" With preternatural solemnity the negro saddled the converted mule.

St. Claire climbed into the saddle, and without even a preliminary warming-up canter put Alexander at the highest place in the barn-yard fence — something over six feet. It is an unusual hunter who will not swerve to the lowest panel of a fence; but Alexander had been well schooled, and, besides, a few inches more or less was a matter of no consequence to him. He trotted up to the stiff rail-fence, his ears pointed forward; with beautiful precision he took off at just the right place, and sailed over the top rail with inches between him and it.

The Northerner did not say a word. He walked up to the fence and put his hand first on the top rail, and then moved it down to the top of his own hat. He looked at the print of the mule's feet, where he had taken off from the ground quite a bit lower than where he,

"The vet stared at St. Claire's immobile face, doubting his sanity"





"A black-snake whip in the hands of Sam, behind, overcame his objections"

Kerstaw, was standing, and then whistled softly to himself.

"Good cross country?" he asked of St. Claire, when the Southerner had turned his mount and hopped back into the barn-yard.

"Good as gold."

"I suppose you warrant him in every way?" Kerstaw asked.

"I warrant nothing. You've seen him jump, and I believe him sound and kind; but I don't do any warranting of any sort."

"I should like to try him."

"Certainly. There's nothing you've got to look out for. I use a snaffle on him, because he's perfectly level-headed and never tries to bolt; but he's got a tolerably tough mouth and you can ride him over a jump on the curb if you want to."

It did not take Kerstaw long to make up his mind. The two thousand dollars St. Claire asked for his plow-mule seemed cheap to him, and he went away the next day with the feeling of conscious superiority which is imparted to man in not quite the same degree by anything other than the possession of a hunter in whose ability to beat all other hunters one's faith is implicit. St. Claire was to attend to shipping Alexander immediately, in order that the M. F. H. of the Medchester Hunt obtain as much use of him this fall as possible.

VII

There was a man in the Medchester Club who was very generally disliked, and the more so as he excelled in all athletic contests. Sharples was his name, and sharp was his nature. He was skilful enough not to need to resort to sharp practices to win; yet he would rather win by rattling an opponent than by honest, sportsmanlike play. There was the matter of the golf championship of the club, when Bixby's ball — at the thirty-sixth hole — stuck on the sharp corner of the tin flag, and Sharples insisted that Bixby must play it where it lay, and yet that the flag must be taken out of the hole, because the ball was on the green. And Bixby only managed — However, that is too long a story to go into now.

Kerstaw perhaps hated Sharples more than any one else. Sharples delighted to bother the M. F. H. in every possible way. An obstreperous rider can make himself most unpleasant to an M. F. H. trying to do the best for all the members and the hounds. Sharples cared no more for the safety of the hounds than he did, apparently, for that of the master; for he rode over the former, and jumped so close after the latter that, had his horse made a mistake at any of the fences, Sharples would have been on top of him before he could get out of the way.

Theoretically, Sharples should have obeyed Kerstaw, as master, but the obedience he gave was so grudging and insufficient that it was almost none at all.

Sharples included in his jealousy the great Peachblow,— by Clingstone out of China Vase, she by Mongolian Emperor,— three times winner in the jumping class at the Garden, and he had tried vainly to get a horse that should throw Peachblow into the shade after the Medchester hounds. But, although Sharples had money enough to buy a hunter to take any fence, he had not the hands nor the nature of Kerstaw, and the horses that he bought with higher records than Peachblow under his hands did not perform as well as the pride and pet of the M. F. H.

It happened that the day Alexander Hamilton arrived in his box-car, calm and unflustered by travel, there had been some talking at the club about horses and jumping, as there always is where men who take their chief pleasure in the pigskin are whiling reminiscent hours away. The subject of the relation between a man's courage and a horse's came up. Now, every one knows that a man on a hunter safe at five feet carries a different heart in his breast from him who is trying a filly who probably will bungle at three. Yet Sharples managed to put a very disagreeable intonation into his voice as he turned to Kerstaw and said:

"Yes, I've noticed that you never lay as stiff a drag when you are going to ride one of your other horses as when you are going to be on Peachblow."

Every one knew that this was unfair to Kerstaw, who never relied on the superiority of his great horse to lay a drag that would permit him alone to shine, and Kerstaw flushed. He did not answer at first, and when he was quite cool again he said to Sharples:

"Sharples, you seem to think that the only time I dare go at a big fence is when I am on Peachblow. You've made one or two cracks like that before, and I'm rather tired of it. Now I received a green Virginia hunter to-day, that I've never ridden cross country, and I'll ride him against you for a thousand dollars, over the stiffest course that can be laid in Medchester."

The bet was made and recorded on paper amid the undisguised joy of the other members, who hoped for the downfall of Sharples, and at any rate were assured of a sporting event of unusual interest. A committee was appointed to lay out the course over the roughest ground that could be found, and either contestant had the privilege of having any jump that seemed to him too low raised and strengthened. Neither was to ride over the course till the day of the race.

They talk about those fences yet. Kerstaw went with the committee, and every fence that was lower than the crown of his hat he had built up, and no flimsy work would suit him. Sharples went along, and looked a little green about the gills at some of the fences, although

"It did not take Kerstaw long to make up his mind"

when he thought of the terms of the contest he felt better. He only had to follow over where Kerstaw led, and, if Kerstaw's horse did not refuse some of these impossible jumps after a gallop of miles over plowed land and up and down ravines, the chances were a hundred to one that he would break through them and leave a much lower jump for him who followed. Undoubtedly Sharples had the better of the conditions of the match, as he generally managed to have.

The committee of three who laid out the course were all hard riders, but even they, who had not to ride, balked at some of the fences.

"One would think you were building an elephant compound, not laying out a steeplechase course," Jimmy Daniels protested; but Kerstaw paid no attention to his words.

"But Redmond had already stood more than even a well-trained horse will stand"

VIII

The great day came. It was near the end of the hunting season, and earth and air were in the best possible condition.

"You lead over the jumps, I believe," Sharples said, and in his tone there was not a little exultation. The more he thought of the terms of the match the better pleased he was with his own astuteness, the surer the wager seemed his.

"Certainly I lead," Kerstaw replied, "and I don't expect you to follow very far." This was a rather vicious speech for Kerstaw to make, and one could see that his exasperation against Sharples had reached its limits.

Sharples smiled sourly, although he felt pleased. All that he had to do was to follow where Kerstaw led, and if Kerstaw did not manage to negotiate a fence, he, Sharples, did not even have to try it; and after looking over the course Sharples did not have the slightest idea that Kerstaw could make it on any other horse than Peachblow. The idea had occurred to him that Kerstaw might try to disguise Peachblow and ride him to-day,— Sharples judged others by himself,— but a glance at Alexander Hamilton, when he came ambling out at the smooth little gait natural to many Southern mules, dispelled the suspicion.

They were off, and the gallery joyfully galloped down the road from which most of the race could be seen. Alexander Hamilton took life calmly, and when he was sent off over the stiffest course Medchester had ever dreamed of, he went about his task as phlegmatically as if he were merely jumping from St. Claire's barn-yard into the oatfield for his own pleasure, and with the marks of his neck-yoke still upon him. He flirted his little stump of a tail, with its orthodox bunch of neatly trimmed hair, as he caught sight of the first fence, and went over it with no more emotion than if he had been turning the corner of a fallowed field at the end of his furrow. Sharples gasped a little as he saw the unsensational way in which Kerstaw's mount cleared the fence, but went at it pluckily enough himself with his high-strung thoroughbred, and took it as easily; for he, too, owned horses that were winners in jumping competitions.

That was a contest to have seen, not to read about. Each fence caused the breath to catch on the lips of the spectators, as the contestants neared it; and each one, successfully cleared, brought an "Ah!" of relief even from the most hardened. After no very long time, however, it became apparent that Sharples was laboring to keep up with Kerstaw. Alexander Hamilton was proving himself a wonder. He slid and scrambled down and up ravines and hills in the easiest way for himself,— the course was very rough,— loafed over plowed ground where

"Alexander Hamilton, *alias* the Doctor, mule, opened his mouth and emitted a bray that rang out over the countryside like a clarion"

Sharples's Redmond plunged, and came to each succeeding jump with no apparent diminution of spring in his slender legs, whisked his dock, and jumped over as if it were too small a matter to bother about.

Then came Redmond's first refusal. He rushed at the fence as if he would knock it down,—Sharples almost hoped he would,—and stopped with a jerk that sent his rider up on his neck, his own breast pushed hard against the fence.

Sharples rode back for another trial. His face was savage, and savagely he laid the whalebone on the sides of his good horse, till the blood came to the lash. Redmond responded this time, and yet another fence was Sharples able to flog him over. Then came the time when pampered horse-flesh could stand the strain no longer. What seemed hard condition in a horse of pleasure would not have stood half a day's corn-cultivating in a stifling river-bottom in a Virginia July. It was that training which told now in Alexander. He was hardly sweating, and Redmond was a white lather, and his legs trembled, as for an instant he hesitated, undecided between his knowledge of the hopelessness of trying to jump any more and his fear of his master's temper and whip.

This fence ended matters as far as Redmond was concerned. Sharples absolutely lost his head as he caught sight of the spectators, here brought near the contestants by a curve in the road, on whose faces, mixed with moderate anxiety lest he break his neck, was perceptible satisfaction at his prospective defeat. The situation was made unendurable when Kerstaw, who was waiting on the other side of the fence, politely asked: "Shall I give you another lead over?" and hopped back to encourage Redmond by again preceding him over the fence.

Without waiting for the promised lead, Sharples broke into words that shocked and delighted his unsympathetic audience; and then he flogged Redmond so severely in mere brutish anger that Jimmy Daniels sprang from his horse and began to climb over the fence of the road, with the laudable intention of breaking his crop over Sharples's head—and Jimmy's was not an emotional nature. But Redmond had already stood more than even a well-trained horse will stand. He reared straight up in the air—so far that it seemed as if he must fall over backward on his rider—so far that, the safety-bars of the saddle opening, Sharples, afraid to hold on to the reins lest indeed he pull him over on himself, slipped down over Redmond's rump, still standing in his stirrups, but with no horse beneath him, while Redmond galloped off hard across country, an

earnest desire in his horsy heart nevermore to see his master.

At this psychological moment, while the audience still stood breathless at the rapid progress of events, Alexander Hamilton, *alias* the Doctor, mule, opened his mouth and emitted a bray that rang out over the countryside like a clarion. "Hee haw! hee haw! hee haw!" we inadequately represent it; but what letters, what words shall really tell the mighty blare of mulish sound that waked the echoes of Medchester?

An instant's hush, and then the laughter, shrieks, and giggles of the onlookers broke forth in a volume of sound that almost equaled the bray that had gone before. Men nearly fell from their horses, and Jimmy Daniels doubled up over the fence he was climbing, and hung helpless. And, curiously enough, the focus of the laughter was not the mule, nor yet the man riding him, but it all turned on him who, mounted on as good a hunter as money could buy, had been defeated and humbled by a mule.

Sharples showed the kind he was by instantly putting in a claim, for the stakes of a thousand dollars, on the ground that a horse had been specified in the bet. The committee, still shaking with delighted amusement,—and not one of them that would not have paid half the thousand for Sharples's mortification,—repaired to the club-house to consult the memorandum of the terms of the wager. There it was found that the word horse had nowhere been used. Kerstaw was to ride his "green hunter from Virginia"—and unanimously the committee voted that Alexander Hamilton had proved himself a "hunter" beyond peradventure of a doubt. "Anyway," Jimmy Daniels rather cruelly told Sharples, "Alexander Hamilton is half horse, and that half is good enough to beat you."

Kerstaw was one man who enjoyed an added quiet laugh all by himself. While the Medchester Hunt was appreciatively examining the cropped ears of his new hunter, and calling Kerstaw a foxy devil and other endearing names for having outwitted the sharp and detested Sharples, he himself was grinning over St. Claire and his mule. He recalled the Virginian's words, "He may be a mule for all I know," and chuckled afresh. It was a good joke on him; but he had passed it on with interest to Sharples.

And Alexander Hamilton in time became the pride of the Medchester Hunt, although his bray sometimes astonished strangers who did not know his story.

THE CONFESSION AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HARRY ORCHARD*

The last instalment of Orchard's confession might be called the story of his apprenticeship in murder. In this he told of the attempts he made—successful and unsuccessful—to blow up the Vindicator mine in the labor war at Cripple Creek in the fall of 1903—an operation undertaken, apparently, in much the same spirit with which a sailor might undertake the blowing up of an enemy's ship in naval warfare. In the following instalment, covering the winter and spring of 1904, Orchard becomes, according to his story, a professional murderer and dynamiter.

MY FIRST VISIT TO HEADQUARTERS

THE Vindicator explosion happened on a Saturday, when we were all over to Victor. Davis and I went home, and I intended to stay the e that night. But after supper Davis came o my house and wanted me to go over to Victor with him to the union meeting. Davis was on the strike committee, and was going over to make the weekly report the committee had to give every union about how the strike was going. I told him I had better not go, and that it would be better for me not to be seen with him, as they might mistrust me. He said there was no good of being afraid. He said to look at Parker; that he was liable to be lynched for the explosion. And that was right; I knew they were talking about it. Anyway, I got ready, and we went to the meeting. After the meeting Parker and Davis and I walked home together as far as the lower end of Independence, and I told them I was not going to be seen any more with them. I told Parker and Davis they ought to give me some money, so if I had to hike out I could. I told them they were likely to be arrested, and I would not have a cent if I wanted to go away. Parker told me he would give me some the next

* Begun in July, 1907

day. He said it would be no trouble to get money now from headquarters. So we parted, and I went up through Independence and on home.

On Monday, the second day after, D. C. Scott, the railroad detective, sent for me to come to Cripple Creek, and, as much as I dreaded going, I thought it best to go and play innocent and put on a bold front. So I braced up the best I could and went over, and Scott said K. C. Sterling, the mine-owners' detective, wanted to see me. Mr. Sterling came down to Scott's office, and I talked to him an hour or so, and he wanted to know if I knew anything about the Vindicator explosion, or if I mistrusted any one. I told him I did not know a thing about it, and that I did not mistrust any one. I further said that I thought it must be an accident. Sterling wanted me to tell him who told me about the attempt to wreck the train, but I told him I would not.

They kept sending for me every little while after the Vindicator explosion, and I wished many times I had never said anything to them. But I knew I had to play the string through now, and I always went over when they sent for me. Mr. Scott had given me twenty dollars in money, and wanted me to go to work for them and they would pay me one hundred dollars a month. I told them I was a union man at heart, and did not like to double-cross those men, and I did not believe they were responsible for this Vindicator outrage. But I said I would tell them anything of importance I found out on the quiet. Of course, I never intended to tell them the truth.

There was a lot of wrangling about these men they had arrested. The militia held some of them, and some were in the county jail. Those that the militia held had no charges placed against them, and the civil courts would issue writs of habeas corpus, and the militia would take them into court, and when they were released would hold them; but, finally, they were all released but six of them — Parker, Davis, and Kennison, the members of the strike committee, and Steve Adams, Foster, and McKinney.

A Delicate Situation

I kept pretty quiet all this time, but I was rather uneasy, for it was reported that McKinney had made a confession and had implicated Parker and others, and, in fact, Scott told me he had. I knew McKinney, but had never had anything to do with him, but I was afraid Parker might have told him who set the bomb in the Vindicator. I had tried to get into jail to see Parker and Davis, but the sheriff would not let me in, and I asked Mr. Scott if he would not arrange for me to get in and see the boys. He asked me what I wanted to see them for, and I told him I just wanted to say hello and give them a bottle of whisky and some cigars. So he telephoned up to the sheriff, and I went up, and he let me in; but I could not get a chance to ask Parker or Davis anything about McKinney, because a guard was with us all the time.

I found out from Scott that Easterly had been to Denver and Pueblo, and that Frank Hangs, one of the Federation attorneys, had been in and seen McKinney and got him to make a statement. They also had a detective in to see him, and Scott wanted me to go to Denver with him and see Billy Easterly, and find out, if I could, what they got out of McKinney. This just suited me, as I thought Easterly knew Moyer and Haywood, the president and secretary of the Federation, and could get me some money from them. Mr. Scott got me transportation, and gave me some money to pay my expenses, and we went to Denver the next afternoon. We were not to be seen together, and we did not stop at the same hotel.

I went up to the Federation headquarters the next morning, and introduced myself, as I only knew them by sight. They said they knew me by reputation, as Easterly had told them about me. I asked them where Easterly was, and they told me he was in Pueblo, but would be back in a day or two. They wanted me to wait until he came back, and told me if I wanted any money they would give me some. I told them I had a little, and Moyer gave me twenty dollars. We did not go into any details about what had happened in Cripple Creek, but only spoke of it in a general way at that time.

I went and met Mr. Scott over at his hotel, and reported to him that Easterly was in Pueblo, but they expected him back in a day or so, and he said we would wait for him. I forget what I told him they said to me; I made up something and told him, and I cannot remember a falsehood like I can the truth. However, Mr. Scott had to go home before Easterly came back, and he wanted me to stay until he came, and I think he gave me some more money. In all, I got not to exceed forty dollars from Scott, and I never got any money at all from Sterling.

A Private Meeting at Headquarters

Easterly came in a day or two, and we were there a few days longer together, and Moyer, Haywood, Easterly, and myself discussed the strike and the chances of the boys who were in jail. Haywood and Moyer said that was a fine job we did at the Vindicator. Haywood said we got two good ones, and they were the kind to get,

and said a few like them and we would have everything our own way. He said they would rather have one of the bosses than a carload of "scabs," for when you took away the cause you had it all. They wanted me to stay in Denver a few days and enjoy myself, and to go back and tear something loose. They said we could not get too fierce to suit them, and Haywood said he would like to have some of the tin soldiers made an example of, as none of them had been hurt. He said we could get all the money we wanted if we would keep up the night work. They asked me how much money I wanted, and said not to take too much, as I could get more any time I needed it. I told them I wanted three hundred dollars when I went home, and in a day or so afterwards Haywood gave me three hundred dollars, and I went back. He told me to be careful and not to make any show of the money. So I left them and returned to the district.

I had never said anything to the men that went with me at the Vindicator about getting any money, or at least any amount. I think I told Billy Aikman, the man that went down in the mine with me, that we would make them put up a piece of money for the job. When I got back I gave him fifty dollars, and in a few days I gave him twenty-five more, and in all I think I gave him a hundred dollars or more. I did not tell him how much I got or where I got it. I used to give Billy Gaffney, the fellow we left at the mouth of the shaft, a dollar or two once in a while. I was afraid to give him any money to speak of, as he was drunk all the time when he had the price. He did not know I got any money at all. I gave most of this money to my wife to keep.

After I got back from Denver I went over to Cripple Creek and saw Mr. Scott, and told him I could not get much out of Easterly. I told him Easterly told me about seeing Mrs. McKinney at Pueblo, and some other stuff I made up. I have forgotten just what I did tell him, but I did not tell him the truth, and after that he did not bother me much more. The fact was, Easterly was sent down to see McKinney and his wife, to brace him up and get him to go back on his confession.

A Bomb for a Coal-bunker

I did not try to do anything for a while. Then, sometime in January, I got some roofing-pitch and melted it, and took a dozen sticks of giant-powder, and tied them up in some burlap, and wound them tight with twine, and put them in a bucket, and ran this melted pitch around it, and let it get cold, and hacked it up a little, so it looked like a chunk of coal. I made a black-powder fuse and filled it full of giant-caps and bored a hole into the powder, and put this fuse in it and sealed it over so it would not be noticed. I made a couple of these,— Owney Barnes helped me do this,— and I got a man to throw one of them into the coal-bunkers of the Vindicator mine. This was an old man named Dempsey. He was an old-timer, and the soldiers did not pay any attention to him, but let him go in and out as he pleased. But Billy Aikman said he was all right; he was a thoroughbred; and that he was one of the men that shot the deputies in 1894. So Billy Aikman gave him one of these bombs, and he promised to throw it into the coal-bunkers. I don't know what he did do, except he called me up later that night over the telephone, when I was in Aikman's saloon, and said he had delivered those goods. He was drunk at the time, and I shut him off quick for fear he would get to talking, and I felt sore at Aikman for getting that sort of man to do the job. But I don't believe now he ever did it — because I believe, if he had, it would surely have gone off. If it had, it wouldn't have done much but blow up the boilers, as there was less than three pounds of powder in it.

Making Alibis in the Railroad-wrecking Case

A short time after this all the men in the jail were released on bail of from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars each, and we dared not do anything then on their account. I should say all but McKinney; he was not released then.

Foster, Parker, and Davis went on trial together. Davis was released soon after the opening for lack of sufficient evidence, but Parker's and Foster's trials went on jointly. Foster was charged with the first attempt to wreck the train near Anaconda. McKinney was a witness against them, he having turned State's evidence, and he swore that he and Foster had been hired by Parker to wreck the train, and they had made the attempt, but failed on account of breaking their tools. The prosecution had these tools, as McKinney and his wife had told them where they had been thrown, down an old shaft and into an outhouse at Foster's home.

The defense that they put up was an alibi. I don't know how many people—I think a dozen or so—swore Foster was in a saloon in Altman all the night in question, and that he was carried home drunk about seven or eight o'clock in the morning. Now, there is no doubt Foster was drunk this morning we speak of, and

some of his friends had to help him home from this saloon; but there is no doubt, either, that he wasn't in the saloon all night, but came in there after they had tried to wreck the train, and they made up a fake alibi for him. I know this because I helped to make it. While I was not a witness myself, I helped to get the witnesses, and we would take them up to Frank Hangs' office in Cripple Creek. He and Mr. Hawkins were Parker's and Foster's attorneys. These witnesses were told what they were wanted to swear to before we took them up there, and Mr. Hangs and Mr. Hawkins went over their testimony. There were women that were told what to swear to.

That alibi was made out of whole cloth, and they made it stick, as they usually have for twelve or fifteen years. I was to be a witness once in a case of this kind, but I didn't have to, because the case was dismissed against the man. I have often heard the union leaders laugh and tell how easy it was to get out of such things, and, as the judges in these camps are usually elected by the miners, they favor them all they can, and it is seldom that a man charged with an offense connected with the union — such as beating up a man or even murder — is ever convicted. I have often talked with Haywood about these things, and he has told me the more they arrested the union leaders — as long as they could clear them in the courts — the better it suited them, as this would make the public and the rank and file of the unions believe it was persecution. And the system was to get men to swear to whatever best fitted the case.

Foster and Parker Acquitted

Now, after they had failed to wreck the train and Foster got drunk, McKinney reported this to Parker, and Parker suggested another man to help him, or McKinney did — I have forgotten which. Anyway, this was a man called Beckman, who was really a detective in the employ of the mine operators, and he had been in the "bull-pen" with Parker, McKinney, and others when they were first thrown in there. This man Beckman was a German, and had joined the Federation at Murray, Utah, and had his card, and after coming to Cripple Creek he went into the Victor Union. Parker called him a fool Dutchman, but he had the wool pulled over their eyes all right, and they thought he was an anarchist. I guess he proposed some of these outrages to them; anyway, he got into their confidence, and his wife belonged to the ladies' auxiliary. So McKinney and Beckman made it up to make the second attempt, and I know Parker got McKinney a spike-puller and wrench, because he told me so after the trial.

McKinney told his story at the trial, and Beckman told all his connection with the thing, and also some things Parker had told him and suggested to him, and also of Parker's giving him money to leave the district just after this, and promising him more. But McKinney had sworn to two statements, the one just the opposite to the other. When he was first arrested, they took him to Cañon City and kept him at the penitentiary awhile, and then took him to Pueblo and kept him in jail there. During this time they did not let any one see him, and he made a confession to Scott and Sterling, and told them all, and connected Parker, Foster, and Beckman. But afterwards Frank Hangs and a detective in the employ of James Burns, manager of the Portland mine, got into jail to see McKinney, and induced him to deny what he had told Scott and Sterling, and Hangs dictated another statement refuting the former confession, and he swore to that also. The reason they took Mr. Burns' detective in was that Mr. Burns had the only big mine that was open to union men, and the Federation leaders had to convince Mr. Burns that McKinney was lying and that the union did not try to wreck the train. When the trials came up, McKinney swore on the witness-stand that his first confession was right, and that the statement Hangs had dictated and he had sworn to was false.

But I have told you the methods used, and that both men and women swore that black was white and white was black, and the lawyers for the defense made it seem plain that it was a detective's job from start to finish. They killed McKinney's evidence to a certain extent by his having sworn to two statements, and they brought such strong evidence that Foster had not been connected with the first attempt, and the last one looked so much like a detective's job, that the jury was out only about twenty minutes, and brought in a verdict of not guilty, and all the men that had charges against them were dismissed.

The Policy of the Federation Leaders

I used to go in every day and listen to this trial, and Mr. Moyer was there, too, and I got to know him a good deal better, and I learned more about the way he felt about the strike. Now, there are a great many people who will claim that Moyer and Haywood just started this strike so they could get to handle a lot of money and take out some of it for themselves, and that they stirred up all this trouble to do that. But I do not think so myself. I know that both Moyer and Haywood were talking to the rank and file of the union to be quiet and not commit any outrages when the strike began,

WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD, CHARLES H. MOYER, AND GEORGE A. PETTIBONE

and I know Haywood was mad at that time because Ed Minster and "Slim" Campbell got loose and beat up Hawkins and Stewart, and gave the mine-owners a chance to call in the militia. And it is only reasonable to believe this, because the mine-owners wanted to get in the militia. They couldn't get non-union men to come in and work for them any other way, for if the militia did not come in, all the union men had to do was to sit there and wait, because not many of the non-union men would dare to go to work in the mines while they were there — for it was known all over the United States what the unions would do to "scabs" in these mining-camps. But after the militia came in the non-union men got to work, and then the only way to get them out of the district was to commit secret outrages; and as time went on and the strike kept going against them, they kept growing stronger and stronger, until they didn't care whom they killed.

President Moyer's Apprehension

Mr. Moyer was a good deal worried during the McKinney trial, and particularly once when McKinney was giving his testimony, and told about Parker telling him about a fluid that would burn like fire when thrown upon or against anybody or anything. Mr. Moyer said he expected every minute to hear his name brought into it then, but for some reason the lawyers for the prosecution did not ask McKinney anything about this; and, of course, we told our lawyers not to ask anything, and it was only referred to slightly in the direct examination. But Moyer was very much provoked at Parker for talking and telling so much to people he did not know, and said he did not know but we ought to put him out of

the way.* I had asked Parker before if he had told McKinney anything about my being connected with the Vindicator explosion. He said he had not, and I was pretty sure he had not, as Scott and Sterling had told me before they knew nothing about who caused it.

Now, I did not want to do any of this business with Davis and Parker, myself, after this. And I knew, besides, that they used to hire men to commit these outrages, and keep about half the money they collected from headquarters and not give it over to the men that did the job. Steve Adams has told me since they did this with him. So I told Mr. Moyer that whatever I did after this would be with him and Haywood, and he said he would not have anything more to do with Parker in that line himself. So after that I did business with headquarters direct. Moyer had given me one hundred and fifty dollars while he was at Cripple Creek.

The Unions Organize Politically

Some little time before this trial there had been a convention called to meet in Denver by the State Federation of Labor. They sent out a call to every branch of the labor-unions. The real object of this was a political move, although it was not so stated at the time. I was elected one of the delegates from the Altman Union to this convention, and I think nearly every branch of labor in the State was represented. We met in Denver and talked over our grievances, especially those of the Western Federation of Miners and the United Mine Workers, the latter being coal-miners, who were also on strike. The two miners' organizations were by far the largest, and they reminded the other organizations very forcibly that it was their interest to support the miners. But the real object of the convention was to raise money for a campaign fund, and to support the strikers, and form organizations all over the State to take in every branch of labor, and levy assessments on the members, so much a week or month, and get so well organized that we would be strong enough to say to one of the political parties, "If you don't recognize us and let us name the head of the ticket, we will run an independent ticket."

I was elected on the Ways and Means Committee, and there were men chosen to organize these clubs in every town and district in the State. We were requested to attend a meeting one night during this convention over at Western Federation headquarters. Mostly all that were there were Western Federation men, I think about twenty. It was discussed there which would be the best policy, to try to unite with one of the old political parties or run an independent ticket. The Republican party seemed impossible and the Democratic was the only possible party. Some thought the latter would give us recognition if we got well organized, and others thought we could elect an independent labor ticket. Mr. Haywood said he did not think it would be advisable to run an independent ticket, but that it would be better to fuse with the Democratic party. John M. O'Neill, the editor of the *Miners' Magazine*, thought the same, and said if we ran an independent ticket it would be sure to elect Governor Peabody again. Mr. Moyer said if we did not run an independent ticket he would vote the Socialist ticket, as he did not believe there was much difference between the Democratic and Republican parties, as they were both against organized labor. But there was not any talk to speak of for the support of the Socialist ticket.* The meeting was pretty evenly divided when a vote was taken, and we thought the best thing to do was to go ahead and get organized, and not let it be known at present that this was purely a political move, or at least not give it out in the convention this way, as many would object to the assessment if they knew it was going to be used for a political purpose. The convention broke up harmonious, and all these committees went to work, and most of the unions levied an assessment on their members of from twenty-five cents to a dollar a month.

Pettibone's Chemical Experiments

After the meeting we had at the Western Federation headquarters, during this convention, I met George A. Pettibone. This was the first time I had met him to know him, although I knew of him. I talked freely to him and he did to me, and he told me about the Grecian fire Moyer told me about, and some other things, and wanted me to come over to his store the next day, and said he would show me something that would beat a revolver for setting off a bomb. Moyer said yes, I had better go over and see the "devil," as he called him. He used to call Pettibone this because he was always making experiments with chemicals, and Moyer said he was never so

* Parker met a violent death in the fall of 1906, being shot, in Goldfield, Nevada, by a man whom he employed in an assay-office he had started there.

* The conventions of the Western Federation of Miners, beginning in 1902, have repeatedly passed resolutions recommending the adoption of Socialism by its members. This policy was inaugurated by Ed Boyce, who became a Socialist under the influence of Eugene V. Debs, and was carried out in the nomination of W. D. Haywood for Governor of Colorado on the Socialist ticket in 1906. The Federation, however, has never been a practical Socialistic organization. The policy of its management has been purely opportunist, and its alliance is naturally with the Democratic party. The normal Socialistic vote in its strongholds has never been in a majority.

THE DEPOT AT INDEPENDENCE AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF JUNE 5, 1904

It was here, according to Orchard's confession, that he and Steve Adams exploded an infernal machine which killed thirteen men and maimed many others, among whom was Dan Gainey, whose remarkable letters of forgiveness and cheer to Orchard are printed on pages 528 and 529

happy as when he was doing something of that kind.

So I went over, and Pettibone showed me how to mix chlorid of potash and sugar together, and set it on fire with sulphuric acid, and this would set off giant-caps. He also told me about this "hell-fire," as he called it. This is made up of the following mixture: Stick phosphorus, bisulphid of carbon, benzine, alcohol, and spirits of turpentine. After this is mixed together properly, when thrown on anything with force so as to break the bottle, it will immediately be a flame of fire. I don't think they knew about this very long before this time, and Haywood told me they got the receipt out of a little book he had that was gotten out by an Irish chemist who was an anarchist. You can mix this so that it will be a longer or shorter time in taking fire.

This "hell-fire" has to be handled with care when being mixed. If it gets on your clothes or hands it will burn, and it seems to go right through cloth. Pettibone told me about getting it on his shoes, and when he began to scrub them on the floor of his cellar it started to burn all over. He told about how Marion Moor, who was on the executive board, went out on the prairie with him to learn how to mix it, and got some of it on his coat. They soaked the coat in water and thought that would put it out, but when it got dry a little it began to burn again, and they had to soak it in water again, and even then it began to smoke before they got it home.

Outrages as Revenue-Raisers

Mr. Moyer told me while I was in Denver this time that things had been pretty quiet for a while, and that we had got to get busy up in the district and tear something loose, as there was no money coming in to the Federation. I asked him if that made any difference, and he said it did, and that as soon as things got quiet up there the money began to drop off, and as soon as something was pulled off so they got some advertising, the money picked up again. And he said they had to have money to carry on the strike. I have thought that many of these horrible depredations were committed for that purpose, as well as to terrorize the mine-owners and non-union men and make them afraid of their lives. I do not mean that Moyer and Haywood figured this out before the strike, but that it grew on them and they found it out while the strike was going on.

They wanted me to take a lot of this "hell-fire" up to the Cripple Creek district with me, and throw it through the car-windows at night when they were full of non-union men, and throw it down the shafts and set them on fire. So Pettibone got me enough material to mix several gallons of it, and I took it home with me.

He would not buy this all together, but sent different men to buy it, for fear the people would mistrust and wonder what he was going to do with it, as a chemist would be likely to know what this would do when mixed. You have to have bottles with glass stoppers to keep it in, as it would burn cork. I took this home with me, and Pettibone came up in a day or so to show me how to mix it. We did not mix any, but he told me how, and we hunted up Steve Adams, and he said he knew how to mix it. I took the materials out and buried them back of my house, as they smelled very bad in the house.*

Haywood gave me one hundred and ten dollars this time when I came away from Denver. I gave Billy Aikman fifty of this. But before I used any of this "hell-fire," Moyer came up to the district and told me I had better not use any of it, as they might have an idea where it came from and what it was by what McKinney had said, and so I did not try to use it.

Local Unions Prepare to Fight

I went to work and appointed committees in my part of the district, and started to organize these labor political clubs, and we got them pretty well organized. About this time, or a little before, the militia got busy and issued an order for every one that had firearms to turn them over to the militia officers, and they would give a receipt for the same and return them after the strike was over. I don't know how many were turned over. They published in the papers that there was a great number, but I think this was only a bluff. I never heard of any one that gave up his firearms, but they began to search houses again for them, and this made people very indignant.

There were a good many of the old miners in the district then, and we all were feeling pretty ugly. After the union miners had been deported from Telluride we organized in Cripple Creek, and especially on Bull Hill, and planned so we wouldn't be taken by surprise. We were going to blow a whistle on one of the mines for a signal, so we would not be taken by surprise. We were well armed, and the unions had quite a number of rifles shipped in. The Altman Union got about forty rifles up from the Telluride Union at the beginning of the strike, and a lot more from Denver. In all there must have been not less than a hundred of these anyway, mostly thirty-thirty and thirty-forty Winchesters. They distributed these arms among the men who didn't have any of their own. I know I got a rifle and a six-shooter. And there was a password, where you would say "Gold," and the answer would be "Field." And if they had tried to run the union men out at that time, there would have been more trouble than there was when they did run them out. This was not until some months after, and at a time when most of the union leaders were out of the district attending the Federation convention at Denver.

Moyer was in Victor about this time, and the militia made an attempt to arrest him, but he was secreted away at night. I did not attempt to do anything, as I did not want anything to do with Parker, and he said if we did anything and did not tell him there would be trouble.

II

HOW WE TRIED TO ASSASSINATE GOVERNOR PEABODY

ABOUT this time a mob and the militia ran some more of the union men out of Telluride, Colorado, in the night, and forbade them to return on pain of death. Moyer sent for me to come to Denver, so I got ready and went. I met Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone at Federation headquarters, and they wanted me to go down to the San Juan district with Moyer. They had two pump shot-guns, sawed off so they would go in our grips when they were taken down, and plenty of shells loaded with buck-shot. The reason for this was some one had told Moyer or sent him word if they caught him they would use him as they had the United Mine Workers' officers. Some of the latter had been taken off a train and beaten up and nearly killed. They laid this to the deputies the mine operators had employed.

The next night Moyer and I started for Montrose, where they had sent John Murphy, the Federation attorney, to get an injunction from Judge Stevens against the militia and citizens of Telluride to compel them to let the union miners return to their homes peaceably and not to interfere with them. We had three six-shooters, and two shot-guns in our grips, which we left unfastened in the seats in front of us, and we sat near the middle of the car; but no one troubled us. We arrived at Montrose and met Mr. Murphy, and he had the injunction all ready. We went on to Ouray, where most of the men were that had been deported, and the next day Moyer sent a telegram to Governor Peabody informing him of the injunction, and wanted to know if these men would have the protection of the militia if they returned peaceably to their homes, and he got an answer that all law-abiding citizens would be protected. Moyer said, when he sent his telegram to the

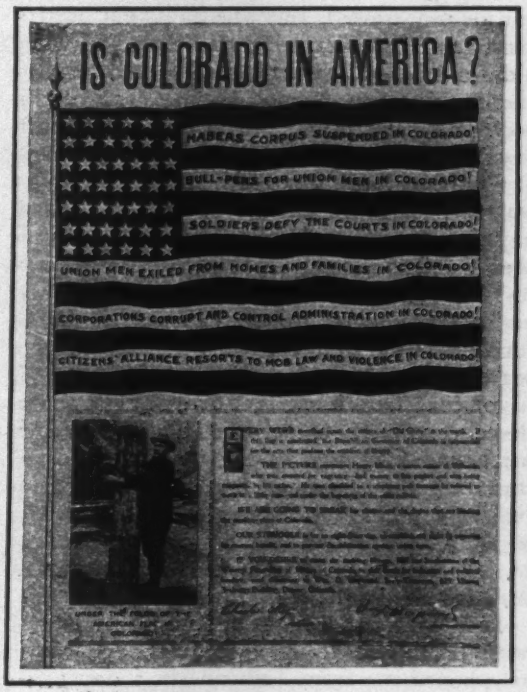
* These materials were dug up after Orchard made his confession to the authorities, and were placed in an old safe in the office of the Cripple Creek Mine Owners' Association. They afterward burned up there, taking fire by spontaneous combustion.

Governor, that he had promised himself that he would never ask him for anything again, and he hated to do it, but this would be the last time. Moyer sent a few men back on the train the next morning, but they were met at a station some distance from Telluride, and forced off the train by militia and armed men, and threatened with death if they attempted to come into town. Sherman Bell, the adjutant-general, had arrived in Telluride, and martial law was declared, and Bell disregarded the order of the court in regard to the injunction.

Plots Against Telluride

After these men were sent back from Telluride, Mr. Moyer was angrier than ever, and he began to advise the men that they could not expect any protection from the State, and the only way was to take the law in their own hands, and go back to Telluride in a body and clean out the town. There were some methods discussed as to the best way to proceed. The first thing that we thought necessary was to get concentrated at the most convenient place, and get what arms and ammunition and other material we would need. We also spoke of filling beer-kegs with dynamite, and attaching a time-fuse, and rolling them down the mountain-side into Telluride, as the town was in a cañon with high mountains on either side. Another plan spoken of by Moyer was to poison the reservoir where they got their water for Telluride with cyanide of potassium.* This is easy to get around the mills where they use the cyanide process, and of course it is deadly poison and kills any one taking the least particle of it instantly. But Mr. Moyer only started to carry out the first of these plans when he was arrested.

After Bell disregarded the injunction, Moyer sent over to Silverton, which is thirty miles from Ouray, for Frank Schmelzer, the president of the San Juan District Union. He wanted to confer with him about what to do with these men who were deported, as there were about a hundred of them stopping at the hotel at Ouray, and paying about a dollar a day there, and he said the Federation could not afford that. Mr. Schmelzer came over the next day, and they talked the situation over. There were some more of these deported men over at Silverton. The final outcome of the conference was that they decided to lease one or more of the idle mines up at Red Mountain. This is about half-way between Ouray and Silverton on the divide, and not far from Telluride, I think less than twenty miles. Another man came down from Red Mountain with Schmelzer; his name was Tom Taylor. He had a partner at Red Mountain, and he said there were some large boarding- and lodging-houses there, and he thought there would be no trouble in renting them, as almost everything was silver-mines around there and they were closed down on account of the low price of silver. The object of getting this out-of-the-way place was to have some place to concentrate the men and keep them together, and this place was just where they wanted them


IS COLORADO IN AMERICA?
HABEAS CORPUS SUSPENDED IN COLORADO!
BULL-PENS FOR UNION MEN IN COLORADO!
SOLDIERS DEFY THE COURTS IN COLORADO!
UNION MEN EXILED FROM HOMES AND FAMILIES IN COLORADO!
CORPORATIONS CORRUPT AND CONTROL ADMINISTRATION IN COLORADO!
CITIZENS' ALLIANCE RESORTS TO MOB LAW AND VIOLENCE IN COLORADO!

THE POSTER ISSUED BY THE WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS

It caused the arrest of Charles Moyer, the Federation president, on the charge of desecrating the American flag

and the lease was all a bluff. The real object was to send these men up there and arm them all, get a car or two of provisions, and send all the outlaws they could get hold of up there, too.

They were going to try to get Vincent St. John to go up there and drill these men and be their leader, as they all knew him, and it was said they would do anything he told them or follow him any place. These men were mostly all foreigners — Austrians, Finns, and Italians. They thought if they could get enough men up here in this out-of-the-way place, and have them well armed, and keep them there until the snow got settled in the spring so they could walk on it, some night they could march

* The exposed reservoirs of Telluride, as a matter of fact, were guarded by the mine-owners and militia at this time as carefully as the water-supplies during a military campaign.

them over the hill to Telluride and clean out the town. This was the plan, but it was not told except to a very few, and they were well satisfied with it. If we had had another day these arrangements would have been finished, and perhaps we would have been away from there.

The Arrest of President Moyer

But the morning that we might have finished up and left later in the day, before we got up, the sheriff rapped at the door and wanted to see Moyer. I was sleeping with Moyer, and we got up and dressed, and when we went out the sheriff arrested him. He said they had wired him from Telluride to hold Moyer, and that the sheriff from San Miguel County was on his way with a warrant. Moyer wired his attorneys at Denver and wanted to know if the sheriff at Ouray had any right to hold him without a warrant. I think they told him they had; anyway, they did hold him, and about noon the sheriff and two deputies arrived and took him to Telluride. Moyer had given me some papers and his six-shooter before the sheriff from Telluride arrived, and the Ouray sheriff did not search him or lock him up, but let him stay in his office. The charge they arrested him on was desecration of the American flag. The Federation had sent out by the thousands posters imitating the American flag, with advertising on them. They only arrested Moyer on this as an excuse. They took him to Telluride, and he was released on bail, but the militia rearrested him right away.

I left Ouray that night and went to Silverton with Schmelzer to escape arrest, and Moyer telephoned me from Telluride in a day or so, and wanted me to fetch his things and meet him at Durango, but before we got through talking they cut us off. He was telephoning me just after he was let out on bonds, and while he was talking they cut off the connection, and the militia arrested him right afterward and held him for over three months. That was the last I saw of him for nearly a year.

I stayed at Silverton a few days, and then went back to Denver and reported to Haywood. The lawyers from Denver had gone to Telluride in the meantime, but they could not get Moyer out, as the militia held him under military necessity. A few days after he was arrested, Sheriff Rutan of Telluride came to Denver to arrest Haywood on the same charge, but Haywood blocked his plans by getting a friend in Denver to swear out a warrant on the same charge, and a justice in Denver that was friendly to him put him in the custody of the deputy sheriff, who stayed with him all the time; and he had his case continued from time to time.

Pettibone and Haywood decided we ought to teach them a lesson for sending Rutan up there, and Pettibone and I were laying for Rutan the evening he went to take the train in Denver for home. We waited in an alley off Seventeenth Street, just before you got to the depot, and Pettibone was going to hit him with some brass knuckles, and we were going to drag him into the alley and finish him. But he had seven men with him on his way to the depot, and we couldn't get him.

"The Only Way to Get Justice"

Haywood and Pettibone were pretty warm under the collar about this time. They said they could not get any justice in the courts, that Peabody was holding Moyer down there under martial law, and that he had no right to, and the only way they knew of to get any justice was to take the law into their own hands and put Peabody out of business. So they decided then they wanted me to get away with the Governor. Pettibone told me where he lived, and they wanted me to take a look around his residence and see what the chances would be to get away with him. I took a look around there, and told him I thought a man could lay alongside a stone fence in a vacant lot that was on one side of his house, and shoot him with buck-shot when he came home at night. I went and sat around the Capitol building and read until I saw him, so I would know him and learn his habits, and I told Haywood I thought he could be gotten all right, but that I ought to have some one to help me. It is better to have two men on a job of this kind, so that one can watch, and of course two men could hold up the police better than one, if you had to. Besides, you get half crazy thinking of a job of this kind, when one man is alone.

Haywood said Steve Adams was the best man he knew of to go in a job of that kind, only he said he was so well known. But we thought if he came down there in the city, and did not go around in the daytime much, he might not be known. So I left there and went back to Cripple Creek, where Steve lived. I had never had anything to do with him at this time, and was only slightly acquainted with him. I went and saw him, and told him what they wanted, and he said he was ready for any old thing.

I made arrangements with Adams to come to Denver in a few days, and I went right back to Denver, and told Haywood and Pettibone that Adams would be there soon. I kept a watch around the Governor's place, and learned all I could about his habits, and learned he usually came home in a hack quite late at night.

Adams came down to Denver in a few days, and Haywood gave him money to get some new clothes and fix himself up some, and we got rooms out of the main part of the city a little, and each got a sawed-off shot-gun from Pettibone, and kept a lookout for the Governor. We had a place fixed in Pettibone's lot back of the house to hide our shot-guns after we had shot the Governor, if we got a chance, as Pettibone lived only a short distance from the Governor and there was a dark street we could take part of the way to get there, and Pettibone was to take the guns and clean them up and put them away.

Plan to "Get" Governor Peabody

We worked on this for some time, and never happened to catch the Governor coming home at night, and we conceived the idea of planting a bomb under the edge of the sidewalk, and stretching a fine wire across some vacant lots that were there, and hiding it in the grass, and setting it off by pulling the cork out of a bottle filled with acid. When the acid touched the giant-caps it would explode the bomb. We expected to pull this wire when Governor Peabody came along there in the morning on his way to the State-house. It was his habit to walk from his residence to the State-house every morning between nine and ten o'clock. Adams went up to a little mining-camp not far from Denver to a friend he knew, and that knew about some of these outrages, and got about fifty pounds of powder and brought it back in a grip. He took it over to Pettibone's store, made a box and put the powder into it, and fixed a lid so we could bury it and leave a wire out of the ground a little, so we could attach another wire to it.

STEVE ADAMS

Who confessed in writing to being Orchard's partner and co-worker in the field of professional murder. Adams subsequently repudiated his confession

About the time we got this ready, and were going to bury it under the sidewalk some dark night, the executive board of the Western Federation of Miners met to make arrangements for the annual convention. It was now sometime in May. The board were gathered in Denver and were going over the books, as the custom is, just before the convention, and Haywood stopped us from using a bomb at this time, as he thought it might be laid to some of the executive board.

We had seen Mr. Peabody coming home late at night in a hack, and one night we had our pump shot-guns all ready, and waited across the street opposite in a yard under some trees, and when we saw his carriage coming, we got out on the street, and as the carriage slowed up we followed up behind it, and were only about thirty or forty feet behind it when they got out. We had our guns leveled at them to shoot as soon as we saw the Governor. We had watched so we could tell him, and it was also quite light there. But there were only three women got out, and the carriage began to turn round, and we put our guns down quick and got on the sidewalk and started down the street. The carriage-driver let his horses walk and kept looking at us, and the women kept watching us too, and stood on the porch as far as we could see them. We took the first cross-street and got out of sight as quickly as possible. We noticed the next day in the papers that the Governor had gone out to Fort Logan with some military men and did not return until the next day.

However, Haywood said he had been studying up, and had come to the conclusion that Dave Moffat was behind the whole thing, and that Governor Peabody was often closeted with him in Moffat's private office, and he said Mr. Moffat had been mixed up in the Leadville strike some years ago, and he wanted us to leave

off Peabody and see if we could not get Moffat. We went to watching Mr. Moffat's habits, but we could not get much track of him. We knew where his residence was, but we could never see him coming or going from it, and we worked along on this for some time without ever being able to see Mr. Moffat around his house. Haywood would tell us when he was in the city, as he did his banking at Mr. Moffat's bank, and was there every day, and while he said he hardly ever saw Mr. Moffat, he could always tell when he was there, as he always kept a guard at the door of his private office. Haywood furnished us with money all this time.

III

THE SHOOTING OF LYTE GREGORY BEFORE THE CONVENTION

THE executive board had met and were having a pretty stormy time, and James Murphy from Butte would not sign the emergency bill — that is, for the expenditures out of the emergency fund. During one of their sessions it was reported by Foster Milburn, a Federation man from Idaho Springs, that Lyte Gregory — who had been a detective in the Idaho Springs labor troubles, and had been a deputy and a leader of the deputies in a strike down in the Southern coal-fields, several depredations being laid at his door — was in the city, and that Milburn met him the morning he arrived in Denver. Milburn told Pettibone about him, and Pettibone went over to the Federation headquarters, where the executive board was in session, and told them about Gregory, and they said there ought to be something done with him. That afternoon Pettibone saw Adams, and wanted him to go out with him that night, and take Gregory and mutilate him, as they claimed he had helped do that to an old man down in the coal-fields. And a little later they saw me and told me about it, and wanted to know if I would go along, and we fixed up to go.

We three — Pettibone, Adams, and myself — all went over on Curtis Street, where Gregory, Milburn, and another man were in the back part of a saloon talking, and we went in and got a drink, and saw them, so we would know them. Then we came out and stood across the street in front of the St. James Hotel, where we could see them when they came out. Milburn understood what we were going to do, and stayed with them to find out where they were going, and while we stood there watching for them, Pettibone made an excuse to go some place, and said he would be back in a few minutes. But while he was gone they all three came out, and Gregory and this other man took a street-car. Adams and I took the same car, and followed them when they got off. They went down to a saloon on Santa Fe, near Tenth Street South, and Milburn came out on the next car. He had been up to see some men in the Granite Block, where a good many men we knew were, so he could establish an alibi. The man that came with Gregory was also from Idaho Springs, and ran a poker game in the saloon they went to. After Milburn came he told us all about this. Gregory and some others sat down in the main saloon and went to playing cards, and we thought we would give up our former plan and kill him outright.

The Death of the Detective

It was now about ten o'clock at night. I went out to our room two or three miles away, and left the rest watching him. We were going to shoot him through the window of the saloon as he sat at the table. I got a sawed-off shot-gun, and brought it back in pieces under my coat. But when I got back with the gun, they had moved into a little room in the back part of the saloon, and we could not see them, though we could hear them from the street through a window. But this window had the blinds so closely drawn that we could not see them. I went in once and bought a bottle of beer, to see if I could see where they were, but the door was closed, and I could see nothing, and we concluded to wait until Gregory came out.

A little after twelve o'clock he came out and started up the street alone, and we three followed him. We had to cross the street to get on the same side he was on. In doing this we ran into some wires stretched on the outside of the sidewalk to protect the lawns, and when we stumbled into these we attracted his attention, and he started to reach for his gun and back up toward the fence. When he did this, I shot him three times in quick succession before he fell, and then ran down the alley, as we were just opposite it. We separated as soon as we got out of the alley. I discharged another shell accidentally, before we got out of the alley, in taking the shells out of the gun. All the shooting, including this, took place within a minute or so, and we saw no one and no one seemed to be following us.

I took the gun down and put it under my coat, and we made our way to Pettibone's house — that is, Adams and I. Milburn went by himself. We left the shot-gun at Pettibone's in the place that had been previously arranged while we were working on the Governor, and we went on to our room on Downing

Avenue. Adams and I put some turpentine on our shoes, so they couldn't follow us with dogs. They did try to follow us the next day with some bloodhounds they got from Pueblo, but they went just the opposite direction from the way we went.

The Emergency Bill is Signed

The next morning the papers had the account of the murder in them. We did not go down-town until the afternoon, and then went to the Granite Block to Jack Simpkins' and Kirwan's room, they both being members of the executive board. This was Sunday and the board was not in session. Haywood and Pettibone came up there a little while later, and Haywood, Pettibone, Simpkins, Adams, and myself talked over the murder, and they told us that we did a fine job. Haywood said he had run across Armstrong, the sheriff and chief of police in Denver, and he said Armstrong said that whoever "bumped off" Gregory had done a good job, and that his men would not look very much for any one. Haywood said the detectives had had Milburn over and had questioned him, but did not arrest him, though they told him they wanted to see him again. He said Milburn was a cool, level-headed fellow, and that he had given an account of where he went after leaving Gregory at the saloon on Curtis Street, and they had gone and seen these parties that he was with, and they had told the same story. I don't know, but I think this had been previously arranged. They had Milburn up a time or two afterwards and questioned him, but did not arrest him. There was a lot of newspaper talk about this, but that was all; there was never any one arrested for it.

Haywood told me some time afterwards that some of the members of the executive board were up at the office the next morning after this happened, and Simpkins took the paper with an account of this murder in and handed it to Murphy, and that Murphy looked at the head-lines, and put the paper behind him and would not read it. I don't know whether it was before or after this—but I think it was after—that they handed Murphy the emergency bill and told him to sign his name the first one. I think at first he refused, and Haywood told him that he (Murphy) would sign it, and say that he liked it. This was the bill that Murphy had refused to sign, but Haywood told me that he signed it and they had no more trouble with him; Haywood said if he had not signed it he would not have left the room alive, and he said he guessed he thought of Gregory.

Considering Putting President Moyer Out of the Way

A short time after this Adams got on a drunk, and some of his friends sent him back to Cripple Creek. Then the annual Federation convention met. I attended this most of the time, and they had a pretty stormy session. Many of the delegates were dissatisfied with the strikes that had been called and the large amount of money that had been spent,—nearly half a million dollars,—and they were talking of electing new officers. James Murphy, the representative on the executive board from Butte, had been down to Telluride and had seen Moyer in the "bull-pen" there, and it was said that Moyer had made some deal with Butte and was going to turn Haywood down, and it was thought there was going to be a plit and some of the districts would withdraw from the Federation.

Moyer always seemed to be jealous of Haywood, and he had some reason to be, as Haywood always seemed to run the office. And when Moyer was in jail at Telluride their relations became more strained than ever. Moyer used to send what letters or other business he had connected with the Federation to his wife, and had her get Copley of the executive board to attend to them. This made Haywood pretty angry. It was also reported that Moyer had shown the military officers at Telluride great respect. This also made Haywood angry, and when Murphy went down to see Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone thought there was some job being worked up by Moyer and Murphy to oust Haywood; and Pettibone and Haywood thought Moyer was weakening, and we talked of putting him out of the way. After Moyer got out, he explained that the reason he was so friendly to the militia officers was that he was sick and thought they would use him better. But he and Haywood were not very good friends afterward. Moyer was in jail over three months, and when he came back to the office again after he was released from the "bull-pen," Haywood and he just spoke to each other, as if he had only been out a day.

IV

HOW WE BLEW UP THE INDEPENDENCE DEPOT DURING THE CONVENTION

WHEN W. F. Davis, Parker, and Pettibone wanted me to go to Cripple Creek and pull off something, and stir up the delegates, so they would quit this quarreling, and be united, and finish up their business and go home. The different factions were having their little meetings nights. During

Scene showing union men as they were being deported from Telluride by the militia

this wrangle Pettibone, Davis, and Parker said I had better go to Cripple Creek and blow up something, as that would not only unite the convention, but if it happened when all the union leaders were out of the district, they would not know who to lay it to. I told them it would not be much trouble to blow up the Independence depot. We had talked of this before. The idea was to get the night shifts of non-union miners that got on the two-thirty train there every morning. They said that would be all right. Haywood said he did not want me to get mixed up in a job like that, and wanted me to get some one else to do it, as he said he had some heavier work for me to do. He said as I had never had my name mixed up with the Federation, and they had never suspected me, I could do this work better than some one that had been written up in the papers in connection with some of this work. I told him I would not get mixed up; that I would get some one else to do it, or I would set it off with an alarm-clock.

Pettibone was doorkeeper at the convention hall, and Parker, Davis, Pettibone, and myself were talking this over, and they wanted me to go up to the district that afternoon. The convention had just assembled after lunch, and Haywood came in while we were talking, and we asked him about it, and he said no doubt it would be a good thing, and that anything went with him. He gave me some money, and told me to be sure and not get mixed up myself.

I bought an alarm-clock and went to Cripple Creek that afternoon.

Getting a Partner

I went and asked Billy Aikman if he wanted to help do a little job. He told me he did not see how he could get away, as he had bought a half-interest in a saloon at Independence and was tending bar nights, and he thought he might be missed if he wasn't there. I did not tell him what we were going to do. Then I went and told Adams they wanted a little job done, and he said all right, he was ready for any old thing, or words to that effect. I told Billy Easterly what we were going to do, and he said all right, if we wanted any help he would help us. I went and saw Floyd Miller, where he was working on a lease, and asked him if he would get me a hundred pounds of powder and two boxes of giant-caps. He said he would, and I gave him the money to get them.

I got Adams and went over that night after the powder, where Miller said he would leave it, but it was not there. Adams and I went over to see Miller the next day, and Miller said they did not deliver it, but that he had ordered it and thought it would be up sure that day. We went over that night, and carried it over to Independence, and hid it in an old cellar in the

back of a cabin that Adams had a key to. I think this was on Thursday evening, and we intended to use the powder on Saturday night.

The Burning of Neville's Saloon

A good while before this, Johnnie Neville and myself had planned to go out on a camping and hunting trip, and as his saloon had not paid him since the strike, he said he would close it up, and I said to him that he had better burn it up. So he got the saloon insured after this, and we took out some of the liquor and buried it in a dump. So when I went to Cripple Creek to get Steve Adams to go after Governor Peabody, we set the saloon on fire. I took five bottles of the Grecian fire and poured it round in the upper rooms of the saloon, and shut the doors and went away. I got these bottles in the dump by Easterly's cabin. He told me where they were when I saw him in Denver. The saloon was all in flames a short time later, and no one could get near it, and it burned up completely.

Now, after Adams and I had fixed up everything to blow up the depot, I thought it would be a good plan to go off with Johnnie Neville on this camping trip. I figured it would be a good thing for me to go away from there in the daytime with him, and then come back at night on horseback and do the job; and as Neville had a good reputation and was well thought of, I took advantage of the saloon fire and thought he dare not go back on me. Neville wanted to go with me, and we looked around for a team and wagon, as we intended to drive through the country. We bought a team and wagon from Joe Adams, Steve's brother. We got all ready and intended to leave on Saturday, and I intended to come back on horseback Saturday night and blow up the depot and ride back to where we camped.

Delayed by the Strike Committee

But Friday evening Billy Easterly came to my house and told me Parker was up from Denver and wanted to see me. I went down to Parker's house in Independence, and he told me the convention had appointed a committee to come up and investigate the strike, and to see the mine operators' representative and get both sides of the story. The Haywood faction did not want this committee appointed, and after it was appointed Parker said they did not want them to come up alone, and they decided to have him come with them. I told them we were all ready, and intended to finish the job Saturday night, but he wanted us to wait until they got away. He said they would hang him if anything like that happened when he was there, but he said if it was going to make any particular difference to go ahead, and he would take his chances, and would rather like to catch this committee up there, so they would get a touch of high life. I told him we would wait until they left, so Parker and this committee went and had a conference with the secretary of the mine operators, and the committee were favorable to some kind of a settlement.

Now, Haywood and the strike committee and some, if not all, of the executive board did not want this committee to make any settlement or interfere with the strike, and Haywood said they had spent too much money to let them settle with any one else, and that when they wanted to settle they would have to come to them. Malcolm Gillis from Butte was on this committee, one man from Wyoming, and one from British Columbia. The Haywood faction were sore at Gillis, and said he was chairman of the Republican State Central Committee of Montana and stood in with the mine operators. The fact was that Gillis was a bright and, I think, reasonable man, and they were afraid he would open the way for settlement, and they would have no hand in it, and lose the glory.

After the conference with the secretary of the mine operators, the committee made some further inquiry about the district, and visited the union at Victor Saturday evening, and left Sunday for Denver. Sunday evening, Neville and I and his little boy Charlie left Independence with a team and wagon, and drove down the road toward Colorado Springs a few miles — I think six or eight miles — and camped for the night. I told Neville I intended to go back and do a little work that night. I told him I would make some excuse before Charlie, and if anything happened that I was ever mistrusted, I was supposed to be there all night with them. I had gotten a saddle from Tom Foster before I left, and had made arrangements with Adams to meet me where we left the dynamite.

Planting the Depot Bomb

A little after dark, I saddled one of the horses and rode back within a mile of the depot, and tied my horse in some bushes, and walked the rest of the way to the cabin, and found Adams already there. This was about ten o'clock. He had a candle, and we stayed in there about an hour, making a little wooden windlass to set off the dynamite with. We fastened two little vials on the cross-piece of this with a little strip of leather, so when you pulled on the windlass these bottles would turn over and spill sulphuric acid on the giant-caps we had put in the powder.

About eleven o'clock, when 'most everybody around there had gone to bed, we took the two

fifty-pound boxes of powder with us and went over to the depot. This depot had been closed for some time, and they kept no operator there, though the train stopped there for people to get on and off. The depot was built on a side-hill, with a long platform in front of it. We walked under this platform, and I crawled under where the plank came right close to the ground. I dug away a little place in there, and

JAMES H. PEABODY

Ex-Governor of Colorado, whom Orchard repeatedly attempted to assassinate

buried the two boxes of dynamite in the ground close up to the planks, put in the giant-caps and set up the windlass on one of the boxes, and filled the two little bottles with sulphuric acid from another bottle I had it in. This was ticklish business, as it was very dark in there, and I had to fill these little bottles without seeing them; and though I kept a pasteboard over the giant-caps and the dynamite while I was filling this, yet a drop of the acid would have set the whole thing off. We had a mixture of sugar and potash on the caps, too, that the acid would set fire to immediately.

Then we stretched a wire out from the windlass about two hundred feet on to a spur track, and tied a chair-rung to the end of it. We went back to an old ore-house beside the spur track, and waited. It had been dark and lowery that night, but about two o'clock it began to lighten up. We were a good deal put out by this, as there was a small moon and it got quite light. The train we were waiting for came in every evening about two-thirty, and it generally was on the dot. We heard the men come on the platform talking, and finally we heard the train. Then we got down to the end of our wire and took hold of the chair-rung, and when the train was within about a hundred feet of the depot, we each had a hold of one end of this chair-rung which the wire was attached to, and pulled it and kept right on going. We intended to take the wire with us, but forgot that part, as the rocks and debris were falling around us pretty thick, although neither of us got hurt. I do not know how many men were on the platform at the time, but I think there were thirteen killed outright and some others were maimed and crippled for life.

The "Get-away"

We ran as fast as we could, and soon got up on the railroad and followed it around nearly to the old Victor mine on the north side of Bull Hill, and then separated. Adams went on around to Midway, where he lived, and I went down to where I left my horse, on the Colorado Springs road, and rode back to our camp as fast as possible, and got there just at daybreak. Mr. Neville and Charlie were awake, and I crawled up in the wagon and went to sleep for a while, or at least tried to sleep.

Mr. Neville asked me what we had blown up. I told him nothing at first, or put him off with some evasive answer. He said there were two reports and they shook the ground there. He then asked me if it was the Findley mine; I told him I was not there, and this was reasonable enough for him to believe, for the explosion was at two-thirty and it was only a few minutes after three when I got to the camp. But it was all down grade and my horse was cold standing so long,—for it was a cold night for that time of year, with a frost,—and I ran him most of the way at full speed, only slacking a couple of times close to two houses, so they would not hear the horse running.

We got our breakfast and started on down the road toward Colorado Springs about eight o'clock. We did not meet or see any one who said anything to us until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when we got close to Colorado Springs, and a man asked us if we were from Cripple Creek. We told him we were, and he asked when we left, and we told him the day

before, and he began to tell us about the explosion, and said there were sixty men killed and several hurt, and the depot was blown to atoms, and some of the people living close by were thrown from their beds. This startled Mr. Neville and Charlie, as Neville's house was only about a hundred yards from the depot, and I had to tell him I knew his folks were not hurt. I did not let Charlie hear me tell his father this, but I told him I was not more than a hundred feet from it when the explosion occurred, and this somewhat pacified him. When we got to Colorado Springs we got some later papers and found that the first reports were exaggerated and that none of the people living around the depot were seriously hurt, and we bought some things in the city that we needed, and went on about four miles beyond the Springs and camped that night. The next morning I walked back a ways until I reached a street-car line, and went into the city and got the morning papers and came back. We found in the paper where a piece of plank had gone through the roof of Mr. Neville's house, and a sliver had struck Mrs. Neville on the breast while she was in bed, but had not seriously hurt her. This relieved me a whole lot, for I realized my position if any of his family had been hurt.

We started on again, and drove a few miles beyond Palmer Lake, and camped the next night, and the next afternoon we reached the suburbs of Denver and got a little barn to put our horses and wagon in. It was only a little way from the end of the street-car line, and after we put our horses up, we took the car and went into the city. We got there a little before dark.

Satisfaction at Headquarters

I left Mr. Neville and started to go to Jack Simpkins' room in the Granite Block. I met Simpkins on the street, and we went up to this room together, and Kirwan was there, and a little later Haywood and Pettibone came in, and while we were talking Steve Adams came in. Kirwan did not take any part in the conversation; I think he left the room soon after Simpkins and I came up. They were all greatly pleased with the job, and they said it was the only thing that ever saved the Federation from being split up. They said every delegate there wanted to get through as soon as possible, and there was no more kicking and no more new candidates for office, as no one wanted the offices, but wanted to get away as soon as possible for fear something would fall. They told us everything was on fire up in the district, or words to that effect, and they had declared martial law and had established a "bull-pen," and were deporting men, but still they did not think anything of this. They were well pleased to think they had all been elected again, except one member of the board, and they did not want him. They said the dogs had followed my trail several miles down the cañon, but Haywood said he did not think they were on to anything. Adams had stayed home and the next day went over to Cripple Creek, and his friends advised him to leave the district, and Monday night after dark he started to walk to South Park, and he caught the train there and came in to Denver. He did not leave any too soon, for that night or the next day, I have forgotten which, there was a mob of about a hundred men came to his house, and if they had found him, there is no doubt but they would have lynched him, as he had the name of being a dynamiter.

Haywood and the others asked us what we intended to do, and I told him I was going up through Wyoming on a prospecting and pleasure trip. He asked us how much money we wanted, and said it would be better for us not to take it all now or all we expected. Adams told them he wanted two hundred dollars now, and he said he was going to send for his wife, and I don't think he said what he intended to do—if he knew. I told Haywood I wanted three hundred anyway then. Next day I got the three hundred dollars from Pettibone, and Mr. Neville and I bought a tent and some other things we needed, and I think after we were there three or four days we got our team and started for Cheyenne, Wyoming. I think we were four or five days going to Cheyenne. We put our horses up there and intended to let them rest a day or so.

THE ACTORS AND VICTIMS IN THE TRAGEDIES

BY

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

THE men and women who passed through Orchard's tale like figures in a bad dream — the pursuers and the pursued—are well known and very real characters in the West. Three of them are on trial for their life in Idaho. Haywood, the big, dominating miner who made his way by sheer personal force from the work of the mines to the head of the Western Federation; Moyer, the president, reserved, husky-voiced, serious-eyed, Haywood's superior in office, but more conservative and inferior in power; Pettibone, the adviser of the Federation headquarters, social, quizzical, sharp-tongued — all these have been housed for more than a year in the jail at Boise. And besides them the witnesses — the quarry whom the murderers stalked — have told their stories in the court-room, with involuntary shivers of apprehension over the dangers they have escaped.

Of all the principals in the trial, Pettibone has had the longest record in the Western labor wars. Originally a canvasser selling household goods for the American Wringer Company, he drifted into Montana, ran a saloon called "The Bucket of Blood" at the mining-camp of St. Mary, and from there passed over into the Coeur d'Alenes and led in the first organization of labor-unions in that section in 1890 and 1891. In 1892 — as a leader in the great riot of July 11th — he blew up the Frisco mine at Gem by sliding dynamite down the penstock from the hillside above the plant with his own hands. One man was killed and several injured by the explosion, and Pettibone himself blown up by the rush of gas from the penstock, and seriously injured. For his connection with this riot he was sentenced to two years in prison, but was released after a few months' service because of a flaw in the legal proceedings. During his stay in jail at Boise, awaiting trial, Pettibone took part in the first planning for the Western Federation of Miners, officially formed in 1893. After its formation he was never himself directly connected with mining. He returned to his old business as a seller of household specialties, establishing himself in Denver. But he always retained a sharp interest in the miners' unions, and, after the Federation moved its headquarters to Denver, occupied the singular position of an outsider who was closer to the central management of the organization than many of the officials themselves.

The Confession of Steve Adams

In this section of Orchard's story there enters for the first time as his partner a second professional murderer. Steve Adams has owned in his sworn confessions to killing the same number of men as Orchard, starting with the murder of Arthur Collins, the manager of the Smuggler-Union mine in Telluride, Colorado, in 1901 — about a year before Orchard began his work. Adams is a Missourian one year younger than Orchard — a shambling, careless figure, with a marked face, a wide mouth, a cunning eye with curious drooping eyelids, and a complexion blotched by liquor and exposure. He came to the Cripple Creek district from Kansas City, where he had worked in a butcher-shop, and almost immediately, according to his story, he began to take part in the outrages and murders in Colorado. In the spring of 1905 Adams went to Park City, Idaho, as a miner, and later took up a ranch in eastern Oregon. He was arrested just after Orchard, and was also induced by Detective McParland to make a formal written confession of his crimes. In May, 1906, Adams renounced this confession, and started a fight for his life, assisted by the attorneys of the Western Federation of Miners. He was tried for murder in the late winter of 1907 at Wallace, Idaho, in the Coeur d'Alene district,

the jury dividing evenly on the question of guilt. He will be tried again this fall for the same crime.

This particular deed is told of in his confession as the last and one of the most advanced in his series of operations as a professional murderer. There were two men killed in this tragedy, alleged claim-jumpers of timber-lands, who had interfered with claims taken up by Jack Simpkins and others in northern Idaho. Simpkins, now a fugitive from justice, was a member of the executive board of the Western Federation; but this work, Adams testified, was merely a matter of personal interest to Simpkins, and not connected at all with the Federation. According to Adams' confession, he and two settlers in the country, named Mason and Glover, lay in wait for the first victim, a young man named Fred Tyler, captured him as he was coming home to his cabin in the woods one August evening in 1904, kept him all night, and killed him in the morning.

We went in one night [says the confession], Newt Glover, Albert Mason, and myself, to Simpkins' cabin, made some coffee and had breakfast, and in the morning we went over to try to catch Tyler at his cabin on Jack Simpkins' claim. He was gone, so we laid there until about sundown. He never returned, and we started up to a spring, and while we were drinking we heard some one coming. I said, "All right, I am glad of it." I got my Winchester, and, standing by the side of the trail, never moved. I saw it was Tyler coming. He had a big gun buckled on him. I stepped out of the trail and told him to throw up his hands. We disarmed him, took him to Simpkins' cabin, stopped there until morning, had breakfast there, took him three miles out in the timber next morning, and I killed him.

It was claimed by other witnesses that Tyler was led out to his death with a halter about his neck, after being worried all night by his murderers in this lonely cabin in the woods, as a captive mouse is played with by a cat.

I went down and met Simpkins at Harrison [continues the confession], and told him what I had done; that he did not have any jumper left on his claim. "Well," he said, "after we rest awhile we'll go back in and get the rest of them fellows off those other claims." In about a week or thereabouts, or probably two weeks, we went back up in there, and met a fellow named Boule, and another man coming down the trail near Simpkins' cabin. We opened fire on them, killing Boule — Jack Simpkins, I, and Newt Glover. There was another man with us at the time whose name I do not know.

Q. How did it happen the second man got away?

A. We missed him; he was dodging. We shot at him.

The Hunt for Governor Peabody

Adams came into partnership with Orchard, according to the confessions of both men, on the job of stalking Governor Peabody of Colorado, with sawed-off shot-guns, around his residence in Denver. The statement of Adams about the operation is as follows:

Pettibone told Orchard and I that we had better try and get rid of James Peabody, so he got us a shot-gun apiece and we sawed them off — Winchester shot-guns. We went to work following him from place to place, watching his habits and his house and any place that we would be likely to see him. We did not succeed for quite a while in accomplishing anything, so we concluded to adopt the plan of laying close to his house. So one night Harry and I went and were laying just across the street from Mr. Peabody's residence in a big yard that was there, that had some trees in it. There was a cluster of bushes in a northwesterly corner of this yard by a stone fence that was there. We laid there, but the first night did not have our shot-guns. We saw Peabody come home in a carriage, get out of his hack, and he had a six-shooter in his hand. He went up on his porch, and his wife or some lady unlocked the door, and he put his gun in his pocket. After they went in we went home with the expectation of coming back again the next night with the shot-guns. The next night we went back and hid in the same place, and had our shot-guns wrapped up in paper. We got that in Pettibone's store. So we unwrapped the guns, put them together, and loaded them with buck-shot. We waited for Mr. Peabody to come back, and expected he would come about eleven o'clock, as he did the night before. Along between ten and eleven o'clock, or perhaps a little after eleven, there was a carriage drove up to Mr. Peabody's house. We ran out of that yard and ran across the street behind the carriage on the sidewalk. There was three women got out of the carriage. We had our shot-guns in our hands ready for use. Mr. Peabody did not happen to be in the carriage, but the women saw us. They looked at us as the carriage started back, as we saw he was not there, and we started north. Part of the women went into the house, and one remained watching us until we went to the corner of the block and turned east. We went on an angle of a northeasterly direction, where we come to a vacant lot, and under the tree in a hole we took the shells out of our guns, took them down and tied them together with a string, put them around our necks, and went home and concealed them.

Miss Cora Peabody, the daughter of the Governor, was one of the three women referred to in both confessions as leaving the Governor's carriage. She told about this episode when on the stand in the Boise court-room.

"When the carriage stopped at our door," she said, "I got out first. As I stepped out, there was a man so close I could have touched him, and another man was close behind him. When I looked at him he moved slowly away. The other followed him. We watched them from the porch. As the carriage turned on Grand Avenue, I saw the men look into the carriage, then they turned and ran rapidly

down Grand Avenue. I then went into the house and telephoned a detective agency."

The Murder of Lyte Gregory

From attempting to assassinate Governor Peabody, both men stated they turned — merely as a side incident — to the murder of Lyte Gregory, the detective, in Denver. Adams' story of this episode follows:

We were rooming on 38th and Downing Avenue. We went down to Pettibone's store, and Pettibone told us Lyte Gregory was in Denver and was drinking, and Pettibone said he would send a man down with some money to fill him up, and would give the man five dollars. Pettibone said, "Come and go down and I will show him to you." We went down into the saloon where Gregory was, and saw him sitting there talking with this man. Pettibone said he would send down to fill him up. We walked out. Pettibone said he wanted to go and tell Haywood to get into a good safe place. While Pettibone was gone, Gregory came out with another man whom I do not know and got on a car, and Harry Orchard and I got on the same car at the opposite end and followed him out to the west side, where he and this other man got off of the car together and went into another saloon. I went in and bought a bottle of beer, and saw Gregory sitting in a card game playing poker. Harry went back to our room and got a sawed-off shot-gun, and came back and met me. We set the gun up and loaded it with buck-shot. I walked around and tried to get another look at Gregory, and as I was going up to the door of the saloon Gregory came out and started toward me. Just then some man came to the saloon door and told him that he was going the wrong way. He turned around and went around the corner of the saloon and went in the other direction. I went to Harry and we got the shot-gun and cut across after Gregory. Gregory stopped, and turned around to face us, reached for his gun, and Harry shot him, and Gregory's gun fell out on the sidewalk. We ran down through the alley, and in trying to take the gun apart Harry discharged it accidentally and came nearly getting me too. I should state right here that the man that Pettibone gave the five dollars to was a man who I think was named Melville, who lived at Idaho Springs. As to the fact that he lived there, Melville told me so himself. After Gregory, Orchard and myself, and the man that was with Gregory had left the saloon on Lawrence Street for the west side, Melville joined us on the west side, where we were watching the saloon that Gregory was in. Melville remained with us until after the shooting of Gregory. We got the gun down [apart], and Harry put it around his neck the same as he did when he brought it out, and buttoned his overcoat over it. We walked, taking a roundabout way, and came into the alley back of Pettibone's house on Evans Street. We went into this alley, and Pettibone told us he would have a place fixed there to hide that gun, and to leave it there and go back. We hid the gun there as he directed, and walked out to 38th and Downing and went to bed.

Q. After the killing of Gregory did you meet Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone, or either of them?

A. I met Pettibone.

Q. Where?

A. In his store.

Q. Did you talk the matter over?

A. Yes, sir; he laughed about it.

Q. What did he say?

A. He said it was all right.

Q. What did Simpkins say about the killing of Gregory?

A. He was tickled to death over it, and was glad of it.

Adams' Story of the Independence Depot Explosion

And now the dual story of the confessions turns to the Independence depot explosion. Adams' version of this adventure is as follows:

Harry [Orchard] came to my house when I was sick in bed. He said there was nothing the matter with me, and that I just needed a drink. He went down and bought four bottles of beer and brought it up to the house. He had some powder with him which he said was composed of chlorate of potash, sugar, and I think had something else mixed with it. I think it was sulphuric acid. He showed me how it would burn by lighting a match to it. He said it was used to explode the powder. He said the board wanted something done while they were in session, and he wanted to know if I would help him do it. I told him yes. He said, "All right, we will get some powder and get to work." So I made arrangements with him to see me next day. Next day we went over to Floyd Miller's. Floyd Miller was leasing close to Windy Point. Harry Orchard gave Miller the money to buy a hundred pounds of powder. Floyd Miller bought the powder, and I think it was the next night, the night after he bought the powder, that Harry and I went over and got it and carried it over to my brother Joe's cabin, which was empty at that time. The next night we were going to put it under the depot, when some of the executive board came to Independence with Sherman Parker and stayed overnight. That was the night we were going to do the work. Sherman Parker told us not to do it while he was there or they would all be hung for it. So we waited until the next night after they left, and carried out this job — blew up the depot.

Q. How did you carry it out?

A. We dug a hole under the platform of the depot and placed the powder there. I took the side of a tin can, to fit tight over a cap-box with the lid off. We sprinkled powder composed of sugar and chlorate of potash on these caps, which were open end up. We set the cap-box down into the box of powder, after preparing a hole in the powder big enough to set it in, then put a windlass on the box with two bottles of sulphuric acid. We put the windlass on when the bottles were empty, then filled them full of the acid, leaving them open. We then set the other fifty-pound box of powder on top of this box. Then we attached a wire to the windlass in order to turn the bottles over so the acid would go into these caps. We ran a wire along, and at the other end made a loop in the wire and passed a rung of a chair through the loop. Harry Orchard and I each

took hold of the rung with one hand, and when the time came we pulled the wire and caused the explosion.

Q. After the explosion what did you do?

A. Harry and I ran, taking an easterly course, around Bull Hill. He left me on the east side of the hill, going down into the brush, where he had a horse hitched. I went on around the hill to my home in Midway. I hid the shot-gun in an ash-dump about six or seven feet from the railroad. I also hid a sack of buck-shot shells with the gun, and they are probably there yet.

Q. Next day what did you do?

A. Mary Mahoney, my wife, and I went to Altman next morning. We looked down at the depot, and it was a hard sight to look at. I did not think it would be so bad. I went from there back to Cripple Creek. In Cripple Creek I heard they were after me and were going to hang me. I took a car, and went to my house in Midway and got my Winchester, took one six-shooter and two belts of cartridges, and started for Denver, walking, going in a north-easterly direction. I went on north to South Platte, where I took the railroad to Denver. I arrived in Denver just at dusk. I got off just as we got into the yards. That was the second evening after I left Independence, and would be about Thursday evening. I went direct to Western Federation headquarters, and got a good handshaking and an introduction to all of the board that I was not acquainted with.

Q. Who was present at headquarters when you arrived, if you can remember?

A. Charlie Kennison, Sherman Parker, Haywood, Marion Moor, Schmelzer, Murphy, to whom I was introduced, Jack Simpkins, Kirwan, J. C. Williams, D. C. Copley with his little white vest.

Q. Where is Copley now?

A. I do not know.

Q. He got into bad grace with Moyer and Haywood?

A. Yes, sir. He was thrown down bodily.

Q. Did they talk about the blowing up?

A. No, sir; nothing was mentioned about it.

Q. Who was it that introduced you to them?

A. Charlie Kennison introduced me to some. Marion Moor introduced me to one or two.

Q. How did Murphy seem to act?

A. He just bowed and shook hands. Did not demonstrate that he knew anything about it at all. I believe Murphy was innocent of knowing anything about the crime.

Q. Of course Kennison, Sherman Parker, W. F. Davis, and Haywood knew all about it?

A. Yes, sir; I think they did. Their actions indicated they did.

The Tale of an Independence Depot Victim

These are the stories of the man-hunters — direct, plain narratives, like tales of the hunting of big game in a sportsman's magazine — the narrators concerned only with the stalking of the quarry and their own escape from danger. The stories of the men who were hunted bring in the normal view of this thing — especially of the horror at the Independence depot.

By a curious freak of circumstance, Phil Chandler, one of the wounded in this tragedy, has been a guard at the Idaho State Penitentiary in Boise, where Orchard has been confined, entirely unknown to Orchard. Every detail of the Orchard narrative he believes is correct.

Chandler was lounging at the farther end of the station platform when the train came in, and started walking toward it. There was a blot of flame, a sharp noise, more like a whistle than an explosion, and he knew he was being thrown rapidly through the air. He struck on his thigh on a rail before the train, and his first thought was to crawl off the track. Then he realized that his leg was broken. Beside him, John Police, an Austrian, had gathered his footless legs in his arms and sat up, silently writhing. Below, on the bank beside the station, Dan Gainey and Ed Holland cried out for some one to help them lift timbers off their legs. There were no timbers there; they thought this because their legs were crushed below the knees. The train stopped short of the injured men, and the engineer, with a yellow railroad torch, came down the track. "Slim" Rector — a chum of Chandler's — came walking up, staring at the ground, unhurt, but apparently out of his senses. He came up without a word, and lay down like a dog on the track close to Chandler. "Hurt, Slim?" said Chandler. "No," said "Slim." "You?" "My leg's broke," said Chandler. Then they took them to the Victor hospitals.

There were thirteen dead men — mostly blown to pieces. They gathered them in baskets and barrels — a general mixture of unassorted human flesh. They recognized them by their hands and clothing. "The woman where I boarded," said Chandler, "went down to the undertaker's and picked out one man's hand in a barrel they had full of remnants in a back room there." All but two or three of the thirteen men who were killed died at once. John Sinclair was thrown a hundred yards away and was not found for some time. "He died right next to me in the hospital," said Chandler, "the worst sight I ever saw. His whole face was gone."

The Forgiveness of Dan Gainey

The wounded men were all injured about the feet and legs, which were crushed by the throwing up of the heavy timbers of the platform. One of these injured men was Dan Gainey, both of whose legs were maimed. Gainey is a native of Walla Walla, Washington, about Orchard's age. His father was an Irish settler in the Walla Walla Valley, who became wealthy as a farmer in that exceedingly rich country. It was a region noted for the sturdy independence of its pioneers, and that spirit appeared in Gainey to a marked degree. After leaving his father's farm he went out to work in the mining-camps of Idaho and Colorado. From the first Gainey was a non-union man, refusing from principle to join the Federation of Miners. He became a friend of Orchard in the Coeur d'Alenes, working for him in his business there.

Orchard had no knowledge that Gainey was upon the platform at Independence. After his confession Gainey wrote to him. This letter — for fear it would have a depressing influence — was not shown to Orchard for a year. Last spring Detective McParland recalled Gainey to Orchard's mind, and finally they gave him the former's letter. Orchard broke down reading it, but the effect was not at all what these people had feared. A very warm and intimate correspondence has passed between the two men — the victim and his would-be murderer. The remarkable character of this relation is best shown by the following letters of Gainey, which explain themselves.*

Walla Walla, Wash., April, 1906.

MR. HARRY ORCHARD:

My dear Harry: I intended to write to you some time ago, or about a month after I learned that you were positively identified, but in the meantime I was compelled to go to Southern California, and wait upon my brother, who died there. On returning home, my father died, and so in these two bitter bereavements, coupled with my painful, crippled condition, I have had but one yearning desire: that God in his mercy call me home. I feel to-day that this all-consuming wish will be granted in yet a little while. And so, while there is time I would have you know that I freely forgive you for the horrible injuries you inflicted upon me. You perhaps know by this time I was on the Independence depot platform when it was blown up. I lost one foot and had the other so badly broken that it can never be well again. For nearly two years I have suffered indescribable mental and physical tortures. How grievously you have afflicted me, by whom you were never injured, you can never know in this world. And yet I forgive you — yes, even as I hope God will forgive me.

You certainly recall the time when Archie McAlpin, Bill Pryor, you, and myself lived in a barn in Mullan, while cutting cord-wood up at Sheehe's siding, and you surely remember my unceasing contention that no organization of men, no matter how good, bad, or powerful, could long or successfully defy the laws of our common country. Unfortunately this advice has not prevailed with you. I wish for your sake and mine it could have been otherwise, and I sincerely hope that even now you have turned to your Maker, imploring forgiveness for your awful crimes against his creatures. In your hopeless and abject misery, I have not the heart to reproach you, since I feel that your conscience assails you with reproaches too bitter for human expression. It is well if this be so, and better yet if truthful, heartfelt repentance abides with you to the end.

And now, Harry, I cannot believe you were always cruel and depraved, but rather that you were persuaded and led into these crimes by that specious reasoning of the Miners' Union which declares the end justifies the means. However this may be, you have done one commendable thing — confessed. I trust you have told the truth — the whole truth, neither accusing an innocent man wrongfully in the smallest particular, nor shielding a guilty man, even though he were your brother. This you owe to society, to yourself, and to your God. It is the only recompense you can make to society for the crimes you were engaged in, so it can be prepared to protect itself, and apprehend your confederates, that, in so far as they are concerned, such crimes shall cease. You owe it to yourself for the peace of mind it brings, which alone perceives the path of repentance, the only path leading to the throne of the Almighty. You owe it to your God, whose attributes are truth, mercy, and forgiveness, who has spared you in your iniquities, with a patience surpassing all human understanding. God's will be done. It is altogether probable that Providence is using you as an instrument of divine retribution against that organization which is responsible for your inhuman conduct and moral degradation.

Do not be deceived by false notions of honor and justification. These are the last two steps admitting you within the portals of Hell. Tell the truth as becomes a prodigal son of God, make every earthly atonement possible, and in sorrow and repentance beg for pardon. It will not be denied you. Now I ask you to write to me, stating how you support your situation, and if you possess that Christian resignation which faces the darkest trials with trust, meekness, and tranquillity of spirit. Write with the freedom and privilege of friendship, as I shall no longer remember the past against you. Truly I am sorry for your sad plight, but cannot bring myself to believe you are utterly depraved. The men who led you into this are infinitely worse, and God only knows what they will have to answer for before that tribunal which is only a few days removed from the longest lived among us. Write as soon as you get this, or convenient. I write in care of the prison warden, but suppose he will give this to you.

Yours in sympathy,

DAN GAINEY.

P. S. Would like to know if you have Christian books to read? DAN.

Walla Walla, March 27, 1907.

MR. HARRY ORCHARD:

My dear Harry: I received your letter of the 16th inst. to-day, being away from here for some time. I have quite a lot of accumulated correspondence to answer and so will put off doing any more than acknowledging your letter for the present. However, I wish to congratulate you on your decision to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in the criminal acts with which you were connected. You may be sure that this disposition in mankind to confess the

* The singular beauty and nobility evinced in the letters by Mr. Gainey can be explained by the fact that he is a devout Catholic and received a careful education at a Jesuit college at Walla Walla.

truth is not implanted in their nature for nothing. The power which made and governs this universe placed this impulse in your nature as truly as it did the impulse to love your kind. If you do that your awakened conscience tells you is right you cannot do wrong — let no man or arguments deceive you in the contrary. Truth is eternal and must prevail. Make every amend you possibly can to mankind, for you will surely live beyond the grave and stand before the great Father whose creatures you have wronged so cruelly. I shall write you again in a week or so. Good-by.

DAN GAINEY.

Walla Walla, Wash., April 12, 1907.

MR. HARRY ORCHARD:

Dear Harry: I wrote you a short letter some time ago in which I promised to write you a longer letter later on. I have been busy, and yet on looking back I can hardly see what I have done. But you understand I must do something to make a living, and on account of my crippled condition I can go but very slowly. I am fairly reconciled to my present condition, as I realize I have but a few years to live at the farthest. After all, I imagine it is but a little difference, when compared with all the time which is gone and yet to come, whether I die to-day or one hundred years from to-day. The longest human life is but a tiny drop in the ocean of time. One thing we know, and that is we are not responsible for our being here, and we are here for some purpose. This being so, we should perform our allotted tasks as best we may. I believe the power which gave us being placed us here to remain until He calls us home. Were it not for this belief I should have long since filled a suicide's grave, as my anguish and suffering has at times seemed more than I could bear. . . .

I have read and thought much on the mystery of death. I have examined all the evidences presented to my mind critically and dispassionately, because I have been most of my life uninfluenced by religious belief. I concluded at last, from cold reasoning, there is another life — that death is but a change. To-day I know this is true. I know it because I have been told by some inexplainable mysterious agency which links the living to the dead. No argument can disprove this belief to me; it is ever present, ever insistent, as though some spirit from the other world stands by me in assurance. I am better for this belief, because I am easier, resigned, and at peace. I trust you are the same. I have no ill will towards you to-day, since I feel you are not the Harry Orchard you were when you committed those crimes. In other words, I have long since forgiven you. I do not know why or how you came to do those things. Perhaps you cannot now tell yourself. I feel sure you would never do them again, but anyway I forgive you. You have not hurt me nor others as much as yourself. If you are truly sorry and repentant, if you make all the amends to society and God you possibly can during the remainder of your life, you will surely be forgiven. If you fail to meet those conditions freely and fully, then you condemn yourself, and my forgiveness and all the prayers of all the men and churches cannot save you. So, then, what you should do is what your conscience tells you to do — tell the truth, the whole truth, regardless of whom or what it may affect. The truth and repentance will bring you nearer to your God. You can do nothing for society but tell the truth; nothing for your God but the truth; nothing for your eternal salvation but the truth and repentance. If these are thorough, then you shall surely live again, even in the presence of those you have wronged, who will remember their wrongs no more.

I trust you are prepared to meet whatever punishment the world has in store for you. If I can be of any service in mitigating such punishment I will be glad to do so by petitioning the Governor, etc. For Moyer, Haywood, *et al.*, I shall not use any such effort, since I regard them as infinitely worse than you are or ever were. . . . Now, then, there is a concerted effort around here to make it appear you are the only guilty one connected with those crimes. Of course sensible people know better, and I know, and said all the time you would tell the truth, as you were not utterly depraved. I believe this still, and now that you realize the obligation you are under to your country, yourself, and your God, I believe you will only tell the truth, that you will do all you possibly can to undo what you and your confederates were engaged in.

Well, Harry, I must close, as it is getting late and I am getting tired.

Good-by.

DAN GAINEY.

Excuse haste and mistakes.

P. S. If you write, let me know if you ever heard of Bill Madill since you left the Coeur d'Alenes.

DAN.

The sequence of the blowing up of the Independence depot forms one of the bitterest chapters in the history of the Western Federation of Miners. On the day following it — June 6, 1904 — there was a general angry uprising which drove great numbers of the union miners out of the Cripple Creek district. Two more men were killed and several more wounded by firing around the miners' union hall at Victor. The militia were again called into the district, the Victor union hall was stormed and taken from the armed miners defending it, the officials of local government belonging to the Federation were deposed, and a campaign of forcible deportation of union miners was begun under the direction of a special military commission. Over two hundred men were sent out of the district, many of them across the border of the State. Many others found it wise to leave. This movement was necessarily accompanied with hardships to many men and families, and the feeling of resentment and anger it caused has never died in the memory of the deported people and their friends. Since this deportation the Western Federation of Miners has never regained a foothold in the Cripple Creek district. There is a small union there, but all large mines refuse to employ Federation men.

[The next instalment of Orchard's story will tell of his attempts to assassinate Governor Peabody, Judges Goddard and Gabbert of Colorado, and Fred Bradley of San Francisco, a prominent mining man, by the use of trap bombs, invented by himself and his associates.]

THAD'S WATCHERS

A STUDY IN EXPEDIENCY

BY

GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

AUTHOR OF "LOST: AN ECHO," "THE SORROWS OF GIUSEPPE," ETC.

THEY eyed the sleeping old man contemplatively by the crude light of a glass lamp. Rebidee turned his quid in a cheek no tenderer than ox-hide; Alvin sucked at a broken T.D., which gurgled throatily. Alvin's chair was tilted at a perilous angle against the kitchen wall, and his thin, patched knees were drawn up close under his lantern-jaws.

The old man sighed in his sleep, which was troubled, and half opened his eyes.

"Cur'us, ain't it, how Thad kin sleep with his eyes open?" murmured Rebidee. "That's one thing I cal'late I'd break him of, mighty sudden, if they was any break *to* him!"

"Shucks! I don't mind it none!" mumbled Alvin around his pipe-stem. "I'd a gret sight ruther have him do *that* th'n to talk in his sleep same's he doos — mostly 'bout Captoly, too. Seems like he was a-visitin' with her, sometimes; I don't like it, an' wouldn't, not if I set up with him a year. But what common sense kin ehbody expect out of a feller goin' on eighty-six?"

They lapsed into silence for a while. The *tick*-tack-*tick*-tack of a square mahogany clock filled the whitewashed kitchen; the pendulum glinted incessantly, playing hide-and-seek behind an oval opening in the painted landscape which adorned the clock's base.

"I hear he's made ye an offer. What *was* it?" demanded Rebidee abruptly, raking his bristly chin with crooked fingers. He introduced the vital subject with the delicacy of a *musth* elephant running amuck in a jungle.

"See him through, fer the place," answered Alvin with cheerful brevity. Alvin was eight or ten years younger than Rebidee, but was thoroughly seasoned.

"Goin' to take him up?"

"Dunno yit. *Sbb-bb!* . . ."

The old man was stirring and blinking; he threatened to wake up, which would have been fatal to any more "visitin'." Alvin noiselessly unlimbered himself from his chair, tiptoed across the room, and stuck a torn envelop down between the lamp-chimney and the brass stay. Thaddeus sighed, nestled like a baby, and dropped back to sleep. He looked very frail and ancient. The twisty veins protruded on his furrowed brows; his hands were long and thin, with brownish mottles here and there. He lay under the coverlets, a mockery of the strong-armed Thaddeus Buck who, even so little as twenty years ago, had "driven river" with the stoutest of the lumber-jacks. His youth had been wild and hot. Now Thaddeus was cold, so cold that even with his bed dragged out into the kitchen he shivered under half a dozen patchwork quilts.

"You might do wuss," opined Rebidee, resuming the conversation exactly where it had been broken off five minutes before. His mind had not moved from that precise point during the interruption.

"Yup."

"The place is wuth four hundurd an' a half — fair-to-middlin' house, though the roof's bad — fairish barn, ice-house, chanst fer hens, woodlot, *an'* cuts enough hay to winter three or four critters. Why don't you take him up?"

"Well, it ain't all clear profit."

"*Ain't?* . . ."

"Nup. The one what watches him out has got to put up a monyment fer him an' Captoly, not less'n fifty dollars."

"*What?* . . . *Fif*-ty? . . ."

"That's the figger."

"Jeems Rice! Of all the sinful wastes! . . . *That* old skeezucks! Allus ben as poor as pooduc, an' now goin' to blow fifty dollars on a monyment! . . ."

"*Ain't* it the 'tarnal limit, though? An' I can't argy it outa him, try as hard's I'm a mind to. Says he's allus worked like a nigger in the woods an' on the river, an' now he

wants suthin' to make it up to him — him an' Captoly. Bought his lot more'n six months ago, to Bethel — one o' the best. Goin' to have Captoly took thar, an' himself laid side o' her. I can't make him see the selfishness on't, no way in this world, though I bet I've talked a bookful at him. He's *sot*, yes, sir, what time he ain't cryin'. *I* call it downright wicked to spen' money like that, specially as it don't come outa him at all, but outa whoever takes the job here!" Alvin puffed indignantly at the T.D.

"Ain't thar no way to beat him?"

"Don't see none, an' I've studied a heap at it."

"Deck Peverley's got some amazin' bargains in second-handed stones. Mebbe you might git suthin' marked from fifty to thirty-five or even thirty, hey?"

"Nup. Thad, he says it's got to *cost* fifty — he's riveted solid to *that* p'int — says he'll have it put in the writin's. No way out on't in this world. An' that ain't all, nuther. You remember that little Minervy Buck what used to visit 'em before Captoly was took?"

"Mmmm?"

"Got to give her twenty-five!"

"You — *have?* . . ."

"Yup."

"Gawd!"

Rebidee vented his emotion by worrying a fresh "chaw" from his plug, much as a dog worries a recalcitrant bone.

"An' do all his purvidin' as long's he hangs on?" he asked presently.

"Sure. P'r'aps you see now why I ain't so over-an'-above anxious 'bout takin' on him up. How'm *I* goin' to know how long he'll stan' it? If I take this job, I'll have to quit at the mill, an' my dollar a day goes to blazes. That's all right, if he tuckers out inside a reas'nable time; but s'posen he *don't* — what *then?* S'posen he has the writin's done, an' I bind myself to 'em, an' then he takes it inta his head he ain't a-goin' fer to die — what *then?* I've heerd tell of some o' these here old fellers dwindlin' along fer years; an' the Bucks is an all-fired tough stock!"

"Yup; but Thad's ben failin' up fast ever sence Captoly went. You see yourself he ain't no bigger'n a pint o' cider now. I never see a man shrivel like he's done the past year. Then, too, this stroke he's had — first or second?"

Alvin held up two fingers. Rebidee nodded.

"Well," he went on, after a minute's reflection, "I'd hate to give you any bad advice, but reelly I don't think you'd be runnin' a mite o' resk to have Del Cates drive out to-morrer an' do the writin's. Better 'tend to it while he's got his right mind. I think it's a doubt if he keeps it much longer; then you'd lose the place entire, an' never git nawthin' fer the three weeks you ben here, nuther."

"I dunno but you're right, Reb. I'd hate to git beat *now*, after all I ben through. It's ben danged onpleasant here, some o' the time, all alone with him, helpless an' all — an' he's that pernickety — say! wants his milk het; an' even ast me to read out loud to him, once, outa the *Banner*. The wusst is his talkin' 'bout Captoly, though. Mournin' an' takin' on all the hull etarnal time. I jest can't stan' it — *have* to make him shet up — an' then he'll blubber an' beller — oh, it ain't no bed o' roses, watchin' old Buck out, now *I'm* goin' to tell you! Whether I'd resk a year of it, or six months, fer the sake of this here farm — well, I dunno. . . ."

The clock said *Yes*-no-*yes*-no with panicky indecision; old Buck stirred again and stretched his gaunt hand out over the counterpane. Alvin, tamping the ashes down into the heel of his pipe, did not see the gesture; but Rebidee's weasel-eyes caught it.

"Al," said he, "you wait on a bit, an' I'll tell you what to do. I'm waitin' to see suthin', an' if I see what I *want* to see, why — you — take — him — up!" He spoke impressively, emphasizing each word with a dip of his unseemly forefinger.

"What you waitin' t' see, Reb?"

"Ne'mmind . . . wait on! I'll bate you fifty cents I hit it right, too, 'bout Thad. Want to take me?"

"Mebbe. I'll see."

Silence again. Alvin, tilting against the wall, nodded, dozed a trifle; the clock said: *What*-what-*what*-what? . . . Rebidee said nothing. He did not doze. His narrow eyes glinted in the lamplight, and his thin cheeks hollowed in profoundly as he gnawed at them with prematurely toothless gums.

All of a sudden: "Thar! See thar!" he whispered, and Alvin came to himself with a start. His eyes leaped to the bed. Old Thad was pawing at the patchwork with fingers like talons — then he reached out into the air, grasping at empty space — then again his fingers busied themselves rapidly with the quilt, picking and picking at the stitches.

Rebidee reached over and dug Alvin facetiously in the lean ribs.

"Say, you!" he whispered, "get onta that? *That's* what I was waitin' fer — wantin' to see! I give him three days at the *out*side. Take my bet?"

"Nup. I might lose, an' fifty cents don't grow on every bush in Oxford County. But

. . . but . . . ." he ruminated, "I tell you what I *will* do, by cripes! You come round here to-morrer an' be witness fer the writin's, an' I'll have Del Cates bring out a long-necker from the Pond. Are you on?"

"Betcher life!"

"Shake on't!"

"Here — an' good luck with the farm! *What?* Ten o'clock already? Say, I hadn't no idee 'twas so late. Well, *I* mus' be a-pikin'. What time to-morrer?"

"Oh, middle the aft'noon. Be here sure!"

"Yup." Rebidee tiptoed to the door and quietly opened it. "Shouldn't wonder if it made out to rain 'fore mornin'," said he, peering up at the sky.

"Better not hold the door open, Reb," said Alvin. "If the draft woke him up he might be li'ble to cry all night."

Rebidee vanished. Alvin turned back into the kitchen. The old man's feeble breath sounded like a ghostly sobbing for long-past miseries; his hands groped their thin appeal into empty air, striving for something that has never yet been found on earth. Alvin did not look at him, but opened a Broncho Bill novel and settled himself beside the lamp to watch old Thaddeus "out."

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"

BY

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THERE had been an automobile accident. Before the court one of the witnesses, who had sworn to tell "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," declared that the entire road was dry and dusty; the other swore that it had rained and the road was muddy. The one said that the automobile was running very slowly; the other, that he had never seen an automobile rushing more rapidly. The first swore that there were only two or three people on the village road; the other, that a large number of men, women, and children were passing by. Both witnesses were highly respectable gentlemen, neither of whom had the slightest interest in changing the facts as he remembered them, and both had noted their impressions soon after the accident. I find among my records another case, where everything depended upon the time which had passed between a whistle signal from the street and the noise of an explosion. It was of the greatest importance for the court to know whether the time was long enough to walk a certain distance for which at least half a minute was needed. Of two unbiased witnesses, one swore that the time was less than ten seconds; the other, that it was more than one minute. Again, there was a case where it was essential to find out whether at a certain riot the number of guests in the hall was larger than the forty who had been invited to attend. There were witnesses who insisted that there could not have been more than twenty persons present, and others who were sure that they saw more than one hundred. In a case of poisoning, some members of the family testified that the beverage had a disagreeable sour taste, others, that it was tasteless, and others, that it was sweet. In some Bowery wrangle, one witness was quite certain that a rowdy had taken a beer-mug and kept it in his fist while he beat with it the skull of his comrade; while others saw that the two were separated by a long table, and that the assailant used the mug as a missile, throwing it a distance of six or eight feet. In another trial, one witness noticed at the sea-shore in moonlight a woman with a child, while another witness was not less sure that it was a man with a dog. And only recently passengers in a train which passed a courtyard were sure, and swore, that they had taken in at a glance the distinct picture of a man whipping a child; one swore that he had a clean-shaven face, a hat, and was standing, while another swore that he had a full beard, no hat, and was sitting on a bench.

There is no need of heaping up such illustrations from actual cases, as every one who remembers the last half-dozen murder trials of his

city knows with what regularity these differences in reports of witnesses occur. We may abstract from all cases which demand technical knowledge; we want to speak here only of direct observations and of impressions which do not need any special acquaintance with the matter. Wherever such knowledge is needed, the door is, of course, open to every variety of opinion, and one famous expert may conscientiously report that the criminal acted like a normal man, while the other interprets the same behavior as irrational. No, we speak here only of those impressions for which every layman is prepared and where there can be no difference of opinion. We further abstract entirely from all cases of intentional deception: the witness who lies offers no psychological interest. And we exclude all questions of mental disease. Thus there remain the unintentional mistakes of the sound mind — and the psychologist must ask at once, Are they all of the same order? Is it enough to label them simply as illusions of memory?

To make the memory responsible is indeed the routine way. It is mostly taken for granted that we all perceive our surroundings uniformly. In the case that there were only twenty men in the hall, no one can have seen one hundred. In the case that the road was muddy, no one can have seen it dusty. In the case that the man was shaved, no one can have seen the beard. If there is still disagreement, it must have crept in through the trickery of memory. The perception must be correct; its later reproduction may be false. But do we really all perceive the same, and does it mean to us the same in our immediate absorption of the surrounding world? Is the court sufficiently aware of the great differences between men's perceptions, and does the court take sufficient trouble to examine the capacities and habits with which the witness moves through the world which he believes he observes? The study of these powers no longer lies outside of the realm of science. The progress of experimental psychology makes it an absurd incongruity that the State should devote its fullest energy to the clearing up of all the physical happenings, but should never ask the psychological expert to determine the value of that factor which becomes most influential — the mind of the witness. The demand that the memory of the witness should be tested with the methods of modern psychology has been raised before; but it seems necessary to add that the study of his perceptive judgment will have to find its way into the court-room, too.

Last winter I made an experiment with the students of my regular psychology course in Harvard. Several hundred young men, mostly between twenty and twenty-three, took part. It was a test of a very trivial sort. I asked them simply, without any theoretical introduction, at the beginning of an ordinary lecture, to write down careful answers to a number of questions referring to that which they would see or hear. I urged them to do it as conscientiously and carefully as possible, and the hundreds of answers which I received showed clearly that every one had done his best. I shall confine my report to the first hundred papers taken up at random. At first I showed them a large sheet of white cardboard on which fifty little black squares were pasted in irregular order. I exposed it for five seconds, and asked them how many black spots were on the sheet. The answers varied between twenty-five and two hundred. The answer, over one hundred, was more frequent than that of below fifty. Only three felt unable to give a definite reply. Then I showed a cardboard which contained only twenty such spots. This time the replies ran up to seventy and down to ten. We had here highly trained, careful observers, whose attention was concentrated on the material, and who had full time for quiet scrutiny. Yet in both cases there were some who believed that they saw seven or eight times more points than some others saw; and yet we should be disinclined to believe in the sincerity of two witnesses, of whom one felt sure that he saw two hundred persons in a hall in which the other found only twenty-five.

My next question referred to the perception of time. I asked the students to give the number of seconds which passed between two loud clicks. I separated the two clicks at first by ten seconds, and in a further experiment by three seconds. When the distance was ten, the answers varied between three fourths of a second and sixty seconds, a good number judging forty-five seconds as the right time. One, a Chinese, called it half a second, while all those whose judgments ranged from one second to sixty seconds were average Americans. When the objective time was three seconds, the answers varied between half a second and fifteen seconds. I emphasize that these large fluctuations showed themselves in spite of the fact that the students knew beforehand that they were to estimate the time interval. The variations would probably have been still greater if the question had been put to them after hearing the sound without previous information; and yet a district attorney hopes for a reliable reply when he inquires of a witness, perhaps of a cabman, how much time passed by between the shooting in the cab and a cry.

In my third experiment I wanted to find out how rapidity is estimated. I had on the platform a large clock with a white dial over which one black pointer moved once around in five seconds. The end of the black pointer, which had the form of an arrow, moved over the edge of the dial with a rapidity of ten centimeters in one second; that is, in one second the arrow moved through a space of about a finger's length. Now, I made this clock go for a whole minute, and asked the observers to watch carefully the rapidity of the arrow, and to describe, either in figures or by comparisons with moving objects, the speed with which that arrow moved along. Most men preferred comparisons with other objects. The list begins as follows: man walking slowly; accommodation-train; bicycle-rider; funeral cortège in a city street; trotting dog; faster than trot of man; electric car; express-train; goldfish in water; fastest automobile speed; very slowly, like a snail; lively spider; and so on. Would it seem possible that university students, trained in observation, could watch a movement constantly through a whole minute, and yet disagree whether it moved as slowly as a snail or as rapidly as an express-train? And yet it is evident that the form of the experiment excluded every possible mistake of memory and excluded every suggestive influence. The observation was made deliberately and without haste.

Those who judged in figures showed not less variation. The list begins: one revolution in two seconds; one revolution in forty-five seconds; three inches a second; twelve feet a second; thirty seconds to the hundred yards; seven miles an hour; fifteen miles an hour; forty miles an hour; and so on. In reality the arrow would have moved in an hour about a third of a mile. Not a few of the judgments, therefore, multiplied the speed by more than one hundred.

In my next test I asked the class to describe the sound they would hear and to say from what source it came. The sound which I produced was the tone of a large tuning-fork, which I struck with a little hammer below the desk, invisibly to the students. Among the hundred students whose papers I examined for this record were exactly two who recognized it as a tuning-fork tone. All the other judgments took it for a bell, or an organ-pipe, or a muffled gong, or a brazen instrument, or a horn, or a 'cello string, or a violin, and so on. Or they compared it with as different noises as the growl of a lion, a steam whistle, a fog-horn, a fly-wheel, a human song, and what not. The description, on the other hand, called it: soft, mellow, humming, deep, dull, solemn, resonant, penetrating, full, rumbling, clear, low; but then again, rough, sharp, whistling, and so on. Again I insist that every one knew beforehand that he was to observe the tone, which I announced by a signal. How much more would the judgments have differed if the tone had come in unexpectedly? — a tone which even now appeared so soft to some and so rough to others — like a bell to one and like a whistle to his neighbor.

I turn to a few experiments in which I showed several sheets of white cardboard, of which each contained a variety of dark and light ink-spots in a somewhat fantastic arrangement. Each of these cards was shown for two seconds, and it was suggested that these rough ink-drawings represented something in the outer world. Immediately after seeing one, the students were to write down what the drawing represented. In some cases the subjects remained skeptical and declared that those spots did not represent anything, but were merely blots of ink. In the larger number the suggestion was effective, and a definite object was recognized. The list of answers for one picture begins: soldiers in a valley; grapes; a palace; river-bank; Japanese landscape; foliage; rabbit; woodland scene; town with towers; rising storm; shore of lake; garden; flags; men in landscape; hair in curling-papers; china plate; war picture; country square; lake in a jungle; trees with stone wall; clouds; harvest scene; elephant; map; lake with castle in background; trees; and so on. The list of votes for the next picture, which had finer details, started with: spider; landscape; turtle; butterfly; woman's head; bunch of war-flags; ballet-dancers; crowd of people; cactus plant; skunk going down a log; centipede; boat on pond; crow's nest; beetle; flower; island; and so forth. There are hardly any repetitions, with the exception that the vague term "landscape" occurs often. Of course, we know, since the days of Hamlet and Polonius, that a cloud can look like a camel and like a whale. And yet such an abundance of variations was hardly to be foreseen.

My next question did not refer to immediate perception, but to a memory image so vividly at every one's disposal that I assumed a right to substitute it directly for a perception. I asked my men to compare the size of the full moon to that of some object held in the hand at arm's length. I explained the question carefully, and said that they were to describe an object just large enough, when seen at arm's length, to cover the whole full moon. My list of answers begins as follows: quarter of a dollar; fair-sized canteloupe; at the horizon, large dinner-plate, overhead, dessert-plate; my

watch; six inches in diameter; silver dollar; hundred times as large as my watch; man's head; fifty-cent piece; nine inches in diameter; grape-fruit; carriage-wheel; butter-plate; orange; ten feet; two inches; one-cent piece; school-room clock; a pea; soup-plate; fountain-pen; lemon-pie; palm of the hand; three feet in diameter: enough to show, again, the overwhelming manifoldness of the impressions received. To the surprise of my readers, perhaps, it may be added at once that the only man who was right was the one who compared it to a pea. It is most probable that the results would not have been different if I had asked the question on a moonlight night with the full moon overhead. The substitution of the memory image for the immediate perception can hardly have impaired the correctness of the judgments. If in any court the size of a distant object were to be given by witnesses, and one man declared it as large as a pea and the second as large as a lemon-pie and the third ten feet in diameter, it would hardly be fair to form an objective judgment till the psychologist had found out what kind of a mind was producing that estimate.

There were many more experiments in the list; but as I want to avoid all technicality, I refer to only two more, which are somewhat related. First, I showed to the men some pairs of colored paper squares, and they had ample time to write down which of the two appeared to them darker. At first it was a red and a blue; then a blue and a green; and finally a blue and a gray. My interest was engaged entirely with the last pair. The gray was objectively far lighter than the dark blue, and any one with an unbiased mind who looked at those two squares of paper could have not the slightest doubt that the blue was darker. Yet about one fifth of the men wrote that the gray was darker.

Now, let us keep this in mind in looking over the last experiment, which I want to report. I stood on the platform behind a low desk and begged the men to watch and to describe everything which I was going to do from one given signal to another. As soon as the signal was given, I lifted with my right hand a little revolving wheel with a color-disk and made it run and change its color, and all the time, while I kept the little instrument at the height of my head, I turned my eyes eagerly toward it. While this was going on, up to the closing signal, I took with my left hand, at first, a pencil from my vest-pocket and wrote something at the desk; then I took my watch out and laid it on the table; then I took a silver cigarette-box from my pocket, opened it, took a cigarette out of it, closed it with a loud click, and returned it to my pocket; and then came the ending signal. The results showed that eighteen of the hundred had not noticed anything of all that I was doing with my left hand. Pencil and watch and cigarettes had simply not existed for them. The mere fact that I myself seemed to give all my attention to the color-wheel had evidently inhibited in them the impressions of the other side. Yet I had made my movements of the left arm so ostentatiously, and I had beforehand so earnestly insisted that they ought to watch every single movement, that I hardly expected to make any one overlook the larger part of my actions. It showed that the medium, famous for her slate tricks, was right when she asserted that as soon as she succeeded in turning the attention of her client to the slate in her hand, he would not notice if an elephant should pass behind her through the room.

But the chief interest belongs to the surprising fact that of those eighteen men, fourteen were the same who, in the foregoing experiment, judged the light gray to be darker than the dark blue. That coincidence was, of course, not chance. In the case of the darkness experiment the mere idea of grayness gave to their suggestible minds the belief that the colorless gray must be darker than any color. They evidently did not judge at all from the optical impression, but entirely from their conception of gray as darkness. The coincidence, therefore, proved clearly how very quickly a little experiment such as this with a piece of blue and gray paper, which can be performed in a few seconds, can pick out for us those minds which are utterly unfit to report, whether an action has been performed in their presence or not. Whatever they expect to see they do see; and if the attention is turned in one direction, they are blind and deaf and idiotic in the other.

Enough of my class-room experiments. Might they not indeed work as a warning against the blind confidence in the observations of the average normal man, and might they not reinforce the demand for a more careful study of the individual differences between those on the witness-stand? Of course, such study would be one-sided if the psychologist were only to emphasize the varieties of men and the differences by which one man's judgment and observation may be counted on to throw out an opposite report from that of another man. No, the psychologist in the court-room should certainly give not less attention to the analysis of those illusions which are common to all men and of which as yet common sense knows too little. The jurymen and the judge

do not discriminate, whether the witness tells that he saw in late twilight a woman in a red gown or one in a blue gown. They are not expected to know that such a faint light would still allow the blue color sensation to come in, while the red color sensation would have disappeared. They are not obliged to know what directions of sound are mixed up by all of us and what are discriminated; they do not know, perhaps, that we can never be in doubt whether we heard on the country road a cry from the right or from the left, but that we may be utterly unable to say whether we heard it from in front or from behind. They have no reason to know that the victim of a crime may have been utterly unable to perceive that he was stabbed with a pointed dagger; he may have felt it like a dull blow. We hear the witnesses talking about the taste of poisoned liquids, and there is probably no one in the jury-box who knows enough of physiological psychology to be aware that the same substance may taste quite differently on different parts of the tongue. We may hear quarreling parties in a civil suit testify as to the size and length and form of a field as it appeared to them, and yet there is no one to remind the court that the same distance must appear quite differently under a hundred different conditions. The judge listens, perhaps, to a description of things which the witness has secretly seen through the keyhole of the door; he does not understand why all the judgments as to the size of objects and their place are probably erroneous under such circumstances. The witness may be sure of having felt something wet, and yet he may have felt only some smooth, cold metal. In short, every chapter and subchapter of sense psychology may help to clear up the chaos and the confusion which prevail in the observation of witnesses.

But, as we have insisted, it is never a question of pure sense perception. Associations, judgments, suggestions, penetrate into every one of our observations. We know from the drawings of children how they believe that they see all that they know really exists; and so do we ourselves believe that we perceive at least all that we expect. I remember some experiments in my laboratory where I showed printed words with an instantaneous illumination. Whenever I spoke a sentence beforehand, I was able to influence the seeing of the word. The printed word was courage: I said something about the university life, and the subject read the word as college. The printed word was Philistines: I, apparently without intention, had said something about colonial policy, and my subject read Philippines. In this way, of course, the fraudulent advertisement makes us overlook some essential element which may change the meaning of the offer entirely. Experimental psychology has at last cleared the ground, and to ignore this whole science and to be satisfied with the primitive psychology of common sense seems really out of order when crime and punishment are in question and the analysis of the mind of the witness might change the whole aspect of the case. It is enough if we have to suffer from these mental varieties in our daily life; at least the court-room ought to come nearer to the truth, and ought to show the way. The other organs of society may then slowly follow. It may be that, ultimately, even the newspapers may learn then from the legal practice, and may take care that their witnesses be examined, too, as to their capacity of observation. Those experiments described from my class-room recommend at least mildness of judgment when we compare the newspaper reports with each other. Since I saw that my own students do not know whether a point moves with the slowness of a snail or with the rapidity of an express-train; whether a time interval is half a second or a whole minute; whether there are twenty-five points or two hundred; whether a tone comes from a whistle, a gong, or a violin; whether the moon is small as a pea or large as a man — I am not surprised any more when I read the reports of the papers.

I had occasion recently to make an address on peace in New York before a large gathering, to which there was an unexpected and somewhat spirited reply. The reporters sat immediately in front of the platform. One man wrote that the audience was so surprised by my speech that it received it in complete silence; another wrote that I was constantly interrupted by loud applause, and that at the end of my address the applause continued for minutes. The one wrote that during my opponent's speech I was constantly smiling; the other noticed that my face remained grave and without a smile. The one said that I grew purple-red from excitement; and the other found that I grew white like chalk. The one told us that my critic, while speaking, walked up and down the large stage; and the other, that he stood all the while at my side had patted me in a fatherly way on the shoulder. And Mr. Dooley finally heard that before I made my speech on peace I was introduced as the Professor from the Harvard War School — but it may be that Mr. Dooley was not himself present.

THE WILES OF THE WOOER

BY

MYRA KELLY

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE CITIZENS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. GLACKENS

A STORE in Grand Street was the goal toward which Mr. Goldstone had been crawling through many dark and devious ways and years. What wife and children were to other men his business was to him, and he dwelt happy and solitary in a neighboring garret, conscious of no unfulfilled desire, for his name glittered in pleasing though unstable porcelain letters upon the window of his emporium and was repeated in gold and black above its door. "Samuel Goldstone," he knew the larger letters spelled, though he was quite unlearned in English print or script. "Samuel Goldstone"; and then, in smaller type, the explanatory if ambiguous phrase: "Ladies, Gents, Houses, and Children Furnished at Reduced Rates."

Within the store he had accumulated great treasure from the wrecks of neighboring and rival concerns, from fire sales, from sheriff's sales, from auctions, and even from enterprising burglars. To guard and distribute his hoard he had secured a cash-registering machine, a young lady, and a young gentleman. The machine took care of the money; the young lady "furnished" the ladies and children; the young gentleman ministered to the gents and houses; while Mr. Goldstone stood proudly upon the sidewalk and chanted:

"Step right in, lady; step right in! This is our bargain day. Ladies furnished. All the latest styles. Babies and children at half. Step right in! This is the place for big values!"

And the lady, weakly yielding to his persuasions, or to the detaining hand with which he reinforced them, would find herself simultaneously and suddenly in the shop and in the way. For the two assistants, young, lonely, and often idle, found time for many a confidential interview between onslaughts upon the customers delivered into their hands.

It was an afternoon in early October. The store was empty, a confidential interview was in progress; Esther Mogilewsky's golden head rested against a pile of "flannel opportunities" as she listened, absorbed, entranced, while Isaac Blumberg, scholar and salesman, read aloud in the clear voice which had won him a medal at a recent night-school oratory competition. He read of the fall sales of larger establishments as set forth in that morning's paper.

"And think of this, Miss Mogilewsky!" he cried. "Moleskin three quarter length coats at $1,000! Think of it! And last week they were $999. The Fur Trust, of course!"

Esther wrinkled her pretty forehead in obedient effort, but since she had been but a few years in America and had never heard of a mole, her reflections led her no further than that Mr. Blumberg was a learned youth, and that Mr. Goldstone's store, with its counters along each side and its center tables piled high with bargains, was a pleasant place. But Mr. Goldstone's face, as he peered suddenly over the "Sacrificed All-from-Wool Underwear," could hardly be called pleasant, and during the next few minutes, in a mixture of English and Yiddish with copious profanity in both, he favored his assistants with startling versions of their biographies for that they had, as they guiltily came to understand, allowed two potential shoppers to escape unshopped. In vain Esther wept. In vain Isaac explained and apologized. Mr. Goldstone set an extravagant value upon the possible outlay of the lost quarry and vowed to deduct it from the wages of his staff.

"Esther Mogilewsky's golden head rested against a pile of 'flannel opportunities' as she listened"

"A lady mit no hat und a vorn vaist! For the vaist, forty-seven und a half cents; for the hat, sixty-nine and three-fourths cents. That money you lose me. Und a little girl mit no shoes und stockings. For the shoes, thirty-five cents; for the stockings — ain'd you lucky we're sellin' off our stockings? — seven and a half cents. That you lose me, too. That is altogether one dollar fifty-nine und three-fourths cents. You pay me each half. That you pay for foolin'!"

"He wasn't foolin'. He was readin'," Esther interrupted, loyally.

"Und ain't readin' foolin'?" sneered the boss. "Readin' is vorse than foolin'. I charge you extra, maybe, for readin'. Und what foolishness was you readin'?"

And so, to divert his attention and to stem his eloquence, they told him. Isaac read of liquidation sales, of clearances, of special importations, of glove sacrifices, of a lace week, and of a hosiery event. The eyes of the listening Mr. Goldstone glittered with a new purpose.

"You read 'em good," he commented. "Can you write 'em too?"

"Sure," answered Isaac proudly.

Gradually, the name of Samuel Goldstone spread throughout the East Side. It began to appear, heralding clearances, cut rates, and other words of charm, in the polyglot papers — English, Russian, Polish, and Jewish — most popular in the district. So eloquently did Isaac paint the advantages which ladies, gents, houses, and children must derive from being furnished by Samuel Goldstone that the public, which had fought wildly against physical persuasion, yielded in weak hordes to the magic of the pen.

Then did mad self-reviling and vain regrets rend the bosom of Mr. Blumberg. He had destroyed his Eden, had made confidential interviews impossible, solitude unknown. The shop was never empty now. Esther never had leisure, he himself was rarely free from women who wanted to see the "broken sets of china" or the "cuts in curtains"; from the men who wanted to buy either the ground-work or the accessories to their costumes. But he quickly found

that there were trials more searching than attendance upon the men who demanded furnishing. The articles of strictly masculine nature were in what he proudly called his "providence," but over the co-sartorial ground of gloves Esther presided.

It was when he first saw her with a brewery-driver's huge hand between her two slender ones as she, greatly to her customer's delight, tried innumerable and inordinately large gloves upon it, that he realized how dear she was to him, and how inimical to his desire the patronage of the sterner sex might prove. From that day the advertisements of Samuel Goldstone's emporium threw heavy emphasis upon the ladies, the children, and the houses, but slighted or ignored the gents. From that day, too, there was a new warmth in Isaac's few conversations with his colleague, and a new sting in his remorse as he noticed her growing weariness and pallor.

The boom increased. The expurgated advertisements continued. One morning Esther, coming early to the store, found a black-browed, black-haired, smiling and waxen lady hiding coyly behind the door and making an urgent though silent appeal for the services of a maid. Miss Mogilewsky had reduced her to the borders of conventionality before Mr. Blumberg arrived, and together they made place for her in the crowded window, hung a price upon every garment of her attire, and drove a stupendous trade. She drew smiling attention to the "Sappho skirt with tailor tucked circular flounce effect," which Esther had dexterously fitted to the slender figure; to the "millinery opening," of which she wore a sample upon her dainty head; to the "Pride of the Avenue Bolero Eton Jacket," which afforded so alluring a vista of the "Reduced Ladies' Like-Linen Shirt-waist" beneath.

Mr. Goldstone was delighted with the new acquisition. She smiled at him gently through the window, and was profitable as well as ornamental. He lavished affection and bargains upon her, and it became Miss Mogilewsky's duty and pleasure to array her in varied but always gorgeous attire. When the weather allowed, it was his custom to request the honor of the young person's society upon the sidewalk, and for these occasions she had a purple street costume, gloves, veil, and muff complete, and was most carefully watched over by her admiring boss.

Esther had dressed her one morning in full bridal regalia — a sale of ladies' light-weight dresses was in progress — and had then withdrawn the screen behind which these rites were performed and called Isaac to inspect and to set prices on the glowing vision. It was early, and they were alone.

"Beautiful!" he cried. "Beautiful! But when I think of a bride she is not like this."

"What is mit her? Ain'd she fine?" Esther urged. "Ain'd she stylish? Ain'd I fix her right?"

"You fixed her out o' sight, Miss Mogilewsky — out of sight. But her hair is too dark. When I think of a bride her hair is always golden."

"So?" asked Esther.

"Yes, so. Black-eyed and golden-haired she is, the girl I love."

"So," repeated Esther, with a gasp.

"Yes, so. And some day when I have a store with my name on it I will tell her how I love her and it will be our partnership store — mine and Esther's. Her name will be on it too."

"So," sighed Esther, happily. Her English was limited, but her eyes were eloquent.

Isaac's wooing had reached this happy but unsettled point when a new difficulty arose. On a day when "A holocaust of Laces, designed for the costumes of European royalty and secured by our special Paris representative," had been featured, the crowd was so dense that Mr. Goldstone first pressed into service Miss Mogilewsky's small nephew, who had come to the store with the lunch for which she had not found time to go home, and had then — the clamor continuing — been constrained to desert his post upon the sidewalk and to assume charge of the center tables. There he did some eccentric measuring of laces and juggling of change, and so much did he appreciate the opportunities of an indoor career that he determined to devote all his time to it. To that end he hung upon the breast of the waxen lady over the "Facings of pure silk, emphasized with applications of Zaza braid and outlined with French dots," a card bearing the legend:

WANTED

A STRONG PULLER-IN

ITALIAN MAN

The strong Italian man applied, dozens of him, some with heavy Tipperary brogues. Mr. Goldstone selected one, and was repaid by such an influx of indignant and shanghaied customers as he had never been able to corral. But then, he had never been "likely heavy-weight material," had never swung a shillalah at an Irish fair — was not, in short, a strong Italian "puller-in," born in Kilcashel and trained in the Fourth Ward.

Mr. Goldstone was now at leisure to study the internal economy of his establishment. For a few days he suffered the pangs of despised

love, for his dark-browed divinity turned her back persistently upon him in the pursuit of her calling; but he soon came to Mr. Blumberg's way of thinking, and saw that the changing graces of Esther Mogilewsky were more attractive than the fixed, even if amiable, complaisance of his former favorite. And Isaac, seeing that he had added a dangerous rival to the list of his miseries, cursed the days when he had learned to write and had laid this accomplishment at his employer's service.

Upon an evil day Mr. Goldstone bought, at some incredible discount, the stock of a small manufacturer of men's fleece-lined gloves, and commanded that an advertisement setting forth their beauty and comfort, their economy and "single spear backs," should be sent to all the papers. "A great man's week" was to be inaugurated. The ladies, the children, and the houses were to be thrust into the background. All the emphasis and the lime-light of publicity were to be centered upon the nobler sex. Fleece-lined, single-spear-back gloves, with divertisements of fancy vests, Ascots, rubbers, and flannels, were to form the moral of Isaac's contribution to the press.

But the tried spirit of Mr. Blumberg revolted. His poet's vision showed him the store full of men, Esther at the service of men, Esther smiling upon men; himself fitting rubbers to the feet of men, and Esther looking upon him in that position. It was more than he could endure. But Mr. Goldstone was not lightly to be disobeyed, and only through guile could his commands be set at naught; and the evil star of Mr. Blumberg showed him a way of keeping the shop empty of men and Esther at leisure to listen to his suit.

Isaac wrote an advertisement in his most fluent style. It bristled with capital letters, it painted the Ascots and the vests in every color of the rainbow, it represented the heating power of the gloves and flannels as equal to that of tons of coal. It was a triumph, and Mr. Goldstone made elaborate preparations for the expected multitude. The black-haired young person in the window was coyly smiling in the most fancy of the fancy vests, the most vivid of the four-in-hands, the smallest of the calorific gloves, and she carried in the hollow of her arm a discreetly folded scarlet bundle. Miss Mogilewsky wore an "almost alpaca Irene shirt-waist, with modish stock," and Mr. Blumberg gleamed in specimens of all the

"The shop was never empty now"

"With a brewery-driver's huge hand between her two slender ones"

"features," whose price had been forcibly deducted from his salary.

The sale was to begin upon a Monday morning. The day came; the populace did not. The Italian puller-in worked vigorously but to little purpose, and Mr. Goldstone fumed and wondered. At ten o'clock a large wagon was backed almost across the sidewalk, and two Board of Health officials disembarked. At sight of the blue cloth and brass buttons the strong Italian reversed his function and became a shover-out; but the men overawed that stalwart son of Tuscany and entered the emporium. Mr. Goldstone, with visions of vests and neckties sold at prices as fancy as themselves, bustled forward, and a look of horrified enlightenment dawned upon the face of Mr. Blumberg.

"Are you the proprietor?" asked one of the visitors. Mr. Goldstone beamed and bowed.

"Then we've come for the goods mentioned in the advertisement," announced the other, drawing out Mr. Blumberg's latest effusion.

"All of them?" cried Mr. Goldstone, and he thought that his prayers had been answered and the yearnings of a lifetime fulfilled. "All of them?"

"Every last one of them. Get them out quick. You've got to come to headquarters to explain. You must have been crazy when you put that advertisement in the papers."

"Crazy!" echoed the amazed proprietor. "Crazy? Sure not. I got the goods here all right. It's for sure 'great man's week.' Who's crazy?"

"You are, I guess. Hurry up, now; no nonsense. We are going to quarantine the place and take away all the infected stuff. Where is it?"

"What stuff?" shrieked the frightened and desperate Mr. Goldstone.

"This, of course," answered the officer, and read the finale of Isaac's swan-song, printed in small and unobtrusive type: "We are offering these goods at epoch-making rates because they are from the stock of the late Mr. Jacob Abrahams. He died on North Brother Island, and his family needs the money."

For a moment blank bewilderment banished all expression from the face of the betrayed Samuel Goldstone. His eyes roved wildly over his domain until they fell upon the forsworn Mr. Blumberg, who, frantic of face and gesture, was trying to explain the situation to Esther.

"It was the men," he was reiterating. "I could not bear that they should come, Miss Mogilewsky. I could not bear to see the men about you. But I never thought of this — I swear I didn't — I swear it."

It was sheer waste of energy on Mr. Blumberg's part to swear in the sputtering presence of his boss. Nothing was left to be said by any rival blasphemer. Even the strong Italian, who had deserted his post in the hope of a "mill," was impressed, and Esther covered her ears in terror.

"But didn't you write the thing?" queried the inspector, "and didn't you know that something would happen?"

Murder and comprehension flamed into Mr. Goldstone's face. With an inarticulate snarl he rushed upon the bard of his bargains, and in an instant the shop was full of scurrying and pursuing forms. The boss chased Isaac; the inspector, fearing bloodshed, chased the boss; the puller-in, scenting battle, chased the other three. The assistant inspector, a knight at heart, caught Esther as she reeled before the onrush of the chase and threw her on the high-heaped "Egyptian Balbriggan Underwear" on the center table; climbed after her; drew her to her feet; and from that commanding but insecure position they watched the progress of the battle beneath.

Around and around the shop flew Mr. Blumberg, his breath coming heavily, his heart laboring under the mockery of his fancy vest. After him — under counters, over tables — followed the boss, the inspector, and the puller-in. Spaces were narrow, and the bargain display was insecure. Heap after heap tottered and fell until the path of flight was strewn. The crash of tinware heralded the fall of the boss as he plunged into a maze of coffee-pots and dish-pans and came ponderously to earth. The inspector joined him. The puller-in forcibly extricated the combatants, and Esther clung tremblingly to the assistant. And then, as Isaac, once more on his feet, sped toward freedom and the door, and wondered if he might outstrip vengeance, the handle turned, the door opened, and Morris Mogilewsky, with a message

"Most carefully watched over by her admiring boss"

to his aunt, stood upon the threshold. But brief was his stand. Mr. Blumberg escaped over the prostrate form of his angel of deliverance, and vanished, hatless and panting, into the moving Grand Street crowd.

The specific charge against Samuel Goldstone was not proved, but weeks of officialdom and of inquiry followed. Torrents of disinfectants ruined the character of the store, the confidence of the public, the temper of the boss, much of the stock, the assurance of the hot-headed puller-in, and the peace of Esther's days.

For Isaac was gone, and she was very lonely in the transformed store, which smelled so acridly of chemicals; nor was its gloom relieved by the constant companionship of the soured and abusive Mr. Goldstone. He had long suspected that he had a rival in his clerk, and was handicapped by no chivalric scruples against speaking ill of the absent. He spent hours at it; he railed at and abused the vanished Isaac bitterly and unceasingly.

"Und for why did he write that fool words? For why? For why? It ain'd business und it ain'd sense. I buy them gloves from off of my friend Goldmark. Is Goldmark dead? Sure not. You seen him in de store yesterday. He ain'd died nowheres, und he says he died by Islands. Ain'd he crazy? Gott! I ain'd never seen such a foolishness! It's goot he goes."

"'When I think of a bride her hair is always golden'"

But to Esther it was very bad. For the first few days she suffered agonies of uncertainty as to his fate; and the sight of his deserted derby under the hosiery counter was almost more than she could bear. Then her doubts were resolved into an even more cruel certainty. Morris, her small nephew, appeared one afternoon with a tiny note, which he delivered to her when the eyes of the boss were not upon him. "The salesman gives it to me," he whispered. "I seen him by the corner."

The note was short: "Meet me at Grand, corner Essex, to-night. Give the boy a penny if you have it. Isaac."

"You seen him. What kind from looks did he have?" asked Esther wistfully.

"Well," Morris admitted, "he ain't got no more stylish looks. He has looks off of poor mans. Say, he puts him on mit a little bit of hat. It ain't no fer man's hat, und it makes him awful funny looks. Hangs a ribbon on it."

"So," was Esther's only comment. Then she added, "You shall tell him I'll be there at seven. Und, Morris, here's a penny for you. You don't needs you shall tell your mama how you makes mit me and—Mr. Blumberg."

The eyes of love are never keen, else would Esther have discovered the large part that clothes had played in the making of her man, for the figure which awaited her coming at the corner of Grand and Essex streets that evening bore little resemblance to the dapper Mr. Blumberg of the emporium. Gone was his assurance and his color, gone his ingratiating manner and his fancy vest.

He was shrunk to half his former size, and the little Scotch cap, perched rakishly over one of his hollow eyes, added largely to the change in his appearance. But Esther saw none of those things. She saw only that he was thin, and ill, and miserable. She had thoughtfully brought his derby in a paper bag, and when it was once more upon his head he seemed to recover some of his spirits. Nevertheless, his report was gloomy, and his hope at lowest ebb. He was out of work, could find no opening, had eaten nothing all day, wished that he were dead, and had asked Esther to meet him that he might bid her an eternal farewell, since his chances in New York were gone, and he must emigrate.

"But where will you go?" asked his lady, through her tears. "Are you going far away?"

"Very far," replied Isaac. "I may never see you again. I am going to Harlem."

"Mein Gott! So far!" wailed Esther. "So awful, awful far. Und the store mit our names on it—where is that little store?"

"It ain't nowhere." Isaac groaned from the depths of a depression to which only one of his race could reach. "It ain't nowhere at all. It was a lie, that little store; only a lie."

"A lie — und I think so much of it. Ah, Isaac, that makes me cold in mine heart und tears in mine eyes."

"What else can I say?" asked her lover. "I have no money and no job. What can I say but farewell?"

When Esther reached home, heavy of eye and sick at heart, Morris was watching for her. Mr. and Mrs. Mogilewsky had gone to a ball, to which Esther had been invited, but from the very thought of which she shrank.

"Did you see him?" Morris eagerly inquired. "Didn't he have funny looks? What kind from hats was it?"

His adored auntie, instead of answering, threw herself face downward upon the bed behind the door in a wild paroxysm of weeping. The boy was beside her in a moment, apologizing, explaining, comforting. Deftly and tenderly he removed her hat and jacket, murmuring the while:

"Don't you have sad feelings, auntie. Don't you cry. I guess maybe I don't know what is stylish hats for mans. I guess it was awful tony hat, only I ain't never seen none like it. Don't you have sad feelings over your fellow. He's a awful nice fellow."

Gradually Esther's sobs ceased, and she allowed herself to be soothed and quieted by Morris' endearments and caresses, and when the elder Mogilewskys returned from scenes of revelry, they found aunt and nephew asleep and peaceful.

Weeks went by; they grew to months, and no word came from Isaac. He had evidently deserted Esther, whose sorrow gradually changed to resentment. Why, she asked herself, did he not write to her? Why make no sign of love or remembrance? Slowly she came to believe that his farewell had been final, and slowly the vision of him, which in the first weeks of her bereavement had haunted the whole store, faded and died.

Mr. Goldstone was not an impetuous wooer. He had waited for his store, and was content to wait for Esther. He was patient, but assured. For what girl, he asked himself — and Esther, — could refuse the inducements he had to offer? "Some day," he would remark, "you can come in the store und buy all you want at half price — that is when you promise to marry mit me. Some day you come in the store und take all you want free — that is when you marry mit me."

After a time, too, home influence was brought to bear; for Morris, whose eye for romance was always keen, had informed his mother that Mr. Goldstone held his assistant in admiring and sentimental regard.

"Sooner he looks on her, sooner he has glad looks," Morris reported, "und sooner she looks on him, sooner he has proud looks. I guess, maybe, he could have kind feelings over her. Say, what you think, he gives me a necktie mit funny smells und a spot on it the whiles she's aunties mit me."

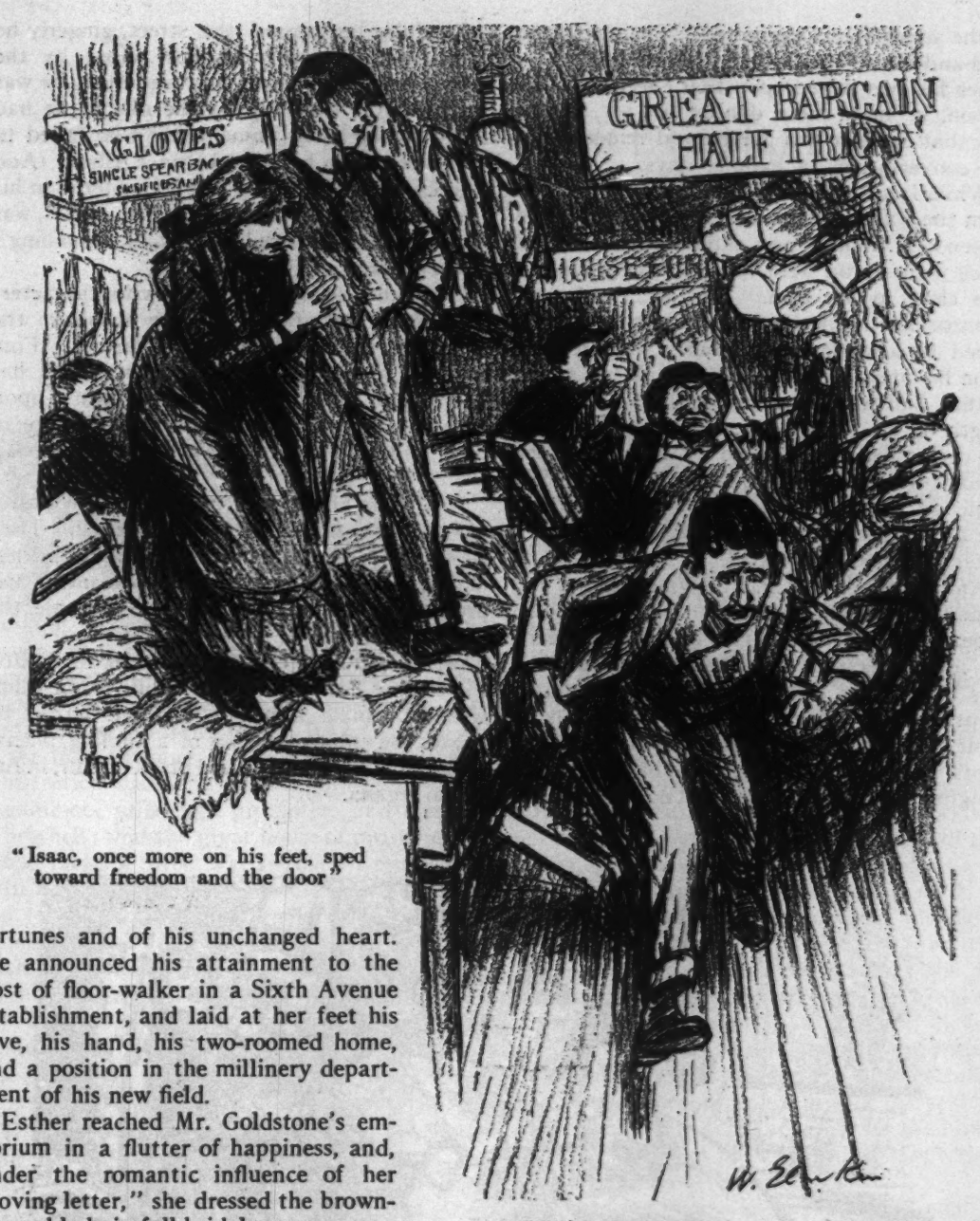
"Und how does your auntie make? Has she feelings?" asked the match-making Mrs. Mogilewsky.

"I couldn't to tell," answered Morris. "I don't know, even."

Neither did Mr. Goldstone. Neither, sometimes, did Esther. She didn't intend to spend her life in mourning for a faithless lover, and yet — and yet — But Mrs. Mogilewsky didn't approve of procrastination in an affair so important and so advantageous. She visited the Grand Street store; she invited the proprietor to spend an evening at her apartment. And Mr. Goldstone, divested of his derby and overcoat, — a guise in which Esther had never seen him, — proved so affable and was so devoted that Esther felt that it might be pleasant to put away all thoughts save those of duty, and to bestow this very powerful and desirable brother-in-law upon her house. Her dreams that night were all of pomp and pride. She saw herself released from daily toil and living in the four-roomed flat over the Grand Street store. Mr. Goldstone had promised to engage it for her as soon as another engagement should be agreed upon. And there, with all her wants supplied and all her wishes granted, she should live in peace and plenty. Should she do it, she wondered, should she do it?

On the next morning Morris, on an early visit to the bakery, met the long-lost Isaac, and came tearing back to his auntie with a letter. "He sees me on the block," he panted. "He's awful stylish now, und he says like this: 'Ain't your auntie got no letters from me?' Und I says, 'No.' Und he says — 'scuse me — 'Damn Goldstone! I writes your auntie whole bunches of lovin' letters. I guess Goldstone don't gives them to her when she comes by the store.' Sooner he gives me a quarter und this letter to you."

The letter was a masterpiece. The eloquence which had once swayed thousands was centered now upon one. In flights of adjectives and flocks of capital letters, Isaac poured out his heart. He upbraided Esther for her disregard of his devotion, her unresponsiveness to his former appeals. He told her of his altered



"Isaac, once more on his feet, sped toward freedom and the door"

fortunes and of his unchanged heart. He announced his attainment to the post of floor-walker in a Sixth Avenue establishment, and laid at her feet his love, his hand, his two-roomed home, and a position in the millinery department of his new field.

Esther reached Mr. Goldstone's emporium in a flutter of happiness, and, under the romantic influence of her "loving letter," she dressed the brown-browed lady in full bridal array.

Mr. Goldstone, arriving somewhat later, and still under the spell of the evening's joy, added the finishing touch. Sending Esther to the cellar upon some improvised errand, he plucked off the bridal veil and wreath, twisted the black locks into a hard knot, substituted an auburn wig from his stock of "human hair goods, all naturally curled," readjusted the veil and wreath, and awaited Esther's return. That she was moved, he could not doubt. That she didn't wish to be kissed was also made clear to him, and from this disinclination he could not move her, even by his gracious assurance that she might wear that identical costume "as is" upon their nuptial day. He was puzzled and disappointed, but quite determined to secure his reward before she should leave the shop that evening.

Meanwhile Isaac, that impetuous lover, had determined not to trust to a written reply, but to venture bravely into the enemy's country and to watch for his divinity that evening outside the Grand Street shop. To that end he secured a half-hour's grace from his new concern and cautiously approached the scene of his joys and sorrows. From the opposite side

of the street he reconnoitered. There was the gold-and-black sign, there the smiling lady. When his eyes rested upon that cheerful young person, he could have danced for joy, for he saw that her hair was golden and remembered the conversations of happier days.

While Isaac was drawing blissful conclusions from the golden hair above the dark eyes of the waxen lady, another pair of dark eyes, wide and black with terror, were fixed on the distorted face close to her own. For Mr. Goldstone, transformed by desire and passion and maddened by a whole day's rebuffs, was creeping upon his prey, determined to break her spirit. Esther had retreated before him the whole length of the shop, and now stood at bay in the corner between the wooden backing of the window-space and the jewelry counter. She could go no further; he was between her and the door. Escape was impossible, and Isaac's letter lay upon her heart.

And outside Isaac was dodging wagons and imperiling his life among horse-cars in a vain endeavor to catch a glimpse of his sweetheart. He could see clearly into the shop, for the door was unobscured, but it seemed unaccountably empty. There were the high-piled bargain tables, there the hanging samples of ladies' and gents' attire, the glittering heaps of tinware, the dangling rainbows of ribbon, but not a sign of life.

Carefully he crossed the street, gingerly he approached, promptly he was seized by the strong Italian puller-in, and vigorously he was dragged into the shop by the official he had added to the establishment, but who failed to recognize him in his official Prince Albert. And then Esther was yielding to wild hysterics in his arms, while the Italian, with Celtic curses, was shaking Mr. Goldstone like a rat, and "landing" wherever land might be.

"Ye ould devil," he cried, with characteristic Latin warmth, "I'd loike to shake the black heart out of yer black carcass. Find her hat, my boy — find the poor child's hat — and put some of those fancy fixin's upon her. We'll have the weddin' this minute of time, and I'll lock this swine in here till it's over."

And by an alien power, without pomp or ceremony, Isaac and Esther were married. They were attended by that most sustaining of bridesmaids, most encouraging of groomsmen, and proudest of witnesses — Terrence O'Toole, the Italian puller-in.

Mr. Goldstone's emporium is now for Gents' Furnishing *Exclusively*, but his life is not quite without female influence. In his garret he enjoys the companionship of a smiling, placid, silent lady, black of eye and black of hair, in full bridal regalia.

THE FIGHT FOR REFORM IN SAN FRANCISCO

BY

GEORGE KENNAN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

WHEN Mayor Schmitz came before the voters of San Francisco as a candidate for reëlection on the Labor-Union ticket, in the fall of 1905, it was perfectly well known to the reading and thinking people of the city that Ruef, the Mayor, and the members of the municipal boards were blackmailers, extortioners, and thieves. It had been clearly shown by the report of the Andrews Grand Jury,* as well as by the investigations of the press, that the administration made a business of selling immunity to gamblers, prize-fight promoters, and keepers of brothels; that the great house of prostitution at 620 Jackson Street was virtually a municipal institution; that the police were giving protection to notorious criminals and taking money therefor; that the municipal boards were blackmailing law-breakers and compelling honest men to pay tribute; that the work of the city was given to dishonest contractors who divided their illegal profits with the officials who permitted them to steal; and that, with the exception of the Board of Supervisors,† every branch of the city government was shamelessly and almost defiantly corrupt.

In order to deal effectively with this intolerable state of affairs, the best men in the Republican and Democratic parties determined to lay aside, temporarily, all political considerations, and to unite in opposition to the gang of thieves who had obtained control of the municipal government and who were seeking reëlection as candidates of the Labor-Union party. In 1905, therefore, they nominated a fusion ticket, headed by a young Republican lawyer named John S. Partridge, and went to the people on a non-political issue and on a platform of honesty and reform.

Inasmuch as the combined Republican and Democratic vote in 1903 exceeded the Labor-Union vote by more than six thousand, the supporters of the new movement felt confident that they would have strength enough to defeat the corrupt Ruef-Schmitz administration at the polls; but, unfortunately, the workingmen of the city ignored the moral aspect of the contest, and chose to regard the campaign as a fight between capital and labor, or, at least, as a struggle in which the economic questions involved were far more important than the moral questions. They believed that the association of employers known as the Citizens' Alliance, which supported the Fusion ticket, was using the cry of "graft" merely as a means of dividing and disrupting the Labor-Union party; and, in order to prevent such disruption, they determined to stand together for their own Mayor, regardless of charges against him which might or might not be true.

One working-man, who was fairly representative of thousands, argued the question in this way: "Under the present administration business has improved, wages have advanced, and we have all been prosperous. Skilled workmen who before the election of Mayor Schmitz were earning only from three to five dollars a day are now getting from five to seven dollars. As for graft — there has always been graft; but nobody has ever made a howl about it until now, when our administration happens to be in power. Why didn't the capitalist employers say something about it before, when they were getting the plums? Ruef may be

* The grand jury, headed by Mr. T. P. Andrews, was impaneled December 10, 1904, and discharged August 19, 1905. It was an honest and intelligent body of men, and it gave to the public a trustworthy and accurate description of municipal conditions, supported by a mass of incriminating facts; but, owing mainly to a lack of money, it was unable to engage a competent force of detectives, and therefore failed to get legal evidence upon which Ruef and Schmitz could be indicted. The jury had no doubt whatever of their guilt, but could not prove it.

† Prior to the election of 1905 most of the supervisors were honest and intelligent men. The Mayor's power of appointment had given him complete control of the Police Commission, the Board of Public Works, and the Board of Health; but, owing to discrimination against many of the Labor-Union candidates for supervisors in the elections of 1901 and 1903, a majority of the men elected on that board were honest Republicans or Democrats.

making money on the side, but he is taking it from people who can afford to pay; his hand isn't in our pockets." The same idea was expressed, in a slightly different form, by the wife of a skilled workman: "I don't care how much they steal, so long as my husband gets good wages. They're not stealing from us."

The feeling among the laboring men was that the administration had promoted their interests; that even if Ruef and the members of the executive boards were corrupt, the money which they illegally received came out of the pockets of people who were abundantly able to pay; and that, granting the truth of the charges made by the Andrews Grand Jury and the press, grafting was not a new thing, and it was better, on the whole, to ignore or tolerate it than to disturb the conditions which made for high wages and business prosperity.

Influenced by such considerations as these, the working-men of the city voted, almost unanimously, for Mayor Schmitz; but they probably would not have been able to reëlect him if they had not had the support of the Roman Catholics; most of the Jews; hundreds of corporations, firms, and business men who expected to be able to buy illegal privileges from a dishonest administration; and thousands of saloon-keepers, brothel proprietors, prize-fight promoters, pool-sellers, and gamblers, to whom Ruef, Schmitz, and the Police Commissioners were secretly affording facilities or giving protection.

The Roman Catholics favored Schmitz because he appointed many of their people to office and gave to their fairs and charities money that he obtained by sharing the earnings of prostitutes; most of the six thousand Jewish voters supported him, partly because they knew that they could buy favors from him and partly because he had allied himself with a boss of their own race; and all of the saloon-keepers, brothel proprietors, prize-fight promoters, pool-sellers, and gamblers worked enthusiastically for him because he permitted them to violate law and gave them a "wide-open" town.

Schmitz in Absolute Control

Against this powerful combination of labor-unions, selfish merchants, Jews, Roman Catholics, houses of prostitution, pool-rooms, gambling-dens, and more than three thousand saloons, the honest men of the Fusion party could make little headway; and when the polls closed and the votes were counted, it was found that the Labor-Union men and their allies had made a clean sweep.

Not only had they reëlected Schmitz by a greatly increased majority,* but, to the surprise even of their own leaders, they had given the Mayor, for the first time, complete control of the Board of Supervisors, and had elected, as members of that body, the most ignorant, venal, and generally disreputable lot of men that ever disgraced an American city. One of them was a hack-driver; another drove a beer-wagon; a third was drummer in the orchestra of the Tivoli Theater; and the others were a carpenter, a pressman, a plumber, a machinist, a piano-polisher, an electrician, a dentist, a baker, an editor of a small labor-union paper, a grocery-man, a saloon-keeper, and three or four ward politicians. The only members of the new board who had education and even elementary acquaintance with municipal affairs were Gallagher the lawyer, Boxton the dentist, Rea the editor, Duffey the plumber, and Sanderson, the son of an ex-mayor of the city. Gallagher afterward became chairman of the finance committee and acted as mayor when Schmitz went to Europe, and Duffey was subsequently made president of the Board of Public Works.

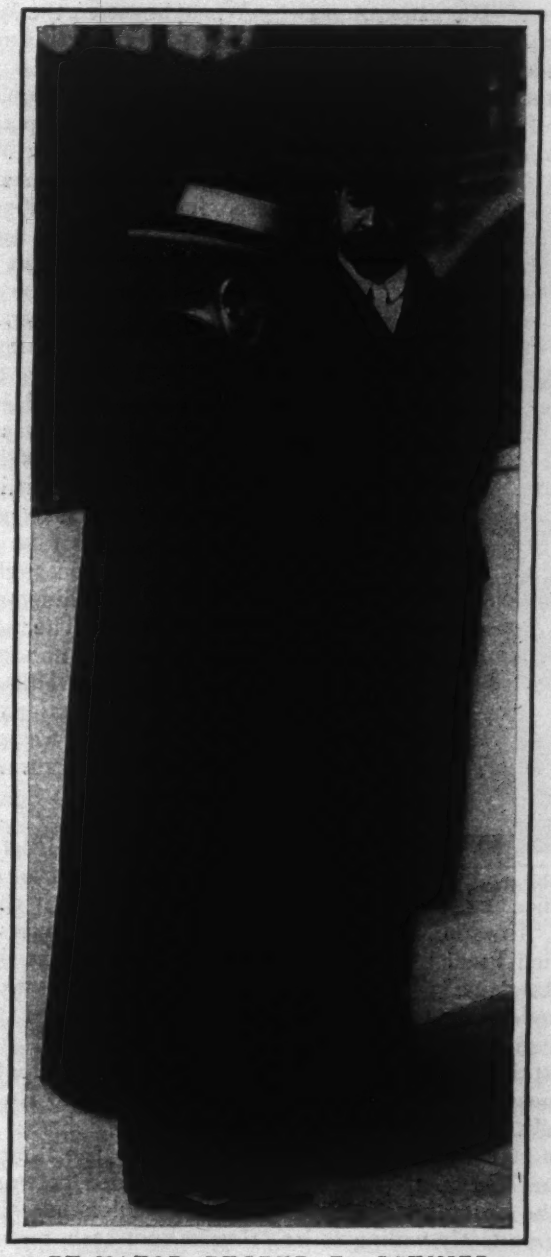
The mere fact that most of these supervisors were manual laborers is not in any way discreditable to them; but the management of the business of a great city requires education, training, good judgment, and high administrative ability, and such attainments and mental capacities are not to be found, as a rule, among hack-drivers, saloon-keepers, carpenters, plumbers, and machinists. Manual laborers may be honest and well-meaning, but they have neither the experience nor the intellectual equipment which is necessary in dealing with the difficult and complex problems of municipal government. The supervisors chosen in 1905, moreover, were not even honest; and Gavin McNab wittily said that all the burglar-alarms in the city rang of their own accord when the election of the whole Labor-Union ticket was announced.

In justice to the manual laborers of the city, however, it is only fair to say that the election of this incompetent and dishonest Board of Supervisors was mainly due, not to deliberate choice on their part, but to the use, for the first time, of voting-machines. In the two previous elections,

* The vote for mayor in the three elections that followed the organization of the Labor-Union party was as follows:

1901	
Labor-Union	21,776
Republican and Democratic combined	30,365
Republican and Democratic majority	8,589
1903	
Labor-Union	26,016
Republican and Democratic combined	32,099
Republican and Democratic majority	6,083
1905	
Labor-Union	40,191
Republican and Democratic combined (Fusion)	28,687
Labor-Union majority	11,504

a large number of Labor-Union men exercised discrimination by scratching their tickets and voting for Republican or Democratic supervisors whom they preferred to their own. In the election of 1905 they did not do this, for the reason that they were not familiar with the new machines. They were allowed only two minutes each for the act of voting, and they feared that if they hurriedly pulled or pushed certain levers, in an attempt to substitute Republican or Democratic candidates for their own, they might make mistakes which would defeat their purposes and possibly invalidate their ballots. Nine tenths of them, therefore, voted the straight Labor-Union ticket, regardless of their objections to many of the Labor-Union candidates, and the result of this was to give Ruef and Schmitz complete control of the Board of Supervisors — a control which they had never before had.



EX-MAYOR EUGENE E. SCHMITZ

Encouraged by the evidence of popular approval and support which the result of the election seemed to furnish, the Mayor and his boss not only continued to protect vice, sell privileges, and hold up men who needed licenses or permits, but devised new and bolder methods of intimidation, extortion, and fraud.

The Mayor, for example, secretly went into partnership with a wholesale liquor firm known as the Hilbert Brothers' Mercantile Company, and agreed to use his position and his power over the Police Commission as a means of putting the company's whisky into the saloons of the city. For such service he was to receive a commission of fifty dollars a barrel, and this sum he agreed to divide with Thomas Reagan, one of the Police Commissioners, if the latter would act as the company's agent and assist him in subjecting the saloon-keepers to pressure. The Hilbert Brothers' Mercantile Company then made contracts with Eastern distillers for thousands of barrels of whisky, at prices ranging from fifty-two to eighty-five cents a gallon, in bond, and this liquor the Mayor and the Police Commission compelled the saloon-keepers to take, at three dollars and three dollars and a half per gallon, duty paid. The company did not require the retail dealers to pay cash for the whisky, but took their notes, at from thirty to ninety days, and presented each of them with a small amount of its stock as a sort of gift or reward. The notes were then discounted in the Western National Bank.

The saloon-keepers, of course, dared not refuse to take the Hilbert whisky, because their liquor licenses had to be renewed every three months, and if they should insist upon their right to buy where they chose they might be forced out of business. Many if not most of them were constantly violating municipal regulations by selling drink to minors, by maintaining side entrances, or by affording facilities to gamblers, bunco-men, and thieves, and it was easy for the Police Commissioners to charge them with these offenses and hold up their licenses. There was no possibility of evasion or

escape, because Schmitz was virtually a partner in the Hilbert Company; Ruef was its legal counsel at a salary of five hundred dollars a month; and Reagan, a Police Commissioner, was its agent and salesman. The situation was that described in Western slang as "a cinch." If nothing unforeseen had happened, the corrupt officials of the administration would probably have made a fortune out of this one "deal"; but the earthquake and fire in April, 1906, put a stop to the sale of liquor; the Hilbert Brothers' Mercantile Company was unable to meet its contracts and went into bankruptcy; and Ruef and Schmitz had to be satisfied with the money that they had made up to that time. The facts and papers in the case were discovered by the fire-insurance adjusters when they investigated the affairs and opened the safe of the Hilbert Company.

The whisky deal was only one of many similar transactions. By using the power of the Police Commission as a means of intimidation, the Mayor and his confederates forced saloons and houses of ill fame to sell or use the champagne of the Hilbert Company; the beer of Fire Commissioner Wreden; the cigars of Police Commissioner Drinkhouse; and the saloon crockery of Police Commissioners Poheim and O'Grady; and upon all of this merchandise they received a commission.

The Famous "French Restaurants" Case

But they were not satisfied with a mere commission business, profitable though it might be. In scores of cases they resorted to direct blackmail, and extorted large sums of money from saloon-keepers and restaurant proprietors by directing the Police Commission to hold up their liquor licenses. In 1905, for example, they accused the so-called French restaurants — "Delmonico's," "Marchand's," the "Bay State," the "Old Poodle Dog," the "New Poodle Dog," the "Pup," "Frank's," and others — of renting up-stairs bedrooms for improper and illegal purposes.

The accusation was fully justified by the facts, but it was not made in the interest of public morality. Ruef and the Mayor, at that very time, were sharing in the profits of notorious brothels, and they were perfectly willing to let the restaurant proprietors make such use as they chose of their up-stairs bedrooms, provided they paid for the privilege. But they *must* pay, and the charge of immorality was merely a plausible excuse for threatening them with the liquor-license club. As the restaurant-men had hundreds of thousands of dollars invested in their business, and as the holding up of their licenses was ruinous to them, they were soon forced to come to terms. In January, 1905, they consented to pay Ruef a "counsel fee" of ten thousand dollars for two years' protection, and Ruef shared the money with Schmitz, who had agreed to assist him in the transaction.

When, however, the Mayor undertook to play his part in this blackmailing scheme, he ran against an obstruction. Reagan and Hutton, two of the four Police Commissioners who had assisted in holding up the restaurants, refused to change front at the Mayor's command; and in order to get the licenses renewed, and thus keep faith with Ruef's clients, Schmitz reorganized the Police Commission by putting Poheim in as chairman and dismissing Hutton upon the charge of having had immoral relations with a young girl. As Hutton made no defense, it was presumed that he had fallen into a trap set for him by Ruef and the police, and that he allowed himself to be removed simply because he was afraid to resist.

This explanation of his behavior is more or less conjectural, but it is certain that when the Mayor determined to remove him, he had him watched, and that he availed himself of the Commissioner's entanglement with the young girl, even if he did not directly or indirectly bring it about. The incident is interesting and significant as an illustration of administration methods. With Hutton out of the way, Schmitz had a majority of one in the Police Commission, and was able to get the licenses of the French restaurants renewed.

$250,000 a Year for "rotection"

The sums which Ruef and the Mayor extorted from these restaurants, however, were small in comparison with the amounts which they received from houses of prostitution and gambling-dens. The brothel at 712 Pacific Street paid for protection $440 a week, or about $23,000 a year; and the "Municipal Crib," at 620 Jackson Street, turned over one quarter of its profits, or about $40,000 a year. The money was paid to Ruef by Richard Creighton for the Pacific Street house, and by George Maxwell for the "Municipal Crib," and was equally divided between Ruef and the Mayor.

The gamblers in Chinatown paid for protection a spot-cash premium of $18,000 and a regular tribute of $1,000 a week, or $70,000 for the first year.

The pool-sellers of the city paid $20,000 a month during the racing season, or about $120,000 a year, and the association of athletic clubs known as the Prize-Fight Trust bought protection at $20,000 a year.

The earthquake and fire interfered for a time with these payments, and the blackmailers did not receive as much money as they had

anticipated; but the sums above specified were those originally agreed upon.

It thus appears that from the French restaurants, the two houses of prostitution, the gamblers of Chinatown, the pool-sellers, and the Prize-Fight Trust, Ruef and the Mayor received, or were to receive, annually more than a quarter of a million dollars. But this was the revenue from only a part of the field that they were exploiting.

A well-known lawyer of San Francisco, who for many years has had a wide and accurate knowledge of municipal affairs, estimates that the graft in the Police Department alone was at least $500,000 a year, and may have reached $1,000,000. To this sum must be added the money received or extorted through the Board of Public Works from builders, contractors, and theater-owners; the money made by paying exorbitant rents for municipal offices, after the fire; the bribes received from business men who wanted special and often illegal privileges; and the money stolen by such fictitious and fraudulent municipal bureaus as the "Commissary Department" and the "City Commercial Company"—bureaus organized in violation of law and maintained for the sole purpose of robbery. And even this is not all.

When the administration got control of the municipal boards in 1904, Ruef began to act as attorney for individuals and groups of individuals who had dealings with the city, or who wished to secure privileges or permits. Personally, he had no more power or legal ability than any other lawyer; but, through his corrupt alliance with the Mayor, he became a sort of municipal dictator; and if a business firm or a corporation wanted a contract, a theater permit, or a spur-track privilege, it went directly to him, engaged him ostensibly as legal counsel, and paid him in accordance with the importance or value of the favor desired. In some cases he received a lump sum for a specified transaction, while in others he was engaged as general counsel with a salary of from five to twelve thousand dollars a year. The fees which he earned in this way he divided with Schmitz, because Schmitz was the only man who could manipulate the boards and get the official action or decision for which payment had been made.

Corporations Engage Ruef as "Special Counsel"

In 1906, when the Mayor got control of the supervisors as well as the boards, Ruef's services as counsel were sought, for the first time, by wealthy and powerful corporations. The Home Telephone Company and the United States Independent Telephone Company wanted a chance to compete with the Pacific States Telephone Company, which was then in undisputed possession of the San Francisco field; the street-car company known as the United Railroads sought to get a franchise which would give it the right to use overhead electric trolleys instead of wire cables; the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company desired an ordinance which would authorize it to charge consumers of gas eighty-five instead of seventy-five cents per thousand feet; and a group of real-estate speculators who were incorporated as the Parkside Realty Company wished a franchise for a street-railway which would give the public access to their suburban property.

ABRAHAM RUEF

Political Boss of San Francisco

All of these corporations proceeded at once to engage Ruef as special counsel; and as the ordinances or franchises which they wished to obtain would be immensely valuable to them, they did not hesitate to offer him tens of thousands and in some cases hundreds of thousands of dollars for his services and "influence." The Pacific States Telephone Company paid him to help keep rival companies out, and the Home Telephone Company paid him for helping to get a franchise that would enable it to come in. He took large "fees" from both, and then

betrayed and threw overboard the one from which he had received least. The Gas and Electric Company paid him for the eighty-five-cent gas ordinance, and the United Railroads and Parkside companies made deals with him for their franchises.

By the terms of the bargains that he made with these corporations, he received from them, in the aggregate, nearly half a million dollars, and this sum he shared with the Mayor and the Board of Supervisors. The money was paid to him ostensibly as a lawyer, and for legal services; but, inasmuch as every one of these corporations already had its own attorney, the thing really purchased was favorable action of the Mayor and supervisors on measures pending before them. In other words, the corporations bought what Ruef had to sell, and they were probably well aware, when they began negotiations with him, that they were buying ordinances and franchises, and not paying a lawyer for legal advice. One of them — the Parkside Realty Company — attempted to conceal its purchase of a franchise by means of a fictitious transaction in real estate. It paid Ruef thirty thousand dollars, and then entered that sum in its books, not as a counsel fee, but as money paid for two tracts of land which it pretended to have bought from two men interested in the Parkside property. This, in itself, is sufficient to show that the company knew the real nature of its bargain with Ruef, and that it was not paying, in good faith, for legal advice.

A City of Universal Graft

One of the most noticeable differences between graft in San Francisco and graft in Eastern cities is to be found in the nature and variety of the methods employed. In New York, under Boss Tweed, the frauds were mainly in municipal contracts; in St. Louis, the aldermen made money chiefly through the corrupt sale of privileges and franchises. In San Francisco, Ruef, Schmitz, and their allies took toll everywhere, from everybody, and in almost every imaginable way. They went into partnership with dishonest contractors; sold privileges and permits to business men; extorted money from restaurants and saloons; levied assessments on municipal employees; shared the profits of houses of prostitution; forced beer, whisky, champagne, and cigars on restaurants and saloons on commission; blackmailed gamblers, pool-sellers, and promoters of prize-fights; sold franchises to wealthy corporations; created such municipal bureaus as the Commissary Department and the City Commercial Company in order to make robbery of the city more easy; leased rooms and buildings for municipal offices at exorbitant rates and compelled the lessors to share profits; held up milkmen, kite-advertisers, junk-dealers, and even street-sweepers; and took bribes from everybody who wanted an illegal privilege or exemption and who was willing to pay for it. The motto of the administration seemed to be: "Encourage dishonesty, and then let no dishonest dollar escape."

If graft in San Francisco had been confined to the operations of Ruef, Schmitz, and the higher authorities, it would have been bad enough, but the spirit of selfishness and greed pervaded every branch of the municipal government. Tempted and corrupted by the example and the success of the Mayor, hundreds of clerks, police officers, and petty officials began to graft on their own account, and before the end of 1906 the whole municipal administration from top to bottom was rotten. The police force, in particular, was so demoralized and so corrupt that it might almost be said to constitute a distinct criminal class.

It contained, originally, a large number of capable officers and honest men; but under the direction of Chief Dinan, who was himself a grafter and an associate of pickpockets and thieves, it lost not only its efficiency but its sense of honor, and instead of protecting the public by enforcing the laws, it devoted itself mainly to making money by allowing gamblers, pool-sellers, brothel-keepers, and prostitutes to break the laws. Its honest officers and men tried, at first, to do their duty; but the Police Commissioners, under the influence or direction of Ruef, interfered with their efforts to close illegal and immoral resorts; the police-court judges, allowing themselves to be swayed by selfish political considerations, released the prisoners whom they arrested;* two of the Superior courts restrained or hampered them with injunctions;† and even their own chief punished them for energetic and efficient action by transferring them to remote and unimportant precincts.

Discouraged by such opposition, a large number of them finally became convinced that dishonesty was the best policy, and that they would have most peace and make most money

* Police Captain Mooney, for example, presented to the courts fifty-seven cases of saloon-keepers who were illegally maintaining side entrances for women, but he was able to get only one conviction.

† The report of the Andrews Grand Jury shows that the gamblers of Chinatown were shielded for nine months by an injunction issued by Judge Carroll Cook of the Superior Court; that the house of ill fame at 1129 Dupont Street was protected for more than two years in the same way and by the same judicial officer; and that Judge Cook and Judge Hebbard restrained the police from interfering with eight houses of prostitution on Belden Street, and with the great brothel on Jackson Street popularly known as the "Municipal Crib." Judge Cook, furthermore, granted one hundred and sixty-nine writs of habeas corpus for the release of persons whom the police had arrested on criminal charges.
"Report of the Andrews Grand Jury," pp. 154–156.

J. F. DINAN

Chief of Police of San Francisco

by shutting their eyes and holding out their hands. They began, therefore, to take protection money from houses of ill fame, pool-rooms, gambling-dens, "fences," or shops that bought stolen goods, "deadfalls," or saloons where men were drugged and robbed, Barbary Coast dance-halls, "grottos," "nymphias," and vicious resorts of all kinds. In some cases, they even compounded felonies by taking a share of the money which criminals had stolen.

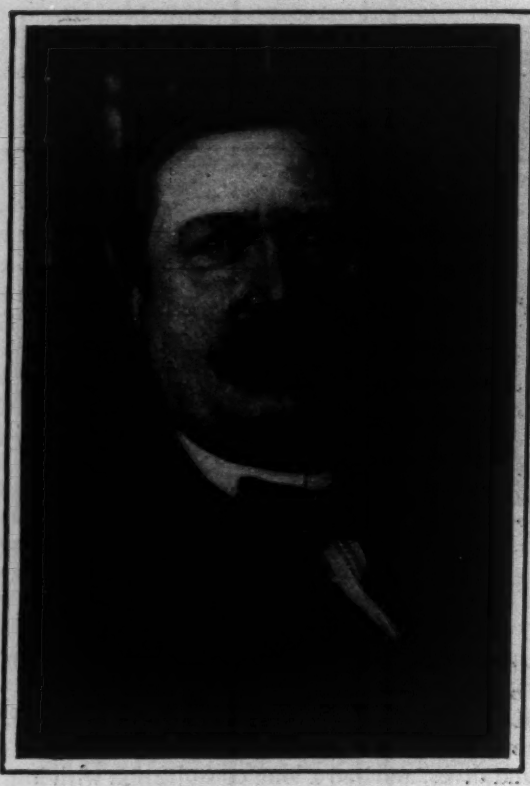
A Traveling Salesman's Experience of Police Protection

In the early part of 1906, a traveling salesman named Douglas, who represented the firm of Stevenson Pae & Co. of Glasgow, Scotland, came to San Francisco from Australia, in the course of a trip around the world. On the next day after his arrival, he got into conversation on Market Street with a man from whom he asked information with regard to the location of the San Francisco Mint. This chance acquaintance offered him a cigar, invited him to take a drink, and finally lured him into a "club," where he either drank too much or was drugged, and where, when he became insensible, he was robbed of a gold watch, a diamond pin, a letter of credit for five hundred pounds, and twenty-five hundred dollars in currency.

On the following day he went to the president of a fruit-canning company with which his firm had had business dealings, told the story of his misadventure, and asked for advice. The president went with him to police headquarters, where he made a statement of his case to Chief Dinan. The latter telephoned for Arthur E. Mack, a disreputable lawyer who acted as attorney for houses of ill fame, gambling-houses, and dives, and had a long consultation with him in a private room.

Mack then went out, and in half an hour returned, bringing the complainant's watch, diamond pin, and letter of credit. These things he offered to return if Douglas would put up with the loss of his twenty-five hundred dollars in currency and would take no further steps in the matter. Chief of Police Dinan strongly advised acceptance of this proposition, on the ground that if publicity were given to the scandal, Douglas would be disgraced and might lose more than the twenty-five hundred dollars in money. At any rate, this was the best that could be done. The unfortunate victim, who feared that the story, if it should get into the newspapers, would ruin him with his employers, finally agreed to the compromise and took what he could get.

It is evident, of course, that if Dinan and Mack knew where to find the watch, diamond pin, and letter of credit, they also knew where to look for the twenty-five hundred dollars in currency; and it was the opinion of the president of the canning company that the Chief of Police and the attorney for the dives received from the robbers a share of the cash proceeds of the robbery. In point of criminality, the transaction was little worse than taking protection money from such law-breakers as gamblers, pool-sellers, and proprietors of brothels, and this the Chief of Police did constantly.



WILLIAM J. BURNS
Chief detective in the graft investigations

Looters Blackmailed by the Police Department after the Earthquake

In the summer of 1906, after the earthquake and fire, Dinan and a large part of the police force went into the business of blackmailing looters and dealers in half-burned junk stolen from the ruins of the city. The property destroyed or injured in the great conflagration was valued at four hundred million dollars, and a considerable part of it consisted of brass or copper, which, even in a defaced or melted form, was salable. In the early summer, hundreds of looters began to dig in the ruins of the burned buildings for valuable metals and for merchandise that had not been wholly consumed.

It was the business of the police, of course, to prevent robbery of this kind and to protect, as far as possible, the property-owners; but, instead, Dinan and a large number of his subordinates gave protection to the looters, blackmailed the junk-dealers, and shared the profits of both. Honest police officers tell me that between May and December, 1906, metal junk to the value of at least three million dollars was taken out of the ruins by looters and shipped to markets on the Pacific coast and in the East. This is probably an underestimate, because officials of the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe railroads report that they handled more than three million dollars' worth of such junk, and large quantities were shipped to Seattle and other coast ports by water.

The business was so profitable, and under the protection of the police so safe, that even lawyers and merchants went into it, and junk-dealers were willing to pay from three to five thousand dollars each for the privilege of buying and selling looted brass and copper without molestation. One junk-dealer, who had a lot of stolen brass on hand, and who thought that he could outwit the police and avoid payment of blackmail, conceived the idea of buying a comparatively small quantity that had not been stolen and getting a bill of sale of it. Then, when he wanted to dispose of the looted brass, he could ship it with the smaller quantity legitimately bought, and show the bill of sale, if necessary, as proof that he had come into possession of it honestly. While he was making preparations for shipment, Dinan sent for him and said: "Where did you get the brass that you are about to ship?" The junk-dealer replied that he had bought it, and showed the bill of sale. "That won't do," said the Chief of Police. "You didn't buy all that brass from the dealer in metals and plumbers' supplies who gave you that bill." It ended in Dinan's holding him up for two thousand dollars. The Chief of Police wouldn't take a check, and the junk-dealer had to get currency from a bank in Oakland.

A captain of police who has remained honest, and who, for that reason, has repeatedly had trouble with Dinan, tells me that the police farmed out territory to thieves by specified metes and bounds and collected what was equivalent to rent. For a certain number of lots, or blocks, a looter paid, every month, a certain proportionate sum; and then he went boldly to his leased area with men and wagons, and dug out and carried away all the valuable metal that he could find.

In order to prevent this, a friend of the writer stationed a private watchman at the ruins of his canning factory, but without avail. Looters came with wagons and carried away, among other things, four large copper kettles weighing five hundred pounds apiece. When the watchman appealed to the police patrolman who was on duty in that quarter and asked him to arrest the thieves, the officer said: "Aw, let 'em take 'em! If they don't, somebody else will." No arrests were ever made and the kettles were never recovered, although, of course, it would not have been difficult to find and identify copper kettles weighing five hundred pounds apiece.

In a few cases, honest police officers took thieves of this kind into the police-courts; but when the offenders declared that they were only teamsters and day-laborers who had been hired to do the work by men whom they supposed to be owners of the property, they were discharged.

It may seem incredible that, in a city of three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, looters could dig out and carry away, unobserved, three or four million dollars' worth of metal and damaged merchandise; but it must be remembered that in the burned area of nearly five square miles there were ruins of more than twenty-five thousand buildings. If the seven hundred police of the city had been honest instead of dishonest, and efficient instead of inefficient, it would still have been extremely difficult for them to watch and protect the whole field, and it was manifestly impossible for the twenty-five thousand property-owners to do so. Men were often seen digging in the ruins and carrying stuff away; but the casual observer had no means of ascertaining whether such men were looters, or employees of the owners hired to clean up the premises; and when the police gave the thieves protection, they were comparatively safe, even though they might be working under the eyes of hundreds of people.

With the restoration of street-car transportation and the gradual extension of rebuilding operations, looting, as an industry, became more difficult and less profitable; but before it was finally abandoned it had brought fortunes to a large number of speculators in fire-junk, and had added very materially to the illegal gains of Chief Dinan and the police.

Why Schmitz Ruled San Francisco

San Francisco, in the fall of 1906, presented in some respects an extraordinary picture. On the one hand, there were tens of thousands of business men striving with courage, energy, and invincible determination to retrieve their misfortunes and rebuild the city, while, on the other hand, there was a shockingly corrupt municipal administration which protected criminals, blackmailed business enterprises, sold franchises, looted ruins, and went into partnership with brothel-keepers and thieves. On one side, the observer might see some of the highest and most admirable qualities of manhood displayed in energetic and heroic action, while on the other side there was an almost unparalleled exhibition of selfishness, greed, dishonesty, social depravity, and official corruption.

In view of this state of affairs, one naturally asks: How did it come about? If the business men of San Francisco showed such energy and determination in coping with the tremendous catastrophe of April 18th,—if they were able to reconstruct their wrecked and burned city at the rate of a new building every forty-five minutes,—why could they not overthrow a notoriously dishonest administration headed by a comparatively insignificant Jewish lawyer and a fiddler from the orchestra of the Columbia Theater? The heroic courage that could deal so effectively with a physical and material disaster ought also to have been capable of dealing successfully with a moral disaster. Why did it fail to do so?

RUDOLPH SPRECKELS

Financial backer of the prosecution

The answer to these questions is to be found in the domination of San Francisco by labor-unions, and in the unwillingness of the labor-union men to give up power for the sake of principle. They went into politics and formed the Labor-Union party in 1901 because they had been defeated in their long and desperate struggle with the Employers' Association, and because they hoped to recover at the polls the power which they had lost in the strike.

When they succeeded in attaining their object, they fell, unfortunately, into the hands of Ruef and Schmitz; and although many of them ultimately became convinced that they had fallen among thieves, they attributed much of

the prosperity that they were enjoying to their own acquisition of power, and they were not willing to disrupt their political organization, and perhaps lose their power, by turning down their own representatives — dishonest though they might be — and going over to the opposition. They voted again for Schmitz, therefore, in 1905, notwithstanding the evidence of his dishonesty which had then been presented; and when they were reinforced by all the selfish, vicious, and criminal elements of the wide-open-town population, they made an army which was so powerful and so strongly intrenched that the forces of decency, honesty, and order could not defeat it.

Beginning the Fight for Reform

After the earthquake and fire, the best men of the city formed a citizens' Committee of Fifty which was honest, efficient, and representative; but as soon as the Mayor recovered from the paralyzing shock of the catastrophe, he dismissed this committee and formed another which was almost wholly controlled by Ruef. What, then, were the honest men of the city to do? They had been defeated at the polls by a coalition of labor and vice; their committee had been dismissed by a Mayor who did not want good government; their grand jury had failed to get evidence upon which to base legal proceedings against the official thieves; and there seemed to be no remedy for the existing evils except a resort to force. The workingmen of the city held the balance of power; they continued to give their support to a criminal administration; and it was by no means certain that, even in a physical struggle, they could be overthrown.

Discouraged by the apparent hopelessness of the situation, most of the honest men gave up the struggle and tried to adjust themselves to conditions that they could not change. Such was not the case, however, with all. Even before the earthquake, forces of regeneration were slowly gathering strength, and in the fall of 1906 a little group of men, including Fremont Older, Rudolph Spreckels, ex-Mayor Phelan, Francis J. Heney, and William J. Burns, began another fight for honesty, decency, and civic reform. The Andrews Grand Jury, despite its partial failure, had pointed out the only available method of attack, and that was by means of legal proceedings in the courts. The municipal reform must begin with criminal indictments, and legal evidence to support such indictments must be found.

Fremont Older and Rudolph Spreckels

The man who deserves most credit, perhaps, for giving a practical direction to the reform movement is Fremont Older, managing editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*. He was the first to warn Schmitz that an alliance with Ruef would be ruinous to him, and when the Mayor, in disregard of this warning, packed the municipal boards with venal men and began to use his official power to promote Ruef's corrupt money-making schemes, the *Bulletin* was one of the first papers to attack and denounce him.

When the Andrews Grand Jury was impaneled in December, 1904, and made a sincere and serious attempt to bring Ruef and Schmitz to justice, Older not only gave it vigorous and effective journalistic support, but coöperated personally with its foreman in the work of obtaining legal evidence against the thieves and blackmailers who were robbing and disgracing the city.

In the late summer or early fall of 1905 he became closely associated with Rudolph Spreckels, a young millionaire of high personal character, who hated civic dishonesty as much as Older did, but who had never before taken an active part in reform work. Mr. Spreckels conceived the idea of organizing a committee of citizens — a sort of unarmed vigilance committee — whose duty it should be to prevent or check administrative dishonesty by watching the officials of the city government, investigating their accounts, scrutinizing their acts, and giving publicity to the results of such supervision. Mr. Spreckels thought that he could find ten or fifteen men of influence and wealth who would consent to go into such a committee and aid in the establishment of a municipal bureau of scrutiny and investigation. After talking the matter over with Older and ex-Mayor Phelan, Mr. Spreckels, with their assistance, drew up a list of names of prominent business men, and himself undertook to secure their coöperation. A week or two later, however, he was forced to report that the plan could not be carried out, for the reason that no wealthy and representative men would go into it. The idea of an unarmed vigilance committee was then dropped, and nothing more was done until after the municipal election of 1905.

Heney Offers to Conduct Prosecution Without Pay

The complete triumph of the Labor-Union party in that election and the return of Mayor Schmitz by an overwhelming majority, made up largely of business men, was very discouraging to the Fusion reformers, and especially to Spreckels, Phelan, and Older; but they determined to continue the struggle, and in December of 1905 Older, after consultation with Phelan, went to Washington to see if he could

not get Francis J. Heney to undertake the work of prosecuting the grafters and bringing them to justice.

Heney, who was then engaged in an investigation of the Oregon land frauds, said that he would gladly conduct the legal fight against Schmitz and Ruef if he could be released from his duties and obligations to the government, and if he could have the assistance of William J. Burns, the federal detective who was already helping him in Oregon. With this promise, Older returned to San Francisco and reported to Spreckels, who then decided that he would back the prosecution financially, even if he should have to do it alone.

Early in February, 1906, Mr. Heney and Mr. Burns came to San Francisco, and Mr. Spreckels met them there for the first time. After a discussion of the situation, Mr. Spreckels said: "How much do you think it will cost, Mr. Heney, to make this fight and carry it to a finish?"

Heney replied: "Before we go into that, Mr. Spreckels, I should like to ask whether you understand and have fully considered the probable consequences of the action that you propose to take? You are, I assume, a novice in this sort of work, but Mr. Burns and I have had experience and we can tell you what is likely to happen to you. If you carry this fight through to a finish, without discrimination and without favor, you may ultimately find yourself up against men of wealth, power, and high social position. Some of them may even be your personal associates and friends. They will naturally turn against you, and in defending themselves they will do you all the harm they can. You must be prepared for loss of friends, injury to your business, false statements about your character and motives, and worries and annoyances of all kinds. You must even be ready to take the risk of assassination, because when men are threatened with the penitentiary and see no other way of escape they sometimes commit murder, or hire it done. Have you thought of all these things?"

Mr. Spreckels replied that he had thought of some of them and was fully prepared to take the risk of all.

"Very well," said Mr. Heney. "I'll join you, and we'll carry this prosecution just as far and just as high up as the evidence will take us. My estimate of the expense is one hundred thousand dollars."

"If you go into this work," said Mr. Spreckels, "I shall expect you to give it your undivided time and attention and your best energies. You'll have to abandon everything else and devote yourself exclusively to this business. Upon such conditions, what do you think your share of the hundred thousand dollars should be?"

To this Mr. Heney replied: "I don't want any share at all. If you — a man of wealth, a man who doesn't have to go into things of this kind — are willing to give it your time and your money, to sacrifice your comfort and, if necessary, your business and your friends, in order to put up a fight for honest government, I should be a poor sort of creature if I were not willing to make some sacrifice myself. I'll conduct this prosecution without pay." Then, with a smile, he added: "If a grateful city chooses to erect a monument over my grave when I'm dead, all right; it will be reward enough."

Spreckels' Committee of One

After this talk with Heney and Burns, Mr. Spreckels made another attempt to get the support of prominent citizens. He thought that if he could persuade twelve or fifteen wealthy and influential business men to organize a sort of good government club and contribute five or ten thousand dollars each to a civic reform fund, it would help to give the prosecution a representative character and add greatly to its strength. He soon discovered, however, that the business men of San Francisco were not willing to support, openly, a prosecution which threatened *all* wrong-doers, without exception, and which might strike as high as the office of the chief legal counsel of the Southern Pacific Railroad. They thought that something ought to be done, and they had no objection to the punishment of Schmitz and Ruef; but they were not prepared to attack powerful corporations, nor to investigate and prosecute without discrimination or limit. In short, they were afraid that their business would be injured; that their relations with others would be made unpleasant; or that their duty as members of the proposed committee would conflict with their obligations to men with whom they had been closely associated. Some of them were willing to give money, but they would do so only upon condition that their names should not be made public.

Mr. Spreckels finally abandoned the idea of organizing a citizens' committee, and in reporting his failure to Mr. Older said: "I can't get fifteen men, I can't get ten men, I can't even get five men. Now I'm going to form a committee of one — Rudolph Spreckels. They can't throw me down, and I'll guarantee the hundred thousand dollars for the expenses of this prosecution."

Heney Made Assistant District Attorney

In February, 1906, Mr. Spreckels and Mr. Burns secretly put detectives into the field and

FRANCIS J. HENEY

Assistant District Attorney and Special Prosecutor

began the search for legal evidence against Ruef, Schmitz, and the corrupt officials of the municipal government. The earthquake and fire in April interrupted the investigation, and it was not actively taken up again until Heney and Burns finished their work in Oregon and came to San Francisco in the fall of 1906. The first thing that then had to be done was to give Mr. Heney official standing by getting him appointed as Assistant District Attorney, so that he could act with authority as a legal representative of the State.

William H. Langdon, the District Attorney, had been elected on the Ruef-Schmitz ticket, and it was uncertain whether he would be willing to appoint, as his assistant, a man whose avowed purpose was to prosecute the Ruef-Schmitz administration. It so happened, however, that Mr. Langdon, at that time, was running for Governor of the State, as the candidate of William R. Hearst's Independence League, and that the manager of Mr. Hearst's campaign was J. J. Dwyer. Mr. Dwyer was in sympathy with the objects of the prosecution, and through his influence Langdon was induced to remove Assistant District Attorney Duke and appoint Mr. Heney in his place; and on the 24th of October Mr. Heney entered upon the discharge of his duties.

Foreseeing trouble as the result of this appointment, Mr. Ruef made a daring attempt, through the Board of Supervisors, to remove Langdon and get the latter's place for himself; but this move was promptly blocked by the courts.

Getting an Honest Grand Jury

The next thing of importance that had to be done was to get an honest grand jury, so that when the evidence against Schmitz and Ruef should be presented, it would be possible to secure indictments. In previous years, clerks and secretaries who acted as Ruef's confederates in the courts had often drawn grand jurymen of Ruef's own selection by putting rubber bands around the little slips of paper that bore their names, so that they could be distinguished, in the box, by the sense of touch. Before drawing them out the clerk would slip the rubber bands off, and an observer never would have suspected that any discrimination had been made. In order to prevent fraud of this kind, Mr. Heney insisted that the slips bearing the names should all be emptied out of the box upon a table, where they could be examined before the drawing took place.

The jury chosen was a fairly good one, even in the beginning; and as it gradually became acquainted with municipal affairs and conditions, as disclosed by Mr. Burns' investigations, it was so shocked and aroused, and its feeling of civic duty was so intensified, that, upon presentation of convincing evidence, its members would not have hesitated to indict their own brothers.

Before the end of the winter, its foreman, Mr. B. P. Oliver, said to one of his friends: "I realize, for the first time, that I have not been a good citizen. I have not taken much interest in politics; I have evaded jury duty when I could; and I have given myself up, for the most part, to the making of money: but since I have seen, in the grand jury room, what money will lead men to do, I have almost come to hate the rotten stuff. I don't care whether my children have any of it or not."

With the impaneling of an honest grand jury, the way was cleared for a vigorous and effective prosecution of all the grafters, blackmailers, extortioners, and bribers in the city; and with a good deal of public sympathy, but very little active support, except from the newspapers, three determined men began the fight against Ruef, the Mayor, the supervisors, the municipal boards, the sheriff, the police, and some of the

most wealthy and powerful corporations on the Pacific coast.

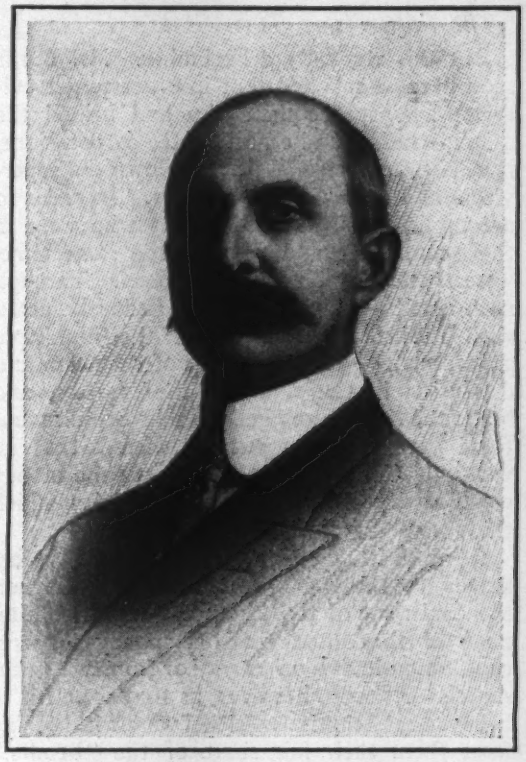
Burns' Great Feat of Detective Work

William J. Burns, who was a federal detective of eighteen years' experience, put a well-organized force of men into the field, and soon began to get circumstantial evidence which connected Ruef, Schmitz, and the municipal boards with all sorts of crooked transactions. However, he experienced the same trouble that the Andrews Grand Jury had had in tracing bribes and blackmail directly to the Mayor. The first man he secured who could furnish proof — or at least show where it might be found — was Frank Maestretti, ex-president of the Board of Public Works.

Maestretti was a political ward boss of the Tammany type, who had instigated or encouraged ballot-box stuffing in the Thirty-ninth Election District of San Francisco in 1904; who had been tried for subornation of perjury upon an indictment found by the Andrews Grand Jury; who had been acquitted through the tangling up of the witnesses for the State by counsel for the defense; and who had finally been appointed president of the Board of Public Works in place of the Mayor's brother.

In the Republican State Convention at Santa Cruz, in 1906, Maestretti incurred the displeasure of Ruef and Schmitz through alleged unfaithfulness; and when the Mayor went to Europe in the fall of that year, he left orders with Gallagher, who was to act as Mayor in Schmitz's absence, to punish Maestretti by removing him from office. This action greatly incensed Maestretti, partly because his position had given him many opportunities for graft, partly because the Mayor had promised, before he went away, that no change in the presidency of the Board of Works would be made.

While Maestretti was in this angry, resentful mood, he happened to meet Mr. Older of the *Bulletin*, and in talking with the latter about his (Maestretti's) removal from office he attributed it to the spite of Ruef. Older expressed the opinion that Maestretti had been deceived and betrayed not by Ruef alone, but by Schmitz as well; and when Maestretti doubted this, Older suggested that he cable the Mayor, who was then in London, and ask him whether the removal had been made by his order. Maestretti acted upon this suggestion, and when he received no answer to his telegram he became convinced that Schmitz had dealt treacherously with him, and had virtually stabbed him while pretending to be his friend. This made him more indignant than ever; and taking advantage skilfully of his anger and his desire to be revenged upon the Mayor and Ruef,



FREMONT OLDER

Editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*

Burns succeeded in prevailing upon him to give aid and information to the prosecution.

In this way Mr. Burns obtained the coöperation of a man who knew many of the secrets of the administration, and who could, therefore, suggest methods of getting legal evidence and designate persons from whom such evidence could be obtained.

Having thus broken into the ranks of the grafters, Mr. Burns worked so rapidly and so successfully that on the 30th of November, five weeks after the appointment of Mr. Heney as Assistant District Attorney, Ruef and Chief of Police Dinan were jointly indicted for conspiracy in selling protection to the house of prostitution at 712 Pacific Street; and Dinan, who had given false testimony before the grand jury in connection with the same house, was indicted alone for perjury. Just a week later, Schmitz and Ruef were arraigned in the Superior Court on five indictments charging them with felonious extortion of money from the French restaurants.

Thus in the first haul of the net of the prosecution were caught the three criminals who were chiefly responsible for the corruption of the municipal government, namely, the boss, the Mayor, and the Chief of Police.

The Supervisors Turn State's Evidence

But this was only a beginning. Mr. Burns soon became satisfied that in order to get evidence against the men who had bribed the administration, and especially the corporations, it would be necessary to break down the supervisors and force them to confess. In order to accomplish this, he used agents who were in their confidence and who, at the same time, were trusted by Schmitz and Ruef. Through such agents — men who had previously acted with the corrupt officials of the municipal government — he sowed seeds of suspicion and dissension in the ranks of the grafters, and made the supervisors believe that Schmitz and Ruef were "holding out on them," that is, were not dividing fairly with them the money received for ordinances and franchises which they were directed to pass or grant.

Ruef, at that time, was paying the bribe-money to the supervisors through Gallagher, the chairman of the Finance Committee, and none of them had received money for corrupt action in any other way or from any other source. As soon, however, as they were led to believe that Schmitz and Ruef were withholding from them their fair share of the "boodle," they determined to do a little business on their own account, and to pick up a few bribes which would not have to be divided with Ruef. But when they undertook to do this they were lost; because they were sure to fall, sooner or later, into one of the traps that Burns and his agents were setting for them.

The next move of the skilful and experienced detective was to inspire Schmitz with the belief that Maestretti, ex-president of the Board of Public Works, ex-Police Commissioner Poheim, and others, had gone over to the prosecution and were secretly working against him. This idea was supported by the action of Spreckels, Heney, and Burns in asking the Governor of the State to pardon two of Maestretti's men who had been sent to the penitentiary for ballot-box stuffing, and color was also given to it by paragraphs which appeared from time to time in the local newspapers stating that Maestretti was furnishing Heney and Burns with information.

Irritated by the discovery that these men were working against him, the Mayor cast about in his mind for some means of punishing them, and shortly hit upon the idea of striking at them through a roller-skating rink which they jointly owned and from which they were receiving a large revenue. He therefore caused to be laid before the Board of Supervisors an ordinance which provided that no girl under sixteen years of age should visit a skating-rink unless accompanied by her mother. This, on its face, looked like a measure framed in the interest of public morality; but inasmuch as the patrons of skating-rinks in San Francisco are largely young girls, the ordinance materially reduced the profits of Maestretti, Poheim, and Roy.

Agents of Burns, acting ostensibly in behalf of the proprietors of San Francisco skating-rinks generally, then opened negotiations with three of the supervisors — Lonergan, Boxton, and Walsh — and offered to give them five hundred dollars apiece if they would vote against the skating-rink ordinance.

Believing that Schmitz and Ruef were "holding out on them," and that, consequently, they were fully justified in making what they could by grafting on their own account, the three supervisors, one after another, expressed a willingness to be bribed.

Burns then rented a furnished house on Hyde Street; bored gimlet-holes in a door of the room that was to be used as a trap; arranged table and chairs in the way that they would be arranged when the supervisors should come there after their money; and then had a private rehearsal, in order to make sure that he and his secret-service men in the next room could see through the gimlet-holes, and hear through the door, when the money should be passed.

"Now, Tom," said one of Burns' men, addressing an empty chair before the trap had been set, "I'm giving you this five hundred dollars without the scratch of a pen, and I'm trusting to your word that you'll vote against that skating-rink ordinance." He then handed to the empty chair a package of bills. Burns and his men, concealed in the next room, found that they could see and hear perfectly.

The first supervisor to fall into the trap was Lonergan, who came alone, received five hundred dollars furnished by Mr. Spreckels, and went away without ever suspecting that his conversation with the briber had been overheard, or that the transfer of the money from hand to hand had been watched. Boxton and Walsh were then caught in the same way, and Lonergan was entrapped a second time, and then and there put under arrest, with the money in his possession. It was a comparatively easy matter, of course, to intimidate and break down Lonergan, and with the information which he furnished, and the proof already in hand, Burns overwhelmed Boxton and Walsh, and eventually extorted confessions from the other guilty supervisors of the board. Upon promise of immunity and protection, they all "came through," and furnished evidence upon which indictments were found against the telephone companies, the United Railroads, and the other bribing corporations.

MRS. TREMLEY

BY

MARY STEWART CUTTING

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE STORIES OF COURTSHIP," "LITTLE STORIES OF MARRIED LIFE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATION BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

YOUNG Mrs. Lorimer Grant's mother, Mrs. Tremley, stood opposite the oval mirror of the dressing-table in her rose-hung room, pinning on her hat with fingers that shook a little; she was going to see the one person on whose intimate sympathy and help she could rely in the present emergency — her friend Miss Westmore, who had arrived the night before, from the town which had until lately been the home of both, on a visit to a widowed brother.

Mrs. Tremley's hat was a pretty one; even in her wretchedness, with the tears running uncontrollably down her cheeks, she was forlornly conscious that it *was* pretty, and was automatically careful to get it on straight. It would have added the last straw if she had had to wear ugly things. To a woman of middle age a hat is a crucial thing — if it doesn't absolutely soften and adorn, it accentuates every ravaging mark that time has made. Mrs. Tremley's hats were triumphs in their way. They were always soft and misty, with little gleams and velvety shadows in them, which appropriately framed her delicate face and curling grayish locks.

They would have been a triumph for any woman, and when you knew how little money she spent on them, they were a marvel. Mrs. Tremley's income came in a tiny check each month from a Woman's Exchange for which she privately hemmed table-linen in her beautiful napery stitch — such a tiny check that most people wouldn't have considered it an "income" at all; but it had been her portion to contribute to the general fund when Trina was the wage-earner and the two had lived alone together, and it saved her self-respect now. She wasn't wholly dependent on her newly married daughter and her son-in-law, even if she had to accept her board and lodging from them. She hadn't minded doing that at first Hadn't she and Trina always been together? But lately — how was it possible that it was her own child who had dealt the blow? She was afraid to think, for fear a dagger would stab her to the heart.

She hastily dried her tears and pulled the little veil down over her face as Trina came suddenly into the room.

"Going over to see Sally, Mother?" she asked, with a swift, anxious glance at the averted face of the other.

"Yes; I think she'll be rested now from the journey."

"Give her my love," said the girl absently.

She was pretty and dark-haired, with coral lips and a coral tinge to her smooth cheeks, accentuated by a string of pink coral beads that hung around her neck over a long tea-gown of white wool material, bridally new, and trimmed with lace.

"Bend down, Mother, and let me pin your veil; it isn't on straight. There! you're all right again now. Give my love to Sally." She hesitated and went on rapidly, with heightening color: "Be sure and stay to dinner if she asks you to, as of course she will. It will make a nice little change for you. I don't expect to see a thing of you while she's here! Lorimer and I were saying this morning that you needed a change — it's dreadfully stupid for you here all the time with us."

"She's afraid — poor child — that I heard what they *did* say!" thought the mother, with a pang, as she answered gently:

"I never find it stupid where you are, Trina, and I thought I'd get home early and make some gingerbread for dessert."

"Now, Mother, *please* don't! Lorimer only ate it last time so as not to hurt your feelings; he really doesn't care for it a bit. And, Mother, just wait a moment — your belt's crooked. Mother, I saw that you got some money from the Exchange this morning. Now please don't spend any of it on the house. It's perfectly ridiculous for you to go and buy grapes for Lorimer as

you did last week — it distresses him to have you do it!"

"It was such a handsome bunch!" murmured Mrs. Tremley apologetically.

"I wish you wouldn't keep on with the Exchange. You know that what's mine is yours as much now as it always was, Mother. When any one asks me how it seems not to earn my own money, I always say, 'It seems perfectly lovely!' *I'm* the most unblushingly dependent person you ever knew. . . . You aren't going without kissing me good-by, Mother? Give my love to Sally. I feel quite jealous because you're going to have such a good time together without me. I'd make you take me along if Lorimer wasn't coming for me to go with him."

"Good-by, dear," said the mother.

It was always Lorimer! Through all Trina's rattle and chatter she felt that the noise was only to drive away that Silent Thing which stood ready to creep between them.

For once she was glad to leave her child for Sally, who, between the ages of both, had been mostly the mother's friend; she had no friends of her own age, having long ago merged herself in Trina's. She was sick for the comfort of Sally's voice — Sally, who would convince her that the specter didn't exist, that her presence was as necessary for Trina's happiness as it had ever been. For ten whole days she would at any rate have Sally — somebody who would want to be only with her. Except for the brother and his daughter, Sally was as much a stranger here as she was herself.

She hurried along now, erect and graceful in spite of her forlornness, which was accentuated by that deep depression, the "dust-and-ashes" feeling, which comes as part of our later heritage in the springtime, when all nature is efficiently budding and getting ready for the new life, and there seems to be no spring of anything in us. Our forces do not quicken so easily — they wear us out with their dragging. No effort seems as if it could be worth while. Yet, with this, Mrs. Tremley had also an ineradicable youthfulness of temperament that held in it no peaceful acceptance of denial. She was as desirous of having life her own way as she had always been.

It was a pretty enough town, with large houses and spreading trees and wide green door-yards whitened here and there with circled rings of fallen magnolia petals; but the scene was, after all, an alien one. She longed, as those do who are uprooted in middle age, for the sight of a familiar turning, or even for the long, smoke-belching, black-windowed factory which she had always hated to pass. Everybody told her how much prettier this place was than the one she had left — she patiently consented to admire, while she inwardly loathed her surroundings. They were all part of this great change which she herself had enthusiastically helped to bring about, by her sympathy, if in no other way. It had been her own romance as well as Trina's when Trina was trying to find out whether she really cared for Lorimer Grant, who loved her so much. At the time it had seemed as if the mother were more in love with him than the daughter.

Even after Trina had decided, she had still kept up an absurdly wilful, altogether charming reservation of herself. The mother smiled now at the remembrance of Trina's quick "No, no, Lorimer!" and her instant retreat, blushing and laughing, when he came into the room, with her further threat: "I'll go away and not come back unless you promise not to touch me until I say you can. Please, Lorimer!"

Underneath all her wilfulness was the promise of something intoxicatingly sweet when she should forget to be shy. The mother had had long, long talks with her child, who clung to her, and long, long talks with Lorimer. She had been his confidante. But all that had been changed since the marriage.

They seemed, even after three months, to grow daily more and more exquisitely absorbed in each other. The mother, who had been everything to both, was oddly apart now, when she wanted to be so one with their happiness. Even in the daytime, when Lorimer was away, Trina wasn't really hers — the thought of him still overpoweringly possessed her. The mother's very ministrations in the house seemed in some way to clash against it. She began sensitively to find out that she cleared up things which Trina didn't want cleared up, or dusted books and ornaments which Trina wished no hands to touch but her own. The daughter no longer confided as she used to do; she tried to be interested in all her mother said, but it was often evident that no matter how brightly she questioned or answered, she really *wasn't* interested. She had moments of far-off silences, softly flushing inner communings. It was with her mother that she was shy now, not with Lorimer! Poor Mrs. Tremley wondered how she could ever have thought that lean brown face, with the black eyes and hair, handsome — she was so deadly sick of always seeing it near Trina's. She had awful, after-repudiated moments of feeling that he was getting to be perhaps as sick of seeing her, though she unflaggingly lavished her services on him — if that was the way to please Trina she would please! And he was invariably polite and attentive to her, even when Trina fidgeted.

He had ordinarily a gallant manner, though when he was so much to Trina it seemed somehow chilling to find herself still only "Mrs. Tremley" to him. The conversation at those three meals a day — to which she was always promptly on time — would often have languished if she herself hadn't kept it up, nervously trying her best to select subjects that would be pleasing to her son-in-law. The quieter the others grew, the harder she talked, in that desperate effort to be agreeable, not to be a dead-weight. Yet if the two happened at any time to be without her for a moment, she could hear the incessant low murmur of their voices. A couple of times she had left them purposely alone for the entire evening, and Trina, coming up-stairs to seek her out, had found her weeping in her loneliness.

Trina had been so loving, so terribly distressed. Not want her with them? Why, of course they wanted her with them! She must never think of anything else. When she had fondly drawn her mother down-stairs into the library, they had all had a game of cribbage together. And yet — and yet — the thing that had been said that morning, that she had overheard, couldn't unsay itself. Trina, in recounting the conversation, had left out her closing sentence:

"If mother would *only* stay at Sally's, so that we could have our dinner alone to-night, Lorimer!" and Lorimer's longing assent, "If she only would!"

Never had the mother felt as she had when those dagger-like words struck her. They seemed to strike at the very base of motherhood, to take away from her something which she had been created to give. They must be translated into meaning something else if she were to live. She passionately needed Sally to reassure her, to laugh at her and quote Trina's own protestations of not being happy without her.

So prettily garbed, so delicately fine in her lavender gown and hat was Mrs. Tremley, as she walked along those alien streets in the fragrant sunshine of the spring afternoon, that no one would have dreamed that in her lonely commonplaceness she was fast locked in one of the grappling problems of life — the problem of shifting one's individuality so that it may adequately meet new and strange conditions for it. To be no longer necessary to those we love! She stopped for a moment to lean on the stone railing of a little bridge, below which flowed a little brook, as unresting as her heart.

A robin sang out from the green branches of a tree at the side of it, with that peculiar sound there is in such bird notes in the early spring, as if they had all the hollow dome of the blue heavens for their own. For one brief moment Mrs. Tremley felt that if this day brought her no rescue she must die.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Tremley." The speaker was a tall, smiling, sallow woman, modishly dressed, with large, waving black plumes and rustling skirts. She had an almost professional manner of greeting, as of one used to being affably recognizant of many. "Perhaps you don't remember me — Mrs. Bevan of the Vittoria Colonna Club."

"Oh, certainly! Good afternoon, Mrs. Bevan," said Mrs. Tremley, with vague recollection.

"I don't often meet you out — I suppose you are too occupied with your dear young people," pursued Mrs. Bevan professionally, with, however, a curious, half-anxious look at the other. Mrs. Tremley didn't know how white she was. "Your daughter told me how fortunate she was in having you with her. There's no one who can take the place of a mother, is there?" She lapsed into a warmer tone. "The other day when I saw you two together, I said to my husband, 'I wish I could borrow Mrs. Grant's mother, she reminds me so much of my own!' "

"Thank you!" said Mrs. Tremley, with a slight stiffening — why, the woman could be only a few years younger than herself!

Yet she was still more forlorn after the other passed on, in spite of the assurance she had longed for. She had it at every hand, from Trina and from every one who met her, yet it only satisfied her for the moment — and left a worse hurt behind. She had kept the tears from her eyes while she walked, but they were very near to flowing now. It was with wild haste to reach a refuge that she at last rang the doorbell of the old-fashioned double house in which Sally Westmore's brother and niece lived, and a moment after heard Sally's cheerful, welcoming voice calling her to come up-stairs.

"I've only fifteen minutes in which to get dressed to meet Edith,"— Edith was the niece, — she declared, as, clad in a flowing wrapper, she embraced her friend, "and I don't want to lose you for one moment of them." Sally's large, handsome personality seemed extraordinarily blooming and full of life. "Take this chair, it's the most comfortable one, and I can talk to you as I go in and out. Well, and how are you, dear? It's lovely to see you again."

"Oh, I'm well," said Mrs. Tremley vaguely, gazing at the screen behind which Miss Westmore had disappeared and was evidently washing, with loud noise of running water and slappings of wet linen. The visitor raised her voice. "Oh, Sally, you don't *know* how glad

I am to see you, how I've longed for your coming! I felt that I could hardly live until you got here! I've been through so much — I — will you be out soon?"

"Go on; I can hear you perfectly," encouraged Miss Westmore.

"I am so sick of living in a strange place and seeing only strange faces," pursued Mrs. Tremley, in a still louder voice, that trembled a little. "If I were only home again!"

"Well, I can tell you that *I'm* perfectly *delighted* to get away from home and see strange faces," announced Miss Westmore excitedly. She had emerged now from behind the screen, fresh and sparkling, and was dashing about the room laying hold of different garments. "Really, I got in such a state that, as I told Edie, if I should have had to look at old Mr. Drum and the Walker girls and Mrs. Kellert passing the house another day, I'd have gone into nervous prostration. Edie's got something on hand for every blessed day I'm here. There are a lot of interesting things going on at the Club. Why on earth don't you join it? Edie would put you up."

"I never have belonged to clubs," said Mrs. Tremley stiffly.

"What difference does that make? There's a time for everything. I hope I'll never get to the place where I won't want to do a thing because I've never done it before," said Miss Westmore belligerently. "Will you do me up behind?"

She held her body rigid, but her hands dashed from right to left of the dressing-table as her visitor painstakingly struggled with the hooks. "It does seem dreadful to have to run off and leave you this way. To-morrow — no, I don't believe I'll have a minute to-morrow, with the drive and all — but the day after — oh, I haven't asked you a word about Trina and Lorimer. I suppose you're all perfectly happy together now, after all the excitement they dragged us through!" She wheeled suddenly. "Winifred Tremley, what's the matter? Just wait till I get my hat and cloak. There, go on now and tell me."

"There's nothing to tell," said Mrs. Tremley. She made an effort. "Oh, yes, they're very happy, and I — it's absurd, of course, but sometimes" — the words would out, even at this inauspicious moment — "I feel as if they'd be happier if I were not with them so much."

She drew a long breath; at last she had said it. "It makes Trina unhappy if I hint at it, but of course there are times when I can't help being sensitive, when I feel as if they didn't need me with them."

The bitter moisture in Mrs. Tremley's eyes was arrested by the expression on her friend's face. Miss Westmore was putting on her gloves, — after a comprehensive dashing of her toilet accessories into place, — and she stopped for an instant, with an odd look of mingled comprehension and compassion and a queer underlying, scarcely veiled surprise.

"Why, of course — what did you expect? I should think you'd know — well, there's no use in *my* saying — and *you've* been married *yourself!*" She shut her lips tight, still with that peculiar look at her friend. "Well, I'll have to go, dear —" Her arms went around the older woman. "We'll go down-stairs together. Oh, I'll be sure and get to you day after to-morrow at any rate, even if it's only for ten minutes. You won't mind if I leave you? I have to perfectly race. Good-by! Give my love to Trina. I've been so glad to see you!"

Glad to see her! It seemed to Mrs. Tremley as she retraced her steps that nobody was ever going to be really glad to see her again in this world. She was to be forever and forever only an accessory to other people's pleasures. No one needed her. Even this tried friend had failed her, as even the nearest and dearest friend will sometimes fail one in what seems the time of utmost need, and one is brought face to face with that inexorable law that we ourselves must live our own lives, and stand, if we stand at all, from the strength within us.

Yet, strangely enough, through the bitterness of her soul, she seemed after all to divinely glimpse something to stand by. The ease that she had cried for hadn't come; instead what was it that Sally Westmore had said — had wanted to say? That in Trina's scheme of happiness just now she was necessarily outside? Why *should* they want her with them all the time? Why should two people who were still honeymooning not be better off without any one else there? Strange, how when one plunged the dagger firmly in, that after that one sharp thrust the wound should be so easeful! "It does not hurt, O Paetus!" All death is that something else shall live. What was that Sally had wanted to tell her? She had been married, as Miss Westmore truly said, herself.

She stopped on the little bridge once more, and rested her arms on the rail — looking down over it at the ceaseless bubbling flow of the brook, as it circled around the stones. The leaves on the twigs rustled gaily in the sunshine, the sky-blue hollows of the sky seemed immeasurable. The robin was silent.

She was thinking of her husband and herself in those far-off, bygone days when they had gone to housekeeping together: of the dining-table they had bought; of the time when "his" mother had stayed with them — "But she was very

SHE LINGERED OVER HER MEAL, ENJOYING EVERY MOUTHFUL

different from the way I am with Trina," she said to herself hastily. They had begun life together quite alone; they were very young, much younger than Trina, and very much in love. They had needed no one but each other. She had made a great many mistakes, of course, that a mother could have saved her,—that she had meant to save Trina,—and yet—she wouldn't have had it any different! There came back over her face, after all these intervening years, that inexpressible look of one who has been once surprised by love, one who remembers the happiness of her honeymoon.

She stayed there a long time looking at that ceaselessly flowing water, a long, long time. When the breeze began to blow up cool, she left it and began her walk back. She walked briskly, still smiling a little to herself. She looked very young, and her bonnet very becoming. She did not go straight home, but went out of her way and stopped at the baker's for a couple of muffins and at the grocer's for a small blue-and-gray jar of ginger, and a cream-cheese, and a little glass box of smoked fish. As she passed the greenhouse of the florist, she hesitated, and then went in recklessly to purchase a couple of long green-stemmed pink roses. When she reached the house, she said to the maid who let her in, "You can set the table for two to-night, Ellen, I won't be there," and then went to work making her simple preparations with a pleasure in the dainty housewifery which she hadn't had since she had been under the roof of her son-in-law. She drew out a little mahogany stand in her room and stood it by the rose curtains of the west window, and spread on it a fair white linen cloth and a little brown Wedgwood tea-pot and a small brass tea-kettle that were her own belongings. Then she went down-stairs to see about the rest of the little plenishings that Ellen insisted on taking up for her. There was soup for dinner, and a leg of lamb, and vegetables and macaroni and pudding. Lorimer liked to dine heartily. Mrs. Tremley wanted none of these things. They seemed heavy and hot and uninteresting beside the meal she had in prospect. Her mouth fairly watered for those muffins!

She heard Trina and Lorimer run up the steps together, but she did not go to meet them as usual. She waited patiently until Trina, dressed for dinner, opened the door of her room and looked in.

"Mother, are you ill? Ellen said—why, Mother!"

Mrs. Tremley sat in an arm-chair by her little white-covered table in the rose-curtained window. The blue ginger-jar stood near the hissing brass tea-kettle; the muffins, exquisitely brown, flanked the white cream-cheese; and on the dressing-table beside her the long-stemmed pink roses hung over the glass at one side. There was a glow in the west that filled all the room with a pale, rosy light.

"Why, Mother!" said Trina again in amazement. Her voice was unsteady, and she came and put her arms close, close around the dear form. "Mother! what does all this mean? Have you deserted us?"

"It means that I'm going to have my days out, if I want to—like Ellen!" said Mrs. Tremley happily. "Trina! I want you and Lorimer to have your dinner together sometimes—just you two together, dearie. There's often but this one time in your life, dear, when you can have it like that—just you two together. *I'm* enjoying myself!" She pushed the girl away gently. "Really, Trina! You mustn't come up afterwards, for I want to read up in my history. I'm going to join a class at the Club. I was always so fond of history."

She listened to their voices down-stairs, when her peremptoriness had at last insured Trina's reluctant obedience. They were a little worried now, but they would soon get over it. She lingered over her meal, enjoying every mouthful, filled with a new peacefulness that seemed to be made up, not from any great thing, but from a thousand little things. She thought, oddly enough, of how Trina's little socks had used to look when the baby had kicked them off on to the floor.

Oh, she was really a mother again! She had found out how to give some of her life to her child. That was what had nearly killed her—to be no longer a mother, not to have anything of herself to give toward her child's happiness. Trina might not understand, but that made no difference. Some day her little girl would consciously need her again in the old way, or in some new way that might be even sweeter; but she expected no more recognition now than when she had given her little Trina life from the life of her own bosom. The fact was the same.

It added a little even to that deep, exquisite sense of bestowal when Lorimer, coming up to her room later, said impulsively, as he kissed her, "Good night, Mother." He had the old tender, intimate manner that had made her almost as much in love with him as Trina was.

MARY BAKER G. EDDY

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY

GEORGINE MILMINE

VIII

THE MASSACHUSETTS METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE AND CALVIN FRYE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE organization of the Christian Science Church in August, 1879, seems to have suggested the organization of another institution, which, in the history of the Christian Science movement, is second in importance only to the Church itself. The Massachusetts Metaphysical College was chartered January 31, 1881, and between that date and 1889, when it closed, about four thousand persons studied Christian Science in this institution, and to-day many practising healers have the degree of C. S. B., C. S. D., or D. S. D. from Mrs. Eddy's college.

The college was organized something more than a year before Mrs. Eddy removed permanently to Boston, and was, in the beginning, one of the experiments by which she strove to rehabilitate herself in Lynn. Its charter was issued under an act passed in 1874,* an act so loose in its requirements, resulting in the chartering of so many dubious institutions and the granting of so many misleading diplomas, that in 1883 medical institutions chartered under this act were prohibited from conferring degrees. The purpose of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, as stated in the articles of agreement, was: "To teach pathology, ontology, therapeutics, moral science, metaphysics, and their application to the treatment of diseases." The signers to the articles of agreement were: Mary B. G. Eddy, president; James C. Howard, treasurer; Charles J. Eastman, M.D., Edgar F. Woodbury, James Wiley, William F. Walker, and Samuel P. Bancroft, directors; all students of Mrs. Eddy's except Charles J. Eastman, who had been a pupil in the little "dame's school" which Mrs. Eddy taught at Tilton for a few months during her first widowhood, and who at this time had a doubtful medical practice in Boston.

The name "Massachusetts Metaphysical College" is somewhat misleading. During the nine years of its existence this institution never had a building of its own, or any other seat than Mrs. Eddy's parlor, and, with very incidental exceptions, Mrs. Eddy herself, during all this time, constituted the entire faculty.* In short, the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, subsequently of such wide fame among Christian Scientists, was simply Mrs. Eddy, and its seat was wherever she happened to be. To call it an institution was a very literal application of the boast of the old Williams alumni that Mark Hopkins on one end of a saw-log and a student on the other would make a college.

The organization of the college in 1881 in no way changed Mrs. Eddy's manner of instruction. Her new letter-heads, indeed, told the public that the Massachusetts Metaphysical College was located at Number 8 Broad Street, Lynn, but the name was the only thing which was new. Classes of from two to five students continued to meet on the second floor of Mrs. Eddy's house, as before, and she gave but one course of study: twelve lessons in mental healing, very similar to those she had given to Miss Rawson, Mrs. Rice, and their fellow-students eleven years

* Acts and Resolves passed by the General Court of Massachusetts, 1874, Chapter 375, Section 2: "Such association may be entered into for any educational, charitable, benevolent, or religious purpose; for the prosecution of any antiquarian, historical, literary, scientific, medical, artistic, monumental, or musical purposes," etc., etc. This Chapter 375 was later merged into Chapter 115 of the Public Statutes.

* Mrs. Eddy states that her husband taught two terms in her college, that her adopted son, E. J. Foster Eddy, taught one term, and that Erastus N. Bates taught one class.

before — except that "manipulation" was now discountenanced, and denunciation of mesmerism was a prominent feature of the lectures. The tuition fee was still three hundred dollars, the price which Mrs. Eddy says she fixed under Divine guidance; although, in many instances where the student was unable to pay that amount, she took one hundred dollars instead.

Mr. Eddy Suffering from Mesmeric Poison

When Mrs. and Mr. Eddy moved to Boston in the early spring of 1882, they soon took a house at 569 Columbus Avenue, Mrs. Eddy's first permanent home in Boston, and on the door placed a large silver plate bearing the inscription, "Massachusetts Metaphysical College." At about this time Mr. Eddy's health began to decline, and both he and his wife believed that he was suffering from the adverse mental treatments of Edward J. Arens.

After the charge of conspiracy to murder, brought in 1878, a coldness developed between Mr. Arens and the Eddys. He came to Boston, and began to exercise some originality in his practice and teaching, which was, of course, very obnoxious to Mrs. Eddy. In 1881 Mr. Arens published a pamphlet entitled "Theology, or the Understanding of God as Applied to Healing the Sick." In this pamphlet Mr. Arens quoted extensively from "Science and Health," using the text of Mrs. Eddy's work where it answered his purpose, but substituting his own ideas for many of her statements which he believed were extreme or untenable. In his preface he announced that he made no claim to having originated the doctrine which he advanced, stating that it had been practised by Jesus and the apostles, by the secret association of priests known as the Gottesfreunde in the fourteenth century, and in the nineteenth century by P. P. Quimby, of Belfast, Maine. He added that he had made use of "some thoughts contained in a work by Eddy." The third edition of "Science and Health" appeared a few months later, containing a preface signed Asa G. Eddy, which scathingly denounced Arens as a plagiarist, and paid the following tribute to Mrs. Eddy:

"Mrs. Eddy's works are the outgrowths of her life. I never knew so unselfish an individual, or one so tireless in what she considers her duty. It would require ages and God's mercy to make the ignorant hypocrite who published that pamphlet originate its contents. His pratings are colored by his character, they cannot impart the hue of ethics, but leave his own impress on what he takes. He knows less of metaphysics than any decently honest man."

From this time on, the Eddys accredited Mr. Arens with the same malicious intervention in their affairs with which they had already charged Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Spofford. As has been mentioned before, Mrs. Eddy believed that the mesmeric influence of each of these three men affected her differently, and that each operated upon her in a manner analogous to the effect of certain harmful drugs. The influence of Mr. Arens, she insisted, affected her like arsenic. Hence, when Mr. Eddy's health began to fail, she diagnosed his case as the result of Mr. Arens' mesmeric influence, or, as she expressed it, "arsenical poison, mentally administered." To say that Mr. Eddy believed in malicious mesmerism more sincerely than did his wife would perhaps be incorrect; but his was the more passive nature, and he had less power of reaction and recuperation. He was convinced that he was being slowly poisoned, and daily treated himself against Mr. Arens and his alliterative chemical equivalent.

Death of Mr. Eddy

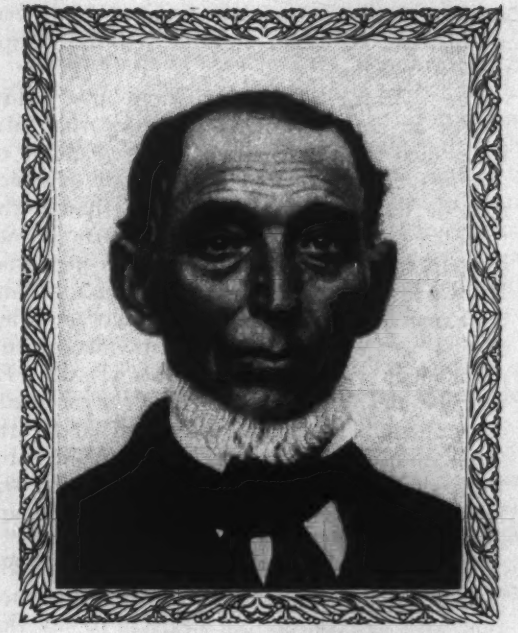
When Mr. Eddy continued to grow steadily worse, Mrs. Eddy became alarmed, and sent for a regular physician. She called Dr. Rufus K. Noyes, then of Lynn, a graduate of the Dartmouth Medical School and who has now for many years been a physician in Boston. Dr. Noyes found Mr. Eddy's case very simple, and told Mrs. Eddy that her husband was suffering from a common and very well-defined disease of the heart, and that he might die at any moment. He came to see Mr. Eddy twice after this, gave him advice as to diet, hygiene, and rest, and suggested the usual tonics for the heart and general system.

Mr. Eddy's death occurred on the morning of Saturday, June 3d, some hours before daybreak, and almost immediately Mrs. Eddy telegraphed Dr. Noyes to come up from Lynn and perform an autopsy.* The old rumor that the post-mortem examination was held at the order of the board of health is totally unfounded. The autopsy was private, and was conducted at the widow's request. Dr. Noyes found that death had resulted from an organic disease of the heart, the aortic valve being destroyed and the surrounding tissues infiltrated with calcareous matter.

It is necessary to remember that, fantastic as the theory of poisoning by mental suggestion may sound, Mrs. Eddy thoroughly believed in it, and she considered her husband's death absolute proof of the power of malicious mesmerism to

* Only the year before, Mrs. Eddy had expressed herself strongly against post-mortem examinations: "A metaphysician never gives medicine, recommends or trusts in hygiene, or believes in the ocular or the *post-mortem* examination of patients." "Science and Health" (1881), Vol. I., p. 269.

"Many a hopeless case of disease is induced by a single post-mortem examination." "Science and Health" (1881), Vol. I., p. 163.



ENOCH FRYE III.
Father of Calvin A. Frye

LYDIA BARNARD FRYE
Mother of Calvin A. Frye

destroy life. Charles J. Eastman, who attended Mr. Eddy just before his death, agreed with Mrs. Eddy that the symptoms were those of arsenical poisoning, and she doubtless thought that the autopsy would corroborate this opinion. After the autopsy she still clung to her conviction, and, although Dr. Noyes actually took Mr. Eddy's heart into the room where she was and pointed out to her its defectiveness, she still maintained that her husband had died from mental arsenic. On Monday she gave out the following interview*:

"My husband's death was caused by malicious mesmerism. Dr. C. J. Eastman, who attended the case after it had taken an alarming turn, declares the symptoms to be the same as those of arsenical poisoning. On the other hand, Dr. Rufus K. Noyes, late of the City Hospital, who held an autopsy over the body to-day, affirms that the corpse is free from all material poison, although Dr. Eastman still holds to his original belief. I know it was poison that killed him, not material poison, but mesmeric poison. My husband was in uniform health, and but seldom complained of any kind of ailment. During his brief illness, just preceding his death, his continual cry was, 'Only relieve me of this continual suggestion, through the mind, of poison, and I will recover.' It is well known that by constantly dwelling upon any subject in thought finally comes the poison of belief through the whole system. . . .

* Boston *Post*, June 5, 1882.

I never saw a more self-possessed man than dear Dr. Eddy was. He said to Dr. Eastman, when he was finally called to attend him: 'My case is nothing that I cannot attend to myself, although to me it acts the same as poison and seems to pervade my whole system just as that would.'

"This is not the first case known of where death has occurred from what appeared to be poison, and was so declared by the attending physician, but in which the body, on being thoroughly examined by an autopsy, was shown to possess no signs of material poison. There was such a case in New York. Every one at first declared poison to have been the cause of death, as the symptoms were all there; but an autopsy contradicted the belief, and it was shown that the victim had had no opportunity for procuring poison. I afterwards learned that she had been very active in advocating the merits of our college. Oh, isn't it terrible, that this fiend of malpractice is in the land! The only remedy that is effectual in meeting this terrible power possessed by the evil-minded is to counteract it by the same method that I use in counteracting poison. They require the same remedy. Circumstances debarred me from taking hold of my husband's case. He declared himself perfectly capable of carrying himself through, and I was so entirely absorbed in business that I permitted him to try, and when I awakened to the danger it was too late. I have cured worse cases

before, but took hold of them in time. I don't think that Dr. Carpenter* had anything to do with my husband's death, but I do believe it was the rejected students†—students who were turned away from our college because of their unworthiness and immorality. To-day I sent for one of the students whom my husband had helped liberally, and given money, not knowing how unworthy he was. I wished him to come, that I might prove to him how, by metaphysics, I could show the cause of my husband's death. He was as pale as a ghost when he came to the door, and refused to enter, or to believe that I knew what caused his death. Within half an hour after he left, I felt the same attack that my husband felt—the same that caused his death. I instantly gave myself the same treatment that I would use in a case of arsenical poisoning, and so I recovered, just the same as I could have caused my husband to recover had I taken the case in time. After a certain amount of mesmeric poison has been administered it cannot be averted. No power of mind can resist it. It must be met with resistive action of the mind at the start, which will counteract it. We all know that disease of any kind cannot reach the body except through the mind, and that if the mind is cured the disease is soon relieved. Only a few days ago I disposed of a tumor in twenty-four hours that the doctors had said must be removed by the knife. I changed the course of the mind to counteract the effect of the disease. This proves the myth of matter. Mesmerism will make an apple burn the hand so that the child will cry. My husband never spoke of death as something we were to meet, but only as a phase of mortal belief. . . . I do believe in God's supremacy over error, and this gives me peace. I do believe, and have been told, that there is a price set upon my head. One of my students, a malpractitioner, has been heard to say that he would follow us to the grave. He has already reached my husband. While my husband and I were in Washington and Philadelphia last winter, we were obliged to guard against poison, the same symptoms apparent at my husband's death constantly attending us. And yet the one who was planning the evil against us was in Boston the whole time. To-day a lady, active in forwarding the good of our college, told me that she had been troubled almost constantly with arsenical poison symptoms, and is now treating them constantly as I directed her. Three days ago one of my patients died, and the doctor said he died from arsenic, and yet there were no material symptoms of poison."

The "Doctor" Eastman whom Mrs. Eddy quotes as corroborating her theory that Mr. Eddy died from arsenic was not a graduate of any medical school, nor is there any evidence that he had ever studied at one, though the then lax medical laws of Massachusetts did not prevent him from writing M.D. after his name. He was a director of Mrs. Eddy's college, and his name appeared in her curriculum as an authority to be consulted on instrumental surgery, which was not taught in her classes. He was also dean of the so-called "Bellevue Medical College," which was chartered under the same undiscriminating act under which Mrs. Eddy's college was chartered, and which was later reported as a fraudulent institution and closed.

In the *Christian Science Journal*, June, 1885, Mrs. Eddy thus explains Mr. Eastman's connection with her college, but neglects to say that he was one of the original directors:

"Charles J. Eastman, M.D., was never a student of mine, and, to my knowledge, never claimed to be a Christian Scientist. At the time Mr. Rice* alludes to he was a homeopathic physician and dean of the Bellevue Medical College. His name appeared in my curriculum as surgeon to be consulted outside, instrumental surgery not being taught in my college. His name has been removed from my curriculum. Such are the facts wherewith Rev. Mr. Rice would slander a religious sect.

"MARY B. G. EDDY,
Prest. Massachusetts
Metaphysical College."

Although a genial enough fellow personally, and a frequent caller at Mrs. Eddy's house, Eastman's "professional" record is almost incredibly sinister. His private practice was largely of a criminal nature, and at the time when Mrs. Eddy made him a director of her college he had already been indicted on a charge of performing a criminal operation. In 1890 he was again before the Grand Jury on a similar charge; and in 1893, upon a third charge (the girl having died from the effects of the operation), he was sentenced to five years in the State prison. Eastman served out his term, and died a few years after his release.

Eastman's assertion that he found traces of arsenic in Mr. Eddy's system was absolutely valueless as a medical opinion, and Mrs. Eddy must have known that it would carry no weight,

* Dr. Carpenter was a well-known mesmerist who used to give public exhibitions in Boston.

†Although Mrs. Eddy usually attributed her husband's death to Mr. Arens' mesmeric influence, she sometimes mentioned Richard Kennedy as his accomplice.

* The Rev. Mr. Rice, a former member of the Massachusetts legislature, had written some newspaper articles against the issue of medical diplomas by Mrs. Eddy's college.

or she would not have summoned Dr. Noyes to make an autopsy.

Mr. Eddy's funeral services were held at the house on Columbus Avenue, after which his remains were taken to Tilton, New Hampshire, by Mr. George D. Choate, and interred in the Baker family lot, Mrs. Eddy herself remaining in Boston. On the following Sunday, Mrs. Clara Choate preached a eulogistic funeral sermon before the Christian Science congregation—still a small body of less than fifty members. Mr. Eddy, indeed, died upon the eve of the determining epoch in his wife's career, and could have had no conception of the ultimate influence and extent of the movement which bears his name.

Some time after Mr. Eddy's death, his wife wrote a colloquy in verse, which she called "Meeting of my Departed Mother and Husband," in which she expressed confidence in their blessed state and in her own future.

In this dialogue the mother, Abigail Baker, asks of Mr. Eddy:

"Bearest thou no tidings from our loved on earth,
The toiler tireless for Truth's new birth,
All unbeguiled?
Our joy is gathered from her parting sigh:
This hour looks on her heart with pitying eye,—
What of my child?"

To this Mr. Eddy replies:

"When severed by dea.n's dream, I woke to life:
She deemed I died, and could not hear my strife
At first to fill
That waking with a love that steady turns
To God; a hope that ever upward yearns,
Bowed to his will.

"Years had passed o'er thy broken household band
When angels beckoned me to this bright land,
With thee to meet.
She that has wept o'er me, kissed thy cold brow,
Rears the sad marble to our memory now
In lone retreat.

"By the remembrance of her earthly life,
And parting prayer, I only know my wife,
Thy child, shall come,—
Where farewells cloud not o'er our ransomed rest,—
Hither to reap, with all the crowned and blest,
Of bliss the sum."

The Triumph of Mesmerism

Many of Mrs. Eddy's students, as well as Mrs. Eddy herself, disregarded the evidence of the autopsy, and believed that Mr. Eddy had died from mesmeric poison rather than from a disease of the heart. Every new movement has its extremists, and Christian Science was then so young that all sorts of extravagant hopes were cherished among its enthusiasts. More than one dreamer fervently believed that the grave was at last to be cheated of its victory. In any case, Mr. Eddy's death was regarded as a blow to the movement, but, since they believed that the bodily organs were impotent to contribute to either health or disease except as they were influenced by the belief of the patient, it was much less discouraging to feel that Mr. Eddy had died from the shafts of the enemy than from a simple defect of the heart-valves. In the one case, his death was a stimulus, a call to action; in the other, it was an impeachment of Mr. Eddy's growth in Science, an indication that he had not entirely got beyond the belief in the efficacy of the organs of the body. Explained as the work of animal magnetism, Mr. Eddy's death, which might otherwise have been a blow to his wife professionally, was made to confirm one of her favorite doctrines. It was upon the subject of malicious mesmerism that many of her students had differed from her and fallen away, and even the loyal found it the most difficult of her doctrines to accept. Here, in Mr. Eddy's death, was absolute evidence of what mesmerism might accomplish.

The hour had come when Mrs. Eddy needed all her friends about her. Arthur T. Buswell was still in Cincinnati, where he had been sent as a path-finder two years before. After Mrs. Eddy's tart reply when he wrote to her asking financial aid, their correspondence practically ceased until Mr. Eddy's illness, when she sent him a request to give her husband absent treatments. One day he received a telegram which said merely: "Come to 569 Columbus Avenue immediately." He accordingly gave up his position as Superintendent of Public Charities, and started at once for Boston. When he arrived at 569 Columbus Avenue, he found Mr. Eddy dead in the house, and Mrs. Eddy surrounded by half a dozen faithful students, and almost frantic from fear. She declared that mesmerism had broken down her every defense, that her students were powerless to treat against it, and that she herself was at last prostrated. Twice, she said, she had resuscitated her husband from the power which was strangling him, but the third time her strength was exhausted. Mesmerism was submerging them, and she felt that she was barely keeping her own head above water. She was afraid to go out of the house, and afraid to stay in it. This was the end, she told her faithful women; undoubtedly she would speedily follow her husband. The light of truth was to be put out, and the world would begin again its dreary vigil of centuries.

But, although beset by grief and fear, Mrs. Eddy did not abandon herself to lamentation. On the contrary, she sat almost constantly at her desk, writing press notices and newspaper interviews upon the subject of her husband's

MARY BAKER G. EDDY

From a photograph taken during her first years in Boston

death. Mrs. Eddy, indeed, is never so commanding a figure as when she bestirs herself in the face of calamity. She gave way to fear and dread only in the short intervals when she laid aside her driven pen for rest, and her best energies were concentrated upon how she should present to the public this misfortune which, if wrongly understood, might be used as an effective argument against Christian Science, and might retard her advancement in a new field.

Entrance of Calvin A. Frye

Soon after her husband's death, Mrs. Eddy, attended by Mr. Buswell and Miss Alice Sibley, went to Mr. Buswell's old home at Barton, Vermont, to spend the remainder of the summer. Mr. Buswell asserts that Mrs. Eddy was in an excessively nervous and exhausted condition, approaching nervous prostration, and that he was called up night after night to treat her for those hysterical attacks from which she was never entirely free. But, however ill she might have been the night before, each day found her planning for the future of her church and college, arranging for lectures to be given by her students, looking about for new practitioners, and tirelessly devising means to extend the movement. She knew that a practical reconstruction of her household would now be necessary, and began casting about in her mind for such of her students as could be counted upon to devote themselves unreservedly to her service. In one of her selections, certainly, she was not mistaken. On the day they started back to Boston

Mrs. Eddy had Mr. Buswell telegraph Calvin A. Frye, a young machinist of Lawrence, Massachusetts, who had lately studied with her, to meet them at Plymouth, New Hampshire. One is tempted to wonder what Mr. Frye would have done, when this message reached him, had he known of what it was to be the beginning. From the day he joined Mrs. Eddy at Plymouth, and returned to Boston with her, he has never left her. Having entered Mrs. Eddy's service at the age of thirty-seven, he is now a man of sixty-two, and is still at his post.

For twenty-five years Mr. Frye has occupied an anomalous position in Mrs. Eddy's household. He has been her house-steward, book-keeper, and secretary. When he attends her upon her ceremonial drives in Concord, he wears the livery of a footman. In a letter to her son, George Glover, written April 27, 1898, Mrs. Eddy describes Mr. Frye as her "man-of-all-work." Since Mrs. Eddy's retirement to Concord eighteen years ago, Calvin Frye has lived in an isolation almost as complete as her own, the object of surmises and insinuations. He has no personal friends outside of the walls of Pleasant View, and the oft-repeated assertion that in twenty-five years he has not been beyond Mrs. Eddy's call for twenty-four hours is perhaps literally true. Although her treatment of him has often been contemptuous in the extreme, his fidelity has been invaluable to Mrs. Eddy; but the actual assumption of livery by a middle-aged man of some education and of sturdy, independent New England ancestry, is a difficult thing to understand. Whether he feels the grave charges which have recently been brought against him, or the ridicule of which he has long been the object, it is not likely that any one will ever learn from Mr. Frye. Whatever his motives and experiences, they are securely hidden behind an impassive countenance and a long-confirmed habit of silence.

The Frye Family

Calvin A. Frye was born August 24, 1845, in Frye village, which is now a part of Andover, Massachusetts, and which was formerly called Frye's Mills, as it was a settlement which had grown up about the saw-mill and grist-mill of Enoch Frye II., Calvin Frye's grandfather. The Fryes were an old American family, and their ancestors had taken part in the War of the Revolution and the War of 1812. Calvin Frye's father, Enoch Frye III., was born in the last year of the eighteenth century. After preparing himself in the Phillips Andover Academy, he entered Harvard University, and was graduated from there in 1821, with that famous class to which belonged Ralph Waldo Emerson, Samuel Hatch, Edward Loring, and Francis Cabot. The members of this class, before their graduation, agreed to hold a reunion every year for fifty years, and Enoch Frye was present at the fiftieth and last reunion of his class at Cambridge in 1871.

After leaving college, Enoch Frye taught for

CALVIN A. FRYE

Who has been a member of Mrs. Eddy's household for twenty-five years; from a photograph taken about twenty-three years ago

a short time as assistant master in one of the Boston schools. In 1823 he returned to Andover. While still a young man he had a long illness which left him incurably lame and partially incapacitated him. After his recovery he kept a small grocery-store. He married Lydia Barnard, and they had four children, of whom Calvin was the third. While the children were still very young, the mother became insane, and, with the exception of lucid intervals of short duration, she was insane until her death at an advanced age. She was twice placed in an asylum, but, upon her return from her second stay there, she begged her family not to send her away again, and for twelve years thereafter she was the charge of her widowed daughter, Lydia Roaf.

Each of Enoch Frye's children learned a trade, and Calvin, after attending the public school in Andover, was apprenticed as a machinist in Davis & Furber's machine-shops in East Andover. He worked there until he joined Mrs. Eddy in 1882. He was a good machinist, and left

MARY BAKER G. EDDY IN HER CARRIAGE AT PLEASANT VIEW

On the coachman's box is Calvin Frye, who for twenty-five years has been Mrs. Eddy's steward, bookkeeper, secretary, and footman

a steady and fairly remunerative employment to follow her. When he was twenty-six years old, Calvin married Miss Ada E. Brush, of Lowell, who was visiting in Lawrence, and who attended the same church. She lived but one year, and after her death Calvin went back to his father's house — the family had moved to Lawrence in the early sixties.

The Fryes were all calm, slow, and inarticulate. They kept to themselves, both in Andover and in Lawrence, and never went anywhere except to the Congregational church of which they all were members. In their church relations they were as quiet and unassertive as in their secular life. They went to service regularly, but evinced no especial interest in the church. Indeed, their solitary manner of life seemed to come about from a general lack of interest in people and affairs, and they stayed at home not so much because of an absorbing family life as because they felt no impulse to stir about the world. The men were all good mechanics, regular and steady in their habits; Lydia, the daughter, was patient, industrious, and self-sacrificing. As a family, the Fryes were long-lived. Enoch III. lived from 1799 to 1886. His brother Andrew, now living, is between ninety-five and ninety-six years old, and a sister also lived to a great age. Careful, regular living and a systematic avoidance of any excitement long preserved the Fryes in health of mind and body. If Calvin Frye was to fill for half his life an office to which many were called, but which few chose for very long, certainly his forebears had done their best amply to sheathe his nerves.

Calvin and Lydia Frye first became interested in Christian Science through their sister-in-law, Mrs. Oscar Frye. Mrs. Clara Choate, a prominent healer in the Boston church, was called to treat the insane mother, whom the family believed was benefited by the treatments. Calvin took a course of instruction under Mrs. Eddy, after which both he and Lydia practised a little. After Calvin joined Mrs. Eddy in Boston, Lydia followed him, and for some time did Mrs. Eddy's housework. Returning ill to Lawrence, she underwent a severe surgical operation, and at last died in reduced circumstances at the home of a relative. Lydia was an ardent Christian Scientist, and almost until the day she died stoutly declared that she "did not believe in death."

From the day Calvin Frye entered the service of Mrs. Eddy, he lived in literal accordance with the suggestion of that passage in "Science and Health"* where Mrs. Eddy reminds us that Jesus acknowledged no family ties and bade us call no man father. Mrs. Eddy demanded of her followers all that they had to give, and Mr. Frye, certainly, complied with her demand. When his father, Enoch Frye III., died, on April 22, 1886, four years after the son had entered Mrs. Eddy's service, Calvin went down to Lawrence to attend the funeral, but his precipitate haste indicated a short leave of absence. On the way to the cemetery he stopped the carriage and boarded a street-car bound for the railway-station, in order to catch the next train back to Boston. By the time his sister Lydia died, four years later, Calvin had become so completely absorbed in his new life and duties that he did not acknowledge the notification of her death, did not go to her funeral, and did not respond to a request for a small amount of money to help defray the burial expenses. For him family ties no longer existed, and death had become merely a belief.

*"Science and Health" (1906), page 31.

Mrs. Eddy's New Household

The Massachusetts Metaphysical College, in Boston, was first at 569 Columbus Avenue, and later at 571, the house next door. The houses, which are still standing, were then exactly alike, narrow three-and-a-half-story dwellings with gray stone fronts and slate roofs, a type of house very common in Boston. When Mrs. Eddy returned to the city in the fall of 1882, attended by Mr. Buswell and Mr. Frye, she at once resumed her classes; this, of course, meant that the college had reopened, for Mrs. Eddy was still the president and entire faculty. Half a dozen or more of her students now made their home in Mrs. Eddy's house, or, as they expressed it, "lived at the college." Among these were Calvin Frye, Arthur Buswell, Julia Bartlett, Hanover P. Smith, E. H. Hammond, and Mrs. Whiting. (Luther M. Marston and Mrs. Emma Hopkins came later.) They lived on a coöperative plan, each contributing his share toward the household expenses, while Mr. Frye did the marketing, engaged the servants, kept the accounts, and superintended the housekeeping. Mrs. Eddy fitted up an office on the first floor where most of her resident students saw their patients. They observed a system of rotation, and each had his fixed office hours, so that the one room met the needs of several practitioners. These practitioners, in one way and another, helped to arouse an interest in Christian Science, and Mrs. Eddy's classes began to grow larger. Her teaching was not so much of a tax upon her strength as might be imagined, for the twelve lectures were by this time an old story to her and the same lecture was always given in practically the same language. The lectures dealt with but one idea,

Top row (counting from left): 4, Mrs. Woodbury. Second row: 1, Rev. J. W. Winkley; 3, Hanover P. Smith; 4, Arthur T. Buswell; 7, Calvin A. Frye. Third row: 1, J. M. C. Murphy; 3, Mrs. Augusta Stetson

Fourth row: 2, Wm. H. Bradley; 9, Wm. B. Johnson. Bottom row: 1, Capt. J. S. Eastaman; 3, Mrs. Emma Hopkins; 4, Miss Julia Bartlett

CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS' PICNIC AT POINT OF PINES

This picture was taken July 16, 1885, at a picnic which commemorated the ninth anniversary of the founding of the Christian Scientists' Association

and progressed rather by figurative illustrations and repetitions than by the development of a line of reasoning. But her duties by no means ended with her lectures. She kept a sharp eye on the finances of the college and the household expenditures, more than once taking Mr. Frye to task for his mistakes in bookkeeping. Mrs. Eddy's correspondence was now very large, and she usually attended to it herself. She frequently occupied the pulpit at Hawthorne Hall on Sunday, and was constantly writing replies to attacks upon her church and college, besides press notices, which Mr. Buswell took about to the editors of the Boston papers in the hope of further advertising Mrs. Eddy and her work. What with preaching, teaching, writing, and editing, Mrs. Eddy had very little time for friendly personal intercourse. She was, as her students used proudly to declare, in the saddle day and night. She went out of the house but seldom, though she liked to take a daily drive when she had time for it. With her friends and resident students she never talked of anything but Christian Science and the business problems which confronted her. When other subjects were introduced, she grew absent-minded. She read very little except the newspapers and the *New York Ledger*, which she had read since her young womanhood, and which she still read regularly every week. In earlier times Mrs. Eddy had been very fond of Mrs. Southworth's novels, but now she discouraged the reading of fiction, and "Science and Health" was the only book she kept in her room. When she lectured before her classes, Mrs. Eddy usually had a vase of flowers upon the table at her side, and, to illustrate the non-existence of matter, she often explained that there were really no flowers there at all, and that the bouquet was merely a belief of mortal mind. She was fond of flowers in spite of the fact that she had always been totally without a sense of smell — she used, indeed, to tell her students that the absence of a physical sense meant a gain in spirituality.

There was singularly little social intercourse among the students who resided at the college. Mrs. Eddy was no idler, and she found plenty of work for all her assistants. Occasionally, in the evening, a fire was lighted in the parlor down-stairs, and she joined her students for an hour or two; but this did not occur often. The two memorable festivities of the Christian Scientists in the early eighties were the reception which Mrs. Clara E. Choate gave for Mrs. Eddy upon the latter's return from a visit to Washington, April 5, 1882, and the picnic at Point of Pines, July 16, 1885, which commemorated the ninth anniversary of the founding of the Christian Science Association, and was also Mrs. Eddy's sixty-fourth birthday. At this picnic E. H. Harris, a dentist, and a new protégé of Mrs. Eddy's, gave a talk in which he mentioned the advantages of Christian Science in the practice of dentistry; Mrs. Augusta Stetson, who had recently come into the Association, and who had been a professional elocutionist before she became a Christian Scientist, recited two poems; and Mrs. Eddy gave a "spiritual interpretation" of the ocean.

The House of Mesmer

The atmosphere of Mrs. Eddy's house derived its peculiar character from her belief in malicious mesmerism, which exerted a sinister influence over every one under her roof. Her students could never get away from it. Morning, noon, and night the thing had to be reckoned with, and the very domestic arrangements were ordered to elude or to combat the demoniacal power. If Mrs. Eddy had kept in her house a dangerous maniac or some horrible physical monstrosity which was always breaking from confinement and stealing about the chambers and hallways, it could scarcely have cast a more depressing anxiety over her household. Those of her students who believed in mesmerism were always on their guard with each other, filled with suspicion and distrust. Those who did not believe in it dared not admit their disbelief. If a member of that household denied the doctrine, or even showed a lack of interest in it, he was at once pronounced a mesmerist and requested to leave.

Students on Night Duty

Mr. Eddy's death had given malicious animal magnetism a new vogue. Mrs. Eddy was now always discovering in herself and her students symptoms of arsenical poison or of other baleful drugs. Her nocturnal illnesses, which she had for years attributed to malicious mesmerism, were now more frequent and violent than ever.

One of the principal duties of the resident students was to treat Mrs. Eddy for these attacks. These seizures usually came on about midnight. Mrs. Eddy would first call Mr. Frye, and he, after hurrying into his clothes, would go about the house, knocking at the doors of all the students, and calling to them to dress immediately and hurry down to Mrs. Eddy's room. After arousing the inmates of the house, he would hasten through the deserted streets, summoning one after another of the healers whom Mrs. Eddy considered most effective. When they arrived at the college, they would find a group of sleepy men standing in the hall

outside Mrs. Eddy's door, talking in low tones. They were called, one by one, by Miss Bartlett or Mr. Frye, and admitted singly into Mrs. Eddy's chamber. Sometimes she lay in a comatose condition, and would remain thus for several hours, while each student, in his turn, sat beside the bed and silently treated her for about twenty minutes. He then left the room by another door than the one by which he had entered, and another student took his

LYDIA FRYE ROAF

Only sister of Calvin A. Frye. Mrs. Roaf was an ardent Christian Scientist, and was at one time a member of Mrs. Eddy's household in Boston

place. Again, the students would find Mrs. Eddy sitting up in bed, with a high color, her hair in disorder, wringing her hands and uttering unintelligible phrases. On one occasion, when Mrs. Eddy was walking the floor with a raging toothache, metaphysical treatment was abandoned, and several of her students were found rushing up and down Tremont Street after midnight, trying to persuade some dentist to leave his bed and come to her relief.

In animal magnetism Mrs. Eddy found a satisfactory explanation for the seeming perversity of inanimate things. Mesmerism caused the water-pipes to freeze and the wash-boiler to leak. She was convinced that all the postal clerks and telegraph operators in Boston had been mesmerized, and on one occasion, when she was sending an important telegram to Chicago, she had Luther M. Marston, one of her students, take it out to West Newton and send it via Worcester, so that it need not go through Boston at all.

When a contagion of influenza spread about Boston in the early eighties, a number of the students in Mrs. Eddy's class were affected by it. She paused one day in the midst of a lecture to say: "I notice that a number of you are sneezing and coughing, and the cause is perfectly apparent to me. Kennedy and Spofford are treating you for hashish. Just treat yourselves for hashish, and this will pass."

A Burlesque Court Martial

Even the students under Mrs. Eddy's own roof were at times accused of resorting to malicious malpractice. On one occasion Mr. Buswell secured the Rev. Dr. Amos Peabody, of Cambridge, to preach before the Christian Science congregation at Hawthorne Hall. It was announced by Mrs. Eddy, before the students started for the service, that Mr. Frye was to introduce Dr. Peabody to the audience. When the minister ascended the rostrum, however, he was alone, and no one introduced him. After several days had passed, Mr. Frye knocked at Mr. Buswell's door late one night, and told him that he was wanted in the parlor. Mr. Buswell rose, dressed, and went down-stairs, where he found Mrs. Eddy and half a dozen resident students sitting about the room. Mr. Buswell sat down, and for a few minutes every one was silent. Then Mr. Frye rose and said, "Mr. Buswell, I charge you with having worked upon my mind last Sunday, so that I could not introduce the speaker." Mrs. Eddy listened while Mr. Buswell defended himself. Several other students spoke, and then everybody went off to bed.

In the summer of 1884 Mrs. Eddy taught her first class in Chicago. She had now fallen out with Mrs. Clara Choate, and for several weeks before she went West Mrs. Eddy was in a state of great anxiety lest Mrs. Choate should "prostrate" her through mesmerism, as she believed that Mrs. Choate herself wished to go to Chicago to teach. Mr. Frye had bought Mrs. Eddy's ticket, engaging a drawing-room for her and a berth for himself,—he always accompanied her upon her journeys,—when, on the very night before they were to start, she fell ill. Next day she was not able to leave the house, and many of her students were summoned to the college to treat against Mrs. Choate.

The "P. M." Society

This adverse treatment, now conducted with some system, was an important feature of the daily life at the college. A regular society was organized among Mrs. Eddy's most trusted

students and was called the "P. M." (Private Meeting).* This society met daily after breakfast in the morning and after supper at night, gathered in Mrs. Eddy's parlor, and "took up the enemy" in thought. Mrs. Eddy was not always present at these sittings, but she usually gave out the line of treatment. She would say, for example: "Treat Kennedy. Say to him: 'Your sins have found you out. You are affected as you wish to affect me. Your evil thought reacts upon you. You are bilious, you are consumptive, you have liver trouble, you have been poisoned by arsenic,'" etc. Mrs. Eddy further instructed her practitioners that, when they were treating their patients, they should first take up and combat the common enemy, mesmerism, before they took up the patient's error. The adverse treatments given by the students at the college were usually conducted in perfect silence, and the participants sat with their eyes closed.† Miss Bartlett, a very devout woman, as she sat in this silent circle, absorbed in her task, her eyes closed, her head bowed, had a habit of idly passing a side-comb again and again through her hair. Mrs. Eddy, who, when she was there, always kept an eye on the circle, on one of these occasions suddenly broke the stillness by a sarcastic remark to the effect that better work would be done if less time were spent in hair-combing and more in combatting error. Miss Bartlett blushed as if she had been caught committing a mortal sin.

But Mrs. Eddy's policy of sharp rebuke proved to be a wise one. On the whole her students liked it, and on the whole they needed it. Her business assistants and practitioners were most of them young men whose years had need of direction. In the nature of the case, they were generally young men without a strong purpose and without very definite aims and ambitions. Whether it was that Mrs. Eddy did not want men of determination about her, or whether such men were not drawn to her and her college, the fact remains that most of the men then in her service were of the eminently biddable sort. Some of them, before they came into Christian Science, had tried other vocations and had not been successful. Mrs. Eddy drew young men of this type about her, not only because she could offer them a good living, but because she was able to give them an impetus, to charge them with energy and endow them with a certain effectiveness which they did not have of themselves. Loyal Christian Scientists point to this or that man who once worked under Mrs. Eddy and who afterward broke with her, explaining that he was more successful and useful under her than he has ever been since he went over to the enemy. In some instances this is certainly true. Many of her students never worked so well after they withdrew from her compelling leadership, and their contact with her remained the most vivid and important event in their lives. Out of her abundant energy and determination Mrs. Eddy has been able to nerve many a weak arm and to steel many an irresolute will, and she has done much of her work with tools which were temporarily given hardness and edge by the driving personality behind them.

Suit Against Mr. Arens

As the college grew and her classes increased in size, Mrs. Eddy exacted, and for the most part obtained, the same absolute obedience which she had demanded of the faithful in Lynn. She had a custom of sending telegrams to students who had left Boston, summoning them to report at the college immediately, and giving no explanation of the order. When they arrived there, they sometimes found that she had merely been experimenting to see how quickly they could reach her in case of need. If they were prompt in this sort of drill, she seemed pleased and reassured. On the Fourth of July, especially, she demanded that all her students be subject to call, and that none of the resident students leave Boston on that day. She explained that on the Fourth "mortal mind was in ebullition," and she feared animal magnetism more then than at any other time.

In 1883 Mrs. Eddy brought an action against Edward J. Arens for infringement of her copyright upon "Science and Health," and won the suit. Arens was forbidden to circulate his book,—to which there has already been a reference in this chapter,—and the copies which he had on hand were ordered by the court to be destroyed. Mr. Arens' defense was that "Science and Health" was not Mrs. Eddy's own work, but that it had been taken largely from P. P. Quimby's manuscripts. As none of Mr. Quimby's manuscripts had been published or copyrighted, and as Mr. Arens did not have them in his possession, the defendant's position was obviously untenable. Although this decision had to do merely with the validity of Mrs. Eddy's copyright, and did not touch upon the authorship of the book, Mrs. Eddy chose to construe it as being a court decision to the effect that she was the sole author of "Science and Health," and the founder and discoverer of

* The sessions of this secret society later caused a good deal of discussion and criticism. In the *Christian Science Journal* of September, 1888, Mrs. Eddy admits that she "did organize a secret society known as the P. M.," but that its workings were not "shocking or terrible."

† Calvin Frye, Arthur Buswell, Hanover P. Smith, Luther M. Marston, E. H. Hammond, Mrs. Whiting, and Miss Julia Bartlett were at various times members of this circle.

The houses at 569 and 571 Columbus Avenue, where Mrs. Eddy lived during her first years in Boston, and where the "Massachusetts Metaphysical College" was successively established. In the house at 571, which is now a confectioner's shop, Mr. Eddy died

Christian Science; and her construction cheered and encouraged her quite as much, perhaps, as an actual decision to that effect would have done. She afterward referred to this decision as her "vindication in the United States court."

Mrs. Eddy's Increasing Prosperity

The years from 1882 to 1885 were years of rapid advancement for Mrs. Eddy and Christian Science. Although a list of the members of the Christian Scientists' Association, made June 2, 1884, shows that but sixty-one persons then belonged to the Association, many people were interested in Christian Science who had not actually allied themselves with it, and Mrs. Eddy was steadily gaining some sort of recognition for herself and her teachings. She had now a considerable number of graduate students who were in practice, and their success, as well as hers, depended upon the growth of Christian Science and of the college. They sent their patients to study under her, and canvassed widely among their friends and acquaintances. Some of these students went to distant places to practise, and did the work of missionaries, encouraging their patients to go to Boston and study under Mrs. Eddy. A degree from the Massachusetts Metaphysical College meant, in most cases, a lucrative practice. In the West especially, where Boston is regarded as the sum of all that is conservative, and where even the banks consider it an advantage to have a Bostonian among their directors, a degree from a Boston institution meant a great deal, and the "Massachusetts Metaphysical College, of Boston" suggested an institution devoted to higher scholarship. A combination of Boston and metaphysics seemed to leave little to be desired in the way of learning, and many a Western student, after having "gone East to college," returned home to find that, for the purpose of making a living and commanding respect among his neighbors, a degree from the Massachusetts Metaphysical College served him quite as well as a degree from Harvard. Graduate students had lectured and practised in Chicago, and when Mrs. Eddy taught a class there in the summer of 1884, she inspired a sentiment which was ultimately to build up a strong church.

The Christian Science Church was now conspicuous enough to be the object of occasional attacks from conservative theologians. These attacks were neither frequent nor bitter,—indeed, they were usually humorous or mildly ironical,—but Mrs. Eddy made the most of them, and answered them with promptness and fire, getting her replies published in the

Boston newspapers whenever it was possible to do so, and, when editors proved intractable, resorting to her own periodical, the *Christian Science Journal*. She realized the value of persecution, even when it had to be helped along a little, and in the *Journal* for April, 1885, she cries: "Must history repeat itself, and religious intolerance, arrayed against the rights of man, again deluge the earth in blood?" In the *Journal* we find that in March of the same year Mrs. Eddy was permitted to speak at a religious meeting held at Tremont Temple, and there to reply to a letter by the Rev. A. J. Gordon denouncing Christian Science, and that she gloriously vindicated her church.

Mrs. Eddy was now president of the "Massachusetts Metaphysical College," editor of the *Christian Science Journal*, president of the Christian Scientists' Association, and pastor of the First Church of Christ (Scientist). To the latter office her students had ordained her, without the aid of the clergy, in 1881, and her official letters and press communications were now usually signed "Reverend Mary Baker G. Eddy." Her classes now numbered from fifteen to twenty-five students each. The course of instruction took only three weeks, which, with a class of twenty-five, would mean that Mrs. Eddy's fees for that period of time amounted to $7,500. It is safe to say, however, that at least one fourth of her students were admitted at a discount and paid only $200 each. Men and women of intelligence and some experience of the world began to frequent her college. Among these were Dr. J. W. Winkley, then a Unitarian minister who had a church at Revere; Mrs. Emma Hopkins, wife of an Andover professor; Mrs. Ursula Gesterfeldt, of Chicago; Mrs. Augusta Stetson, then an elocutionist in Somerville, Boston; Mrs. Ellen Brown Linscott; Mrs. Josephine Woodbury and her husband; the Rev. J. H. Wiggin and the Rev. Frank E. Mason.

To understand the early growth of Christian Science in Boston, one must remember, first, that Boston was then, as it is now, the stronghold of radical religious sects; that people there were in an unusual degree preoccupied with the contemplation of the soul, and that many of them were unwilling to accept the theological account of it; secondly, that, while fundamentally Mrs. Eddy never changed at all, superficially she was continually changing for the better, and her shrewdness, astuteness, and tact grew with every year of her life. After her removal to Boston, she constantly learned from her new associates, even to the extent of resolutely breaking herself of certain ungrammatical habits of speech — no mean achievement for a woman above sixty. But the most important thing that Mrs. Eddy learned was to admit — to herself only — her own limitations. She began to submit her editorials, pamphlets, and press communications to certain of her students for grammatical censorship. She now granted interviews to strangers and new students only when she felt at her best. She withdrew herself from her followers somewhat, and built up a ceremonial barrier which was not without its effect. In writing, she acquired more and more facility as time went on. Her style of expression remained vague, but that suited her purpose, and her excessive floridity delighted many of her readers, and was condoned by others as a survival of the old-fashioned flowery manner of writing. The important point is that the task of writing, which had once been so laborious for her, had, through incessant practice, become comparatively easy. Her letters of this date are better spelled and punctuated, and are written in a firmer and more vigorous hand, than those written when she was forty.

Mrs. Eddy now began to limit the number of her public addresses, and she delivered her Sunday sermon before her congregation at the Hawthorne rooms only when she felt that she could rouse herself to that state of emotional exaltation which it was her aim to produce in her hearers. Often as late as Sunday morning, she would notify one of her students to fill the pulpit. At other times, after she had appointed a substitute, she would decide at the last minute to go herself, and, after the audience at Hawthorne Hall had been waiting for perhaps half an hour, Mrs. Eddy's carriage would swing into Park Street, the horses on a trot, and she would alight amid a crowd of delighted students, sweep rapidly up the aisle, ascend the rostrum, and at once begin to deliver one of her most effective sermons; perhaps a discussion of how, in His resurrection, Christ made the highest demonstration of the healing powers of Christian Science, or perhaps a prophetic discourse upon a text of which she was particularly fond, and which she always delivered with astonishing conviction: "Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

EDITORIAL

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE AT FIFTEEN CENTS

BEGINNING with the October number, the text of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE will be increased by sixteen pages and the price will be advanced to fifteen cents a copy.

When the magazine was started in 1893, it contained ninety-three pages of reading matter, and its price was then fifteen cents. In July, 1895, the price was lowered to ten cents and there were then ninety-six pages of text. With the October number, 1902, the size of the magazine was increased to one hundred and twelve pages.

For several years the most difficult editorial problems which have confronted the magazine have arisen from space limitations. To enable the magazine to accomplish its purpose, an increase in its size is absolutely imperative. Last month (August) the page margins were narrowed, making a gain of about eight pages of reading matter. Beginning with October, the size of the magazine will be increased to one hundred and twenty-eight pages, which, with the gain made by increasing the type page, will result in a total gain of twenty-four pages of reading matter.

The editorial expenses of McCLURE'S are exceptionally heavy. The exhaustive articles upon great questions of public interest which have given the magazine an individual character, and upon which its reputation largely rests, are exceedingly costly in their preparation and execution. It is the hope of the editor to present through the pages of the magazine such studies of the important developments in industry, economics, and science as will report accurately to its readers the conquests of the aggressive forces in American civilization, and will furnish invaluable material to future students of the history of this commonwealth. The mere gathering of the material for a comprehensive series of articles like Miss Tarbell's "History of the Standard Oil Company," Miss Milmine's "History of Christian Science," or Mr. Hendrick's study of life-insurance, entails many months of exhaustive research and a large expenditure of money. The articles which the magazine believes most important, as adequately interpreting the endeavors and achievements of the American people to-day, are not such as the casual writer can produce from random impressions. Such articles require that the author have an authoritative knowledge of his subject; that he shall comprehend not only the facts which he presents, but all that they mean or may mean.

In regard to its fiction the magazine follows a very similar policy. Its aim is to select from out the great mass of fiction only such stories as are vital, individual, and as have in themselves a very adequate reason for having been written. The long list of now eminent writers, who were first introduced to the world through the pages of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, attests to the fact that if the magazine is uncompromising in rejecting what is feeble and imitative, it is quick to recognize what is vigorous and true. Of the many gifted and brilliant young writers who have come before the American public during the last fourteen years, the majority, by far, have begun as protégés of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

Several months ago the printing department of the magazine moved into its new building in Long Island City. The cost of the new structure and plant is together $700,000, and is the largest plant used for the production of a magazine in the world.

With a considerable increase in its size and enlarged mechanical facilities, the magazine hopes to present, more extensively than ever before, the most important facts of American life and the most notable fiction by American and English authors.

The photographs of Dr. J. Leffingwell Hatch, published in the February number of the magazine in connection with an article entitled "The Wild Animal Physician and his Patients," were made while Dr. Hatch was obtaining serum for experiments in longevity.